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MERRY WIVES OF WINDSOR.

THE WORKS OF

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

FROM THE TEXT OF THE REV. ALEXANDER DYCE'S
FOURTH EDITION, WITH AN ARRANGEMENT
OF HIS GLOSSARY

IN TWELVE VOLUMES

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CONTENTS VOL. XII.

KING HENRY VIII.
THE TWO NOBLE KINSMEN.
EDWARD THE THIRD.
GLOSSARY.

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THEATRE ARTS

KING HENRY VIII.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

KING HENRY the Eighth.
CARDINAL WOLSEY.
CARDINAL CAMPEIUS.
CAPUCIUS, ambassador from the Emperor Charles V.
CRANMER, archbishop of Canterbury.
DUKE OF NORFOLK.
DUKE OF BUCKINGHAM.
DUKE OF SUFFOLK.
EARL OF SURREY.
Lord Chamberlain.
Lord Chancellor.
GARDINER, king's secretary, afterwards bishop of Winchester.
Bishop of Lincoln.
LORD ABERGAVENNY.
LORD SANDS.
SIR HENRY GUILDFORD.
SIR THOMAS LOVELL.
SIR ANTHONY DENNY.
SIR NICHOLAS VAUX.
Secretaries to Wolsey.
CROMWELL, servant to Wolsey.
GRIFFITH, gentleman-usher to Queen Katharine.
Three Gentlemen.
DOCTOR BUTTS, physician to the King.
Garter King-at-Arms.
Surveyor to the Duke of Buckingham.
BRANDON, and a Sergeant-at-Arms.
Door-keeper of the Council-chamber. Porter, and his Man.
Page to Gardiner. A Crier.

QUEEN KATHARINE, wife to King Henry, afterwards divorced.
ANNE BULLEN, her maid of honor, afterwards queen.
An old Lady, friend to Anne Bullen,
PATIENCE, woman to Queen Katharine.

Several Bishops, Lords, and Ladies in the Dumb-shows; Women attending upon the Queen; Scribes, Officers, Guards, and other Attendants.

Spirits.

SCENE—*Chiefly in London and Westminster; once at Kimbolton.*

PROLOGUE.

I come no more to make you laugh: things now,
That bear a weighty and a serious brow,
Sad, high, and working, full of state and woe,
Such noble scenes as draw the eye to flow,
We now present. Those that can pity, here
May, if they think it well, let fall a tear;
The subject will deserve it. Such as give
Their money out of hope they may believe,
May here find truth too. Those that come to see
Only a show or two, and so agree
The play may pass, if they be still and willing,
I'll undertake may see away their shilling
Richly in two short hours. Only they
That come to hear a merry bawdy play,
A noise of targets, or to see a fellow
In a long motley coat guarded with yellow,
Will be deceiv'd; for, gentle hearers, know,
To rank our chosen truth with such a show
As fool and fight is, beside forfeiting
Our own brains, and th' opinion that we bring,
To make that only true we now intend,
Will leave us ne'er an understanding friend.
Therefore, for goodness' sake, and as you're known
The first and happiest hearers of the town,
Be sad, as we would make ye: think ye see
The very persons of our noble story
As they were living; think you see them great,
And follow'd with the general throng and sweat
Of thousand friends; then, in a moment, see
How soon this mightiness meets misery:
And, if you can be merry then, I'll say
A man may weep upon his wedding-day.

ACT I.

SCENE I. *London. An ante-chamber in the palace.*

Enter, on one side, the Duke of NORFOLK; *on the other, the* Duke of BUCKINGHAM *and the* Lord ABERGAVENNY.

Buck. Good morrow, and well met. How have ye done
Since last we saw in France?

Nor. I thank your grace,
Healthful; and ever since a fresh admirer
Of what I saw there.
Buck. An untimely ague
Stay'd me a prisoner in my chamber, when
Those suns of glory, those two lights of men,
Met in the vale of Andren.
Nor. 'Twixt Guines and Arde:
I was then present, saw them salute on horseback;
Beheld them when they lighted, how they clung
In their embracement, as they grew together;
Which had they, what four thron'd ones could have weigh'd
Such a compounded one?
Buck. All the whole time
I was my chamber's prisoner.
Nor. Then you lost
The view of earthly glory: men might say,
Till this time pomp was single, but now married
To one above itself. Each following day
Became the next day's master, till the last
Made former wonders its: to-day, the French,
All clinquant, all in gold, like heathen gods,
Shone down the English; and, to-morrow, they
Made Britain India; every man that stood
Show'd like a mine. Their dwarfish pages were
As cherubins, all gilt: the madams too,
Not us'd to toil, did almost sweat to bear
The pride upon them, that their very labor
Was to them as a painting: now this masque
Was cried incomparable; and th' ensuing night
Made it a fool and beggar. The two kings,
Equal in luster, were now best, now worst,
As presence did present them; him in eye,
Still him in praise: and, being present both,
'Twas said they saw but one; and no discerner
Durst wag his tongue in censure. When these suns—
For so they phrase 'em—by their heralds challeng'd
The noble spirits to arms, they did perform
Beyond thought's compass; that former fabulous story,
Being now seen possible enough, got credit,
That Bevis was believ'd.

Buck. O, you go far.
Nor. As I belong to worship, and affect
In honor honesty, the tract of every thing
Would by a good discourser lose some life,
Which action's self was tongue to. All was royal;
To the disposing of it naught rebell'd,
Order gave each thing view; the office did
Distinctly his full function.
Buck. Who did guide,
I mean, who set the body and the limbs
Of this great sport together, as you guess?
Nor. One, certes, that promises no element
In such a business.
Buck. I pray you, who, my lord?
Nor. All this was ordered by the good discretion
Of the right-reverend Cardinal of York.
Buck. The devil speed him! no man's pie is freed
From his ambitious finger. What had he
To do in these fierce vanities? I wonder
That such a keech can with his very bulk
Take up the rays o' the beneficial sun,
And keep it from the earth.
Nor. Surely, sir,
There's in him stuff that puts him to these ends;
For, being not propp'd by ancestry, whose grace
Chalks successors their way; nor call'd upon
For high feats done to the crown; neither allied
To eminent assistants; but, spider-like,
Out of's self-drawing web, he gives us note
The force of his own merit makes his way;
A gift that heaven gives; which buys for him
A place next to the king.
Aber. I cannot tell
What heaven hath given him,— let some graver eye
Pierce into that; but I can see his pride
Peep through each part of him: whence has he that?
If not from hell, the devil is a niggard;
Or has given all before, and he begins
A new hell in himself.
Buck. Why the devil,
Upon this French going-out, took he upon him,
Without the privity o' the king, t' appoint

Who should attend on him? He makes up the file
Of all the gentry; for the most part such
To whom as great a charge as little honor
He meant to lay upon; and his own letter,
The honorable board of council out,
Must fetch him in he papers.
Aber. I do know
Kinsmen of mine, three at the least, that have
By this so sicken'd their estates, that never
They shall abound as formerly.
Buck. O, many
Have broke their backs with laying manors on 'em
For this great journey. What did this vanity
But minister communication of
A most poor issue?
Nor. Grievingly I think,
The peace between the French and us not values
The cost that did conclude it.
Buck. Every man,
After the hideous storm that follow'd, was
A thing inspir'd; and, not consulting, broke
Into a general prophecy,— That this tempest,
Dashing the garment of this peace, aboded
The sudden breach on't.
Nor. Which is budded out;
For France hath flaw'd the league, and hath attach'd
Our merchants' goods at Bourdeaux.
Aber. Is it therefore
Th' ambassador is silenc'd?
Nor. Marry, is't.
Aber. A proper title of a peace; and purchas'd
At a superfluous rate!
Buck. Why, all this business
Our reverend cardinal carried.
Nor. Like't your grace,
The state takes notice of the private difference
Betwixt you and the cardinal. I advise you,—
And take it from a heart that wishes towards you
Honor and plenteous safety,— that you read
The cardinal's malice and his potency
Together; to consider further, that
What his high hatred would effect wants not

A minister in his power. You know his nature,
That he's revengeful; and I know his sword
Hath a sharp edge: it's long, and, 't may be said,
It reaches far; and where 'twill not extend,
Thither he darts it. Bosom up my counsel,
You'll find it wholesome.— Lo, where comes that rock
That I advise your shunning.

Enter Cardinal WOLSEY, *the purse borne before him; certain of the* Guard, *and two* Secretaries *with papers. The* Cardinal *in his passage fixes his eye on* BUCKINGHAM, *and* BUCKINGHAM *on him, both full of disdain.*

Wol. The Duke of Buckingham's surveyor, ha?
Where's his examination?
First Secr. Here, so please you.
Wol. Is he in person ready?
First Secr. Ay, please your grace.
Wol. Well, we shall then know more; and Buckingham
Shall lessen this big look. [*Exeunt Wolsey and Train.*
Buck. This butcher's cur is venom-mouth'd, and I
Have not the power to muzzle him; therefore best
Not wake him in his slumber. A beggar's book
Outworths a noble's blood.
Nor. What, are you chaf'd?
Ask God for temperance; that's th' appliance only
Which your disease requires.
Buck. I read in's looks
Matter against me; and his eye revil'd
Me, as his abject object: at this instant
He bores me with some trick: he's gone to the king;
I'll follow, and outstare him.
Nor. Stay, my lord,
And let your reason with your choler question
What 'tis you go about: to climb steep hills
Requires slow pace at first: anger is like
A full hot-horse, who being allow'd his way,
Self-mettle tires him. Not a man in England
Can advise me like you: be to yourself
As you would to your friend.
Buck. I'll to the king;
And from a mouth of honor quite cry down

This Ipswich fellow's insolence; or proclaim
There's difference in no persons.
Nor. Be advis'd;
Heat not a furnace for your foe so hot
That it do singe yourself: we may outrun,
By violent swiftness, that which we run at,
And lose by over-running. Know you not,
The fire that mounts the liquor till't run o'er,
In seeming t' augment it wastes it? Be advis'd:
I say again, there is no English soul
More stronger to direct you than yourself,
If with the sap of reason you would quench,
Or but allay, the fire of passion.
Buck. Sir,
I'm thankful to you; and I'll go along
By your prescription; but this top-proud fellow,—
Whom from the flow of gall I name not, but
From sincere motions,— by intelligence,
And proofs as clear as founts in July, when
We see each grain of gravel, I do know
To be corrupt and treasonous.
Nor. Say not, treasonous.
Buck. To the king I'll say't; and make my vouch as strong
As shore of rock. Attend. This holy fox,
Or wolf, or both,— for he is equal ravenous
As he is subtle, and as prone to mischief
As able to perform't; his mind and place
Infecting one another, yea, reciprocally,—
Only to show his pomp as well in France
As here at home, suggests the king our master
To this last costly treaty, th' interview,
That swallow'd so much treasure, and like a glass
Did break i' the rinsing.
Nor. Faith, and so it did.
Buck. Pray, give me favor, sir. This cunning cardinal
The articles o' the combination drew
As himself pleas'd; and they were ratified
As he cried, "Thus let be:" to as much end
As give a crutch to the dead: but our count-cardinal
Has done this, and 'tis well; for worthy Wolsey,
Who cannot err, he did it. Now this follows,—

Which, as I take it, is a kind of puppy
To th' old dam, treason,— Charles the emperor,
Under pretense to see the queen his aunt,—
For 'twas indeed his color, but he came
To whisper Wolsey,— here makes visitation :
His fears were, that the interview betwixt
England and France might, through their amity,
Breed him some prejudice; for from this league
Peep'd harms that menac'd him : he privily
Deals with our cardinal; and, as I trow,—
Which I do well ; for, I am sure, the emperor
Paid ere he promis'd ; whereby his suit was granted
Ere it was ask'd ; — but when the way was made,
And pav'd with gold, the emperor thus desir'd,—
That he would please to alter the king's course,
And break the foresaid peace. Let the king know —
As soon he shall by me — that thus the cardinal
Does buy and sell his honor as he pleases,
And for his own advantage.

Nor. I am sorry
To hear this of him ; and could wish he were
Something mistaken in't.

Buck. No, not a syllable :
I do pronounce him in that very shape
He shall appear in proof.

Enter BRANDON, *a* Sergeant-at-arms *before him, and two or three of the* Guard.

Bran. Your office, sergeant ; execute it.

Serg. Sir,
My lord the duke of Buckingham and Earl
Of Hereford, Stafford, and Northampton, I
Arrest thee of high treason, in the name
Of our most sovereign king.

Buck. Lo, you, my lord,
The net has fall'n upon me ! I shall perish
Under device and practice.

Bran. I am sorry
To see you ta'en from liberty, to look on
The business present : 'tis his highness' pleasure
You shall to the Tower.

Buck. It will help me nothing

To plead mine innocence; for that dye is on me
Which makes my whit'st part black. The will of heaven
Be done in this and all things! — I obey.—
O my Lord Aberga'ny, fare you well!

Bran. Nay, he must bear you company.— [*To Abergavenny*] The king
Is pleas'd you shall to the Tower, till you know
How he determines further.

Aber. As the duke said,
The will of heaven be done, and the king's pleasure
By me obey'd!

Bran. Here is a warrant from
The king t' attach Lord Montacute; and the bodies
Of the duke's confessor, John de la Car,
One Gilbert Peck, his chancellor,—

Buck. So, so;
These are the limbs o' the plot: — no more, I hope.

Bran. A monk o' the Chartreux.

Buck. O, Nicholas Hopkins?

Bran. He.

Buck. My surveyor is false; the o'er-great cardinal
Hath show'd him gold: my life is spann'd already:
I am the shadow of poor Buckingham,
Whose figure even this instant cloud puts on,
By darkening my clear sun.— My lord, farewell. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. *The same. The council-chamber.*

Cornets. *Enter* King HENRY, Cardinal WOLSEY, *the* Lords of the Council, Sir THOMAS LOVELL, Officers, *and* Attendants. *The* King *enters leaning on the* Cardinal's *shoulder.*

K. Hen. My life itself, and the best heart of it,
Thanks you for this great care: I stood i' the level
Of a full-charg'd confederacy, and give thanks
To you that chok'd it.— Let be call'd before us
That gentleman of Buckingham's: in person
I'll hear him his confessions justify;
And point by point the treasons of his master
He shall again relate.

[*The King takes his state. The Lords of the Council take their several places. The Cardinal places himself under the King's feet, on his right side.*

A noise within, crying "Room for the Queen!" *Enter* Queen KATHARINE, *ushered by the* Dukes of NORFOLK *and* SUFFOLK: *she kneels. The* King *rises from his state, takes her up, kisses and places her by his side.*

Q. Kath. Nay, we must longer kneel: I am a suitor.

K. Hen. Arise, and take place by us: — half your suit
Never name to us; you have half our power:
The other moiety, ere you ask, is given;
Repeat your will, and take it.

Q. Kath. Thank your majesty.
That you would love yourself, and in that love
Not unconsider'd leave your honor, nor
The dignity of your office, is the point
Of my petition.

K. Hen. Lady mine, proceed.

Q. Kath. I am solicited, not by a few,
And those of true condition, that your subjects
Are in great grievance; there have been commissions
Set down among 'em, which have flaw'd the heart
Of all their loyalties: — wherein, although,
My good lord cardinal, they vent reproaches
Most bitterly on you, as putter-on
Of these exactions, yet the king our master,—
Whose honor heaven shield from soil! — even he escapes not
Language unmannerly, yea, such which breaks
The sides of loyalty, and almost appears
In loud rebellion.

Nor. Not almost appears,—
It doth appear; for, upon these taxations,
The clothiers all, not able to maintain
The many to them longing, have put off
The spinsters, carders, fullers, weavers, who,
Unfit for other life, compell'd by hunger
And lack of other means, in desperate manner
Daring th' event to the teeth, are all in uproar,
And danger serves among them.

K. Hen. Taxation!
Wherein? and what taxation? — My lord cardinal,
You that are blam'd for it alike with us,
Know you of this taxation?

Wol. Please you, sir,
I know but of a single part, in aught
Pertains to the state; and front but in that file
Where others tell steps with me.
Q. Kath. No, my lord,
You know no more than others: but you frame
Things that are known alike; which are not wholesome
To those which would not know them, and yet must
Perforce be their acquaintance. These exactions,
Whereof my sovereign would have note, they are
Most pestilent to th' hearing; and, to bear 'em,
The back is sacrifice to the load. They say
They are devis'd by you; or else you suffer
Too hard an exclamation.
K. Hen. Still exaction!
The nature of it? in what kind, let's know,
Is this exaction?
Q. Kath. I am much too venturous
In tempting of your patience; but am bolden'd
Under your promis'd pardon. The subjects' grief
Comes through commissions, which compel from each
The sixth part of his substance, to be levied
Without delay; and the pretense for this
Is nam'd, your wars in France: this makes bold mouths:
Tongues spit their duties out, and cold hearts freeze
Allegiance in them; that their curses now
Live where their prayers did: and it's come to pass,
That tractable obedience is a slave
To each incensèd will. I would your highness
Would give it quick consideration, for
There is no primer business.
K. Hen. By my life,
This is against our pleasure.
Wol. And for me,
I have no further gone in this than by
A single voice; and that not pass'd me but
By learnèd approbation of the judges. If I am
Traduc'd by ignorant tongues, which neither know
My faculties nor person, yet will be
The chronicles of my doing,— let me say
'Tis but the fate of place, and the rough brake
That virtue must go through. We must not stint

Our necessary actions, in the fear
To cope malicious censurers; which ever,
As ravenous fishes, do a vessel follow
That is new-trimm'd, but benefit no further
Than vainly longing. What we oft do best,
By sick interpreters, once weak ones, is
Not ours, or not allow'd; what worst, as oft,
Hitting a grosser quality, is cried up
For our best action. If we shall stand still,
In fear our motion will be mock'd or carp'd at,
We should take root here where we sit, or sit
State-statues only.

K. Hen. Things done well,
And with a care, exempt themselves from fear;
Things done without example, in their issue
Are to be fear'd. Have you a precedent
Of this commission? I believe, not any.
We must not rend our subjects from our laws,
And stick them in our will. Sixth part of each!
A trembling contribution! Why, we take
From every tree lop, bark, and part o' the timber;
And, though we leave it with a root, thus hack'd,
The air will drink the sap. To every county
Where this is question'd send our letters, with
Free pardon to each man that has denied
The force of this commission: pray, look to't;
I put it to your care.

Wol. [*aside to the Secretary*] A word with you.
Let there be letters writ to every shire,
Of the king's grace and pardon. The griev'd commons
Hardly conceive of me; let it be nois'd
That through our intercession this revokement
And pardon comes; I shall anon advise you
Further in the proceeding. [*Exit Secretary.*

Enter Surveyor.

Q. Kath. I'm sorry that the Duke of Buckingham
Is run in your displeasure.

K. Hen. It grieves many:
The gentleman is learn'd, and a most rare speaker;
To nature none more bound; his training such,
That he may furnish and instruct great teachers,

And never seek for aid out of himself.
Yet see,
When these so noble benefits shall prove
Not well dispos'd, the mind growing once corrupt,
They turn to vicious forms, ten times more ugly
Than ever they were fair. This man so cómplete,
Who was enroll'd 'mongst wonders, and when we,
Almost with ravish'd listening, could not find
His hour of speech a minute; he, my lady,
Hath into monstrous habits put the graces
That once were his, and is become as black
As if besmear'd in hell. Sit by us; you shall hear—
This was his gentleman in trust — of him
Things to strike honor sad.— Bid him recount
The fore-recited practices; whereof
We cannot feel too little, hear too much.

Wol. Stand forth, and with bold spirit relate what you,
Most like a careful subject, have collected
Out of the Duke of Buckingham.

K. Hen. Speak freely.

Surv. First, it was usual with him, every day
It would infect his speech,— that if the king
Should without issue die, he'll carry't so
To make the scepter his: these very words
I've heard him utter to his son-in-law,
Lord Aberga'ny; to whom by oath he menac'd
Revenge upon the cardinal.

Wol. Please your highness, note
His dangerous conception in this point.
Not friended by his wish, to your high person
His will is most malignant: and it stretches
Beyond you, to your friends.

Q. Kath. My learn'd lord cardinal,
Deliver all with charity.

K. Hen. Speak on:
How grounded he his title to the crown,
Upon our fail? to this point hast thou heard him
At any time speak aught?

Surv. He was brought to this
By a vain prophecy of Nicholas Hopkins.

K. Hen. What was that Hopkins?

Surv. Sir, a Chartreux friar,
His confessor; who fed him every minute
With words of sovereignty.
K. Hen. How know'st thou this?
Surv. Not long before your highness sped to France,
The duke being at the Rose, within the parish
Saint Lawrence Poultney, did of me demand
What was the speech among the Londoners
Concerning the French journey: I replied,
Men fear'd the French would prove perfidious,
To the king's danger. Presently the duke
Said 'twas the fear, indeed; and that he doubted
'Twould prove the verity of certain words
Spoke by a holy monk; "that oft," says he,
"Hath sent to me, wishing me to permit
John de la Car, my chaplain, a choice hour
To hear from him a matter of some moment:
Whom after, under the confession's seal,
He solemnly had sworn, that what he spoke
My chaplain to no creature living but
To me should utter, with demure confidence
This pausingly ensu'd,—'Neither the king nor 's heirs,
Tell you the duke, shall prosper: bid him strive
To gain the love o' the commonalty: the duke
Shall govern England.'"
Q. Kath. If I know you well,
You were the duke's surveyor, and lost your office
On the complaint o' the tenants: take good heed
You charge not in your spleen a noble person,
And spoil your nobler soul: I say, take heed;
Yes, heartily beseech you.
K. Hen. Let him on.—
Go forward.
Surv. On my soul I'll speak but truth.
I told my lord the duke, by the devil's illusions
The monk might be deceiv'd; and that 'twas dangerous for him
To ruminate on this so far, until
It forg'd him some design, which being believ'd,
It was much like to do: he answer'd "Tush,
It can do me no damage;" adding further,
That, had the king in his last sickness fail'd,

The cardinal's and Sir Thomas Lovell's heads
Should have gone off.
K. Hen. Ha! what, so rank? Ah-ha!
There's mischief in this man:—canst thou say further?
Surv. I can, my liege.
K. Hen. Proceed.
Surv. Being at Greenwich,
After your highness had reprov'd the duke
About Sir William Blomer,—
K. Hen. I remember
Of such a time:—being my sworn servant,
The duke retain'd him his.—But on; what hence?
Surv. "If," quoth he, "I for this had been committed,
As, to the Tower, I thought,—I would have play'd
The part my father meant to act upon
Th' usurper Richard; who, being at Salisbury,
Made suit to come in's presence; which if granted,
As he made semblance of his duty, would
Have put his knife into him."
K. Hen. A giant traitor!
Wol. Now, madam, may his highness live in freedom,
And this man out of prison?
Q. Kath. God mend all!
K. Hen. There's something more would out of thee;
what say'st?
Surv. After "the duke his father," with "the knife,"
He stretch'd him, and, with one hand on his dagger,
Another spread on's breast, mounting his eyes,
He did discharge a horrible oath; whose tenor
Was,—were he evil us'd, he would outgo
His father by as much as a performance
Does an irresolute purpose.
K. Hen. There's his period,
To sheath his knife in us. He is attach'd;
Call him to present trial: if he may
Find mercy in the law, 'tis his; if none,
Let him not seek't of us: by day and night,
He's traitor to the height. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III. *The same. A room in the palace.*

Enter the Lord Chamberlain *and* Lord SANDS.

Cham. Is't possible the spells of France should juggle
Men into such strange mysteries?
Sands. New customs,
Though they be never so ridiculous,
Nay, let 'em be unmanly, yet are follow'd.
Cham. As far as I see, all the good our English
Have got by the late voyage is but merely
A fit or two o' the face; but they are shrewd ones;
For when they hold 'em, you would swear directly
Their very noses had been counselors
To Pepin or Clotharius, they keep state so.
Sands. They've all new legs, and lame ones: one would take it,
That never saw 'em pace before, the spavin
Or springhalt reign'd among 'em.
Cham. Death! my lord,
Their clothes are after such a pagan cut too,
That, sure, they've worn out Christendom.

Enter SIR THOMAS LOVELL.

How now!
What news, Sir Thomas Lovell?
Lov. Faith, my lord,
I hear of none, but the new proclamation
That's clapp'd upon the court-gate.
Cham. What is't for?
Lov. The reformation of our travel'd gallants,
That fill the court with quarrels, talk, and tailors.
Cham. I'm glad 'tis there: now I would pray our monsieurs
To think an English courtier may be wise,
And never see the Louvre.
Lov. They must either —
For so run the conditions — leave those remnants
Of fool and feather, that they got in France,
With all their honorable points of ignorance
Pertaining thereunto, — as fights and fireworks;
Abusing better men than they can be,
Out of a foreign wisdom, — renouncing clean

The faith they have in tennis, and tall stockings,
Short blister'd breeches, and those types of travel,
And understand again like honest men;
Or pack to their old playfellows: there, I take it,
They may, *cum privilegio*, wear away
The lag-end of their lewdness, and be laugh'd at.
Sands. 'Tis time to give 'em physic, their diseases
Are grown so catching.
Cham. What a loss our ladies
Will have of these trim vanities!
Lov. Ay, marry,
There will be woe indeed, lords: the sly whoresons
Have got a speeding trick to lay down ladies;
A French song and a fiddle has no fellow.
Sands. The devil fiddle 'em! I'm glad they're going;
For, sure, there's no converting of 'em: now
An honest country lord, as I am, beaten
A long time out of play, may bring his plain-song,
And have an hour of hearing; and, by'r lady,
Held current music too.
Cham. Well said, Lord Sands;
Your colt's tooth is not cast yet.
Sands. No, my lord;
Nor shall not, while I have a stump.
Cham. Sir Thomas,
Whither were you a-going?
Lov. To the cardinal's:
Your lordship is a guest too.
Cham. O, 'tis true:
This night he makes a supper, and a great one,
To many lords and ladies; there will be
The beauty of this kingdom, I'll assure you.
Lov. That churchman bears a bounteous mind indeed,
A hand as fruitful as the land that feeds us;
His dews fall every where.
Cham. No doubt he's noble;
He had a black mouth that said other of him.
Sands. He may, my lord,— 'has wherewithal; in him
Sparing would show a worse sin than ill doctrine:
Men of his way should be most liberal;
They're set here for examples.
Cham. True, they are so;

But few now give so great ones. My barge stays;
Your lordship shall along.— Come, good Sir Thomas,
We shall be late else; which I would not be,
For I was spoke to, with Sir Henry Guildford,
This night to be comptrollers.
Sands. I'm your lordship's. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V. *The same. The presence-chamber in York-Place.*

Hautboys. A small table under a state for the Cardinal, *a longer table for the guests. Enter, on one side,* ANNE BULLEN *and divers* Lords, Ladies, *and* Gentlewomen, *as guests; on the other, enter* Sir HENRY GUILDFORD.

Guild. Ladies, a general welcome from his grace
Salutes ye all; this night he dedicates
To fair content and you: none here, he hopes,
In all this noble bevy, has brought with her
One care abroad; he would have all as merry
As far's good company, good wine, good welcome,
Can make good people.— O, my lord, you're tardy:

Enter Lord Chamberlain, Lord SANDS, *and* Sir THOMAS LOVELL.

The very thought of this fair company
Clapp'd wings to me.
Cham. You're young, Sir Harry Guildford.
Sands. Sir Thomas Lovell, had the cardinal
But half my lay thoughts in him, some of these
Should find a running banquet ere they rested,
I think would better please 'em: by my life,
They are a sweet society of fair ones.
Lov. O that your lordship were but now confessor
To one or two of these!
Sands. I would I were;
They should find easy penance.
Lov. Faith, how easy?
Sands. As easy as a down-bed would afford it.
Cham. Sweet ladies, will it please you sit?— Sir Harry,
Place you that side; I'll take the charge of this:
His grace is entering.— Nay, you must not freeze;

Two women plac'd together makes cold weather: —
My Lord Sands, you are one will keep 'em waking;
Pray, sit between these ladies.
Sands. By my faith,
And thank your lordship. — By your leave, sweet ladies:
[*Seats himself between Anne Bullen and another Lady.*
If I chance to talk a little wild, forgive me;
I had it from my father.
Anne. Was he mad, sir?
Sands. O, very mad, exceeding mad, in love too:
But he would bite none; just as I do now, —
He would kiss you twenty with a breath. [*Kisses her.*
Cham. Well said, my lord. —
So, now you're fairly seated. — Gentlemen,
The penance lies on you, if these fair ladies
Pass away frowning.
Sands. For my little cure,
Let me alone.

Hautboys. *Enter* Cardinal WOLSEY, *attended, and takes his state.*

Wol. Ye're welcome, my fair guests: that noble lady,
Or gentleman, that is not freely merry,
Is not my friend; this, to confirm my welcome;
And to you all, good health. [*Drinks.*
Sands. Your grace is noble: —
Let me have such a bowl may hold my thanks,
And save me so much talking.
Wol. My Lord Sands,
I am beholding to you: cheer your neighbors. —
Ladies, you are not merry: — gentlemen,
Whose fault is this?
Sands. The red wine first must rise
In their fair cheeks, my lord; then we shall have 'em
Talk us to silence.
Anne. You're a merry gamester,
My Lord Sands.
Sands. Yes, if I make my play.
Here's to your ladyship: and pledge it, madam,
For 'tis to such a thing, —
Anne. You cannot show me.

Sands. I told your grace they would talk anon.
[*Drum and trumpets, and chambers discharged, within.*
Wol. What's that?
Cham. Look out there, some of ye. [*Exit a Servant.*
Wol. What warlike voice,
And to what end, is this? — Nay, ladies, fear not;
By all the laws of war ye're privileg'd.

Re-enter Servant.

Cham. How now! what is't?
Serv. A noble troop of strangers,—
For so they seem: they've left their barge, and landed;
And hither make, as great ambassadors
From foreign princes.
Wol. Good lord chamberlain,
Go, give 'em welcome; you can speak the French tongue;
And, pray, receive 'em nobly, and conduct 'em
Into our presence, where this heaven of beauty
Shall shine at full upon them.— Some attend him.
[*Exit Chamberlain, attended. All rise, and the tables are removed.*
You've now a broken banquet; but we'll mend it.
A good digestion to you all: and once more
I shower a welcome on ye; — welcome all.

Hautboys. Enter the King *and others, as masquers, habited like shepherds, ushered by the* Lord Chamberlain. *They pass directly before the* Cardinal, *and gracefully salute him.*

A noble company! what are their pleasures?
Cham. Because they speak no English, thus they pray'd me
To tell your grace,— that, having heard by fame
Of this so noble and so fair assembly
This night to meet here, they could do no less,
Out of the great respect they bear to beauty,
But leave their flocks; and, under your fair conduct,
Crave leave to view these ladies, and entreat
An hour of revels with 'em.
Wol. Say, lord chamberlain,
They've done my poor house grace; for which I pay 'em
A thousand thanks, and pray 'em take their pleasures.

[*Ladies chosen for the dance. The King chooses Anne Bullen.*

K. Hen. The fairest hand I ever touch'd! O beauty,
Till now I never knew thee! [*Music. Dance.*

Wol. My lord,—

Cham. Your grace?

Wol. Pray, tell 'em thus much from me:—
There should be one amongst 'em, by his person,
More worthy this place than myself; to whom,
If I but knew him, with my love and duty
I would surrender it.

Cham. I will, my lord.
[*Goes to the Masquers, and returns.*

Wol. What say they?

Cham. Such a one, they all confess,
There is indeed; which they would have your grace
Find out, and he will take it.

Wol. Let me see, then.
[*Comes from his state.*
By all your good leaves, gentlemen;— here I'll make
My royal choice.

K. Hen. Ye've found him, cardinal: [*Unmasking.*
You hold a fair assembly; you do well, lord:
You are a churchman, or, I'll tell you, cardinal,
I should judge now unhappily.

Wol. I'm glad
Your grace is grown so pleasant.

K. Hen. My lord chamberlain,
Prithee, come hither: what fair lady's that?

Cham. An't please your grace, Sir Thomas Bullen's daughter,—
The Viscount Rochford,— one of her highness' women.

K. Hen. By heaven, she is a dainty one.— Sweetheart,
I were unmannerly, to take you out,
And not to kiss you [*Kisses her*].— A health, gentlemen!
Let it go round.

Wol. Sir Thomas Lovell, is the banquet ready
I' the privy chamber?

Lov. Yes, my lord.

Wol. Your grace.
I fear, with dancing is a little heated.

K. Hen. I fear, too much.

Wol. There's fresher air, my lord,
In the next chamber.
K. Hen. Lead in your ladies, every one: — sweet partner,
I must not yet forsake you: — let's be merry: —
Good my lord cardinal, I've half a dozen healths
To drink to these fair ladies, and a measure
To lead 'em once again; and then let's dream
Who's best in favor. — Let the music knock it.
[*Exeunt with trumpets.*

ACT II.

SCENE I. *London. A street.*

Enter two Gentlemen, *meeting.*

First Gent. Whither away so fast?
Sec. Gent. O, — God save ye!
E'en to the hall, to hear what shall become
Of the great Duke of Buckingham.
First Gent. I'll save you
That labor, sir. All's now done, but the ceremony
Of bringing back the prisoner.
Sec. Gent. Were you there?
First Gent. Yes, indeed, was I.
Sec. Gent. Pray, speak what has happen'd.
First Gent. You may guess quickly what.
Sec. Gent. Is he found guilty?
First Gent. Yes, truly is he, and condemn'd upon't.
Sec. Gent. I'm sorry for't.
First Gent. So are a number more.
Sec. Gent. But, pray, how pass'd it?
First Gent. I'll tell you in a little. The great duke
Came to the bar; where to his accusations
He pleaded still, not guilty, and alleg'd
Many sharp reasons to defeat the law.
The king's attorney, on the contrary,
Urg'd on th' examinations, proofs, confessions
Of divers witnesses; which the duke desir'd
To have brought, *viva voce*, to his face:
At which appear'd against him his surveyor;
Sir Gilbert Peck his chancellor; and John Car,

Confessor to him ; with that devil-monk,
Hopkins, that made this mischief.
Sec. Gent. That was he
That fed him with his prophecies ?
First Gent. The same.
All these accus'd him strongly ; which he fain
Would have flung from him, but, indeed, he could not :
And so his peers, upon this evidence,
Have found him guilty of high treason. Much
He spoke, and learnedly, for life ; but all
Was either pitied in him or forgotten.
Sec. Gent. After all this, how did he bear himself ?
First Gent. When he was brought again to the bar, to hear
His knell rung out, his judgment,— he was stirr'd
With such an agony, he swet extremely,
And something spoke in choler, ill, and hasty :
But he fell to himself again, and sweetly
In all the rest show'd a most noble patience.
Sec. Gent. I do not think he fears death.
First Gent. Sure, he does not,—
He never was so womanish ; the cause
He may a little grieve at.
Sec. Gent. Certainly
The cardinal is the end of this.
First Gent. 'Tis likely,
By all conjectures : first, Kildare's attainder,
Then deputy of Ireland ; who remov'd,
Earl Surrey was sent thither, and in haste too,
Lest he should help his father.
Sec. Gent. That trick of state
Was a deep-envious one.
First Gent. At his return
No doubt he will requite it. This is noted,
And generally,— whoever the king favors,
The cardinal instantly will find employment,
And far enough from court too.
Sec. Gent. All the commons
Hate him perniciously, and, o' my conscience,
Wish him ten fathom deep : this duke as much
They love and dote on ; call him bounteous Buckingham,
The mirror of all courtesy,—

First Gent. Stay there, sir,
And see the noble-ruin'd man you speak of.

Enter BUCKINGHAM *from his arraignment; tipstaves before him; the ax with the edge towards him; halberds on each side: with him* Sir THOMAS LOVELL, Sir NICHOLAS VAUX, Sir WILLIAM SANDS, *and common people.*

Sec. Gent. Let's stand close, and behold him.
Buck. All good people,
You that thus far have come to pity me,
Hear what I say, and then go home and lose me.
I have this day receiv'd a traitor's judgment,
And by that name must die: yet, heaven bear witness,
And if I have a conscience, let it sink me,
Even as the ax falls, if I be not faithful!
The law I bear no malice for my death;
'T has done, upon the premises, but justice:
But those that sought it I could wish more Christians:
Be what they will, I heartily forgive 'em:
Yet let 'em look they glory not in mischief,
Nor build their evils on the graves of great men;
For then my guiltless blood must cry against 'em.
For further life in this world I ne'er hope,
Nor will I sue, although the king have mercies
More than I dare make faults. You few that lov'd me,
And dare be bold to weep for Buckingham,
His noble friends and fellows, whom to leave
Is only bitter to him, only dying,
Go with me, like good angels, to my end;
And, as the long divorce of steel falls on me,
Make of your prayers one sweet sacrifice,
And lift my soul to heaven.— Lead on, o' God's name.
Lov. I do beseech your grace, for charity,
If ever any malice in your heart
Were hid against me, now forgive me frankly.
Buck. Sir Thomas Lovell, I as free forgive you
As I would be forgiven: I forgive all;
There cannot be those numberless offenses
'Gainst me I cannot take peace with: no black envy
Shall mark my grave.— Commend me to his grace;
And, if he speak of Buckingham, pray tell him

You met him half in heaven: my vows and prayers
Yet are the king's; and, till my soul forsake me,
Shall cry for blessings on him: may he live
Longer than I have time to tell his years!
Ever belov'd and loving may his rule be!
And when old time shall lead him to his end,
Goodness and he fill up one monument!

Lov. To the water-side I must conduct your grace;
Then give my charge up to Sir Nicholas Vaux,
Who undertakes you to your end.

Vaux. Prepare there,
The duke is coming: see the barge be ready;
And fit it with such furniture as suits
The greatness of his person.

Buck. Nay, Sir Nicholas,
Let it alone; my state now will but mock me.
When I came hither, I was lord high constable
And duke of Buckingham; now, poor Edward Bohun:
Yet I am richer than my base accusers,
That never knew what truth meant: I now seal it;
And with that blood will make 'em one day groan for't
My noble father, Henry of Buckingham,
Who first rais'd head against usurping Richard,
Flying for succor to his servant Banister,
Being distress'd, was by that wretch betray'd
And without trial fell; God's peace be with him!
Henry the Seventh succeeding, truly pitying
My father's loss, like a most royal prince,
Restor'd me to my honors, and, out of ruins,
Made my name once more noble. Now his son,
Henry the Eighth, life, honor, name, and all
That made me happy, at one stroke has taken
For ever from the world. I had my trial,
And, must needs say, a noble one; which makes me
A little happier than my wretched father:
Yet thus far we are one in fortunes,—both
Fell by our servants, by those men we lov'd most;
A most unnatural and faithless service!
Heaven has an end in all: yet, you that hear me,
This from a dying man receive as certain:—
Where you are liberal of your loves and counsels
Be sure you be not loose; for those you make friends

And give your hearts to, when they once perceive
The least rub in your fortunes, fall away
Like water from ye, never found again
But where they mean to sink ye. All good people,
Pray for me! I must now forsake ye: the last hour
Of my long weary life is come upon me.
Farewell:
And when you would say something that is sad,
Speak how I fell.— I've done; and God forgive me!
[*Exeunt Buckingham and Train.*

First Gent. O, this is full of pity! — Sir, it calls,
I fear, too many curses on their heads
That were the authors.

Sec. Gent. If the duke be guiltless,
'Tis full of woe: yet I can give you inkling
Of an ensuing evil, if it fall,
Greater than this.

First Gent. Good angels keep it from us!
What may it be? You do not doubt my faith, sir?

Sec. Gent. This secret is so weighty, 'twill require
A strong faith to conceal it.

First Gent. Let me have it;
I do not talk much.

Sec. Gent. I am confident;
You shall, sir: did you not of late days hear
A buzzing of a separation
Between the king and Katharine?

First Gent. Yes, but it held not:
For when the king once heard it, out of anger
He sent command to the lord mayor straight
To stop the rumor, and allay those tongues
That durst disperse it.

Sec. Gent. But that slander, sir,
Is found a truth now: for it grows again
Fresher than e'er it was; and held for certain
The king will venture at it. Either the cardinal,
Or some about him near, have, out of malice
To the good queen, possess'd him with a scruple
That will undo her: to confirm this too,
Cardinal Campeius is arriv'd, and lately;
As all think, for this business.

First Gent. 'Tis the cardinal;

And merely to revenge him on the emperor
For not bestowing on him, at his asking,
Th' archbishopric of Toledo, this is purpos'd.
Sec. Gent. I think you've hit the mark: but is't not cruel
That she should feel the smart of this? The cardinal
Will have his will, and she must fall.
First Gent. 'Tis woful.
We are too open here to argue this;
Let's think in private more. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. *The same. An ante-chamber in the palace.*

Enter the Lord Chamberlain, *reading a letter.*

Cham. "My lord,— The horses your ladyship sent for with all the care I had, I saw well chosen, ridden, and furnished. They were young and handsome, and of the best breed in the north. When they were ready to set out for London, a man of my lord cardinal's, by commission and main power, took 'em from me; with this reason,— His master would be served before a subject, if not before the king; which stopped our mouths, sir."
I fear he will indeed: well, let him have them:
He will have all, I think.

Enter the Dukes of NORFOLK *and* SUFFOLK.

Nor. Well met, my lord chamberlain.
Cham. Good day to both your graces.
Suf. How is the king employ'd?
Cham. I left him private,
Full of sad thoughts and troubles.
Nor. What's the cause?
Cham. It seems the marriage with his brother's wife
Has crept too near his conscience.
Suf. No, his conscience
Has crept too near another lady.
Nor. 'Tis so:
This is the cardinal's doing, the king-cardinal:
That blind priest, like the eldest son of fortune,
Turns what he list. The king will know him one day.
Suf. Pray God he do! he'll never know himself else.
Nor. How holily he works in all his business!

And with what zeal! for, now he has crack'd the league
'Tween us and th' emperor, the queen's great-nephew,
He dives into the king's soul, and there scatters
Dangers, doubts, wringing of the conscience,
Fears, and despairs,— and all these for his marriage:
And out of all these to restore the king,
He counsels a divorce; a loss of her
That, like a jewel, has hung twenty years
About his neck, yet never lost her luster;
Of her that loves him with that excellence
That angels love good men with; even of her
That, when the greatest stroke of fortune falls,
Will bless the king: and is not this course pious? [true
Cham. Heaven keep me from such counsel! 'Tis most
These news are every where; every tongue speaks 'em,
And every true heart weeps for't: all that dare
Look into these affairs see this main end,—
The French king's sister. Heaven will one day open
The king's eyes, that so long have slept upon
This bold bad man.
Suf. And free us from his slavery.
Nor. We had need pray,
And heartily, for our deliverance;
Or this imperious man will work us all
From princes into pages: all men's honors
Lie like one lump before him, to be fashion'd
Into what pitch he please.
Suf. For me, my lords,
I love him not, nor fear him; there's my creed:
As I am made without him, so I'll stand,
If the king please; his curses and his blessings
Touch me alike, they're breath I not believe in.
I knew him, and I know him; so I leave him
To him that made him proud, the Pope.
Nor. Let's in;
And with some other business put the king
From these sad thoughts, that work too much upon him:—
My lord, you'll bear us company?
Cham. Excuse me;
The king has sent me otherwise: besides,
You'll find a most unfit time to disturb him:
Health to your lordships!

Nor. Thanks, my good lord chamberlain.
[*Exit Lord Chamberlain. Norfolk opens a folding-door. The King is discovered sitting, and reading pensively.*

Suf. How sad he looks! sure, he is much afflicted.
K. Hen. Who's there, ha?
Nor. Pray God he be not angry
K. Hen. Who's there, I say? How dare you thrust yourselves
Into my private meditations?
Who am I, ha?
Nor. A gracious king, that pardons all offenses
Malice ne'er meant: our breach of duty this way
Is business of estate; in which we come
To know your royal pleasure.
K. Hen. Ye're too bold:
Go to; I'll make ye know your times of business:
Is this an hour for temporal affairs, ha?

Enter WOLSEY *and* CAMPEIUS.

Who's there? my good lord cardinal? — O my Wolsey,
The quiet of my wounded conscience;
Thou art a cure fit for a king. — [*To Campeius*] You're welcome,
Most learnèd reverend sir, into our kingdom:
Use us and it. — [*To Wolsey*] My good lord, have great care
I be not found a talker.
Wol. Sir, you cannot.
I would your grace would give us but an hour
Of private conference.
K. Hen. [*to Norfolk and Suffolk*] We are busy; go.
Nor. [*aside to Suf.*] This priest has no pride in him!
Suf. [*aside to Nor.*] Not to speak of:
I would not be so sick though for his place:
But this cannot continue.
Nor. [*aside to Suf.*] If it do,
I'll venture one have-at-him.
Suf. [*aside to Nor.*] I another.
[*Exeunt Norfolk and Suffolk*
Wol. Your grace has given a precedent of wisdom
Above all princes, in committing freely

Your scruple to the voice of Christendom:
Who can be angry now? what envy reach you?
The Spaniard, tied by blood and favor to her,
Must now confess, if they have any goodness,
The trial just and noble. All the clerks,
I mean the learnèd ones, in Christian kingdoms
Have their free voices: Rome, the nurse of judgment,
Invited by your noble self, hath sent
One general tongue unto us, this good man,
This just and learnèd priest, Cardinal Campeius,—
Whom once more I present unto your highness.

K. Hen. And once more in mine arms I bid him welcome,
And thank the holy conclave for their loves:
They've sent me such a man I would have wish'd for.

Cam. Your grace must needs deserve all strangers' loves,
You are so noble. To your highness' hand
I tender my commission; — by whose virtue —
The court of Rome commanding — you, my lord
Cardinal of York, are join'd with me their servant
In the unpartial judging of this business.

K. Hen. Two equal men. The queen shall be acquainted
Forthwith for what you come. — Where's Gardiner?

Wol. I know your majesty has always lov'd her
So dear in heart, not to deny her that
A woman of less place might ask by law, —
Scholars allow'd freely to argue for her.

K. Hen. Ay, and the best she shall have; and my favor
To him that does best: God forbid else. Cardinal,
Prithee, call Gardiner to me, my new secretary:
I find him a fit fellow. [*Exit Wolsey.*

Re-enter WOLSEY, *with* GARDINER.

Wol. [*aside to Gard.*] Give me your hand: much joy and favor to you;
You are the king's now.

Gard. [*aside to Wol.*] But to be commanded
For ever by your grace, whose hand has rais'd me.

K. Hen. Come hither, Gardiner. [*They converse apart.*

Cam. My Lord of York, was not one Doctor Pace
In this man's place before him?
Wol. Yes, he was.
Cam. Was he not held a learnèd man?
Wol. Yes, surely.
Cam. Believe me, there's an ill opinion spread, then,
Even of yourself, lord cardinal.
Wol. How! of me?
Cam. They will not stick to say you envied him;
And fearing he would rise, he was so virtuous,
Kept him a foreign man still; which so griev'd him,
That he ran mad and died.
Wol. Heaven's peace be with him!
That's Christian care enough: for living murmurers
There's places of rebuke. He was a fool;
For he would needs be virtuous: that good fellow,
If I command him, follows my appointment:
I will have none so near else. Learn this, brother,
We live not to be grip'd by meaner persons.
K. Hen. Deliver this with modesty to the queen.
[*Exit Gardiner.*
The most convenient place that I can think of
For such receipt of learning is Black-Friars;
There ye shall meet about this weighty business:—
My Wolsey, see it furnish'd.—O, my lord,
Would it not grieve an able man to leave
So sweet a bedfellow? But, conscience, conscience,—
O, 'tis a tender place! and I must leave her. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III. *The same. An ante-chamber in the* Queen's *apartments.*

Enter ANNE BULLEN *and an old* LADY.

Anne. Not for that neither: here's the pang that pinches:—
His highness having liv'd so long with her, and she
So good a lady that no tongue could ever
Pronounce dishonor of her,—by my life,
She never knew harm-doing;—O, now, after
So many courses of the sun enthron'd,
Still growing in majesty and pomp,—the which
To leave's a thousand-fold more bitter than

'Tis sweet at first t' acquire,—after this process,
To give her the avaunt! it is a pity
Would move a monster.
Old L. Hearts of most hard temper
Melt and lament for her.
Anne. O, God's will! much better
She ne'er had known pomp: though't be temporal,
Yet, if that quarrel, fortune, do divorce
It from the bearer, 'tis a sufferance panging
As soul and body's severing.
Old L. Alas, poor lady!
She's a stranger now again.
Anne. So much the more
Must pity drop upon her. Verily,
I swear, 'tis better to be lowly born,
And range with humble livers in content,
Than to be perk'd up in a glistering grief,
And wear a golden sorrow.
Old L. Our content
Is our best having.
Anne. By my troth and maidenhead,
I would not be a queen.
Old L. Beshrew me, I would,
And venture maidenhead for't; and so would you,
For all this spice of your hypocrisy:
You, that have so fair parts of a woman on you,
Have too a woman's heart; which ever yet
Affected eminence, wealth, sovereignty;
Which, to say sooth, are blessings; and which gifts
Saving your mincing—the capacity
Of your soft cheveril conscience would receive,
If you might please to stretch it.
Anne. Nay, good troth,—
Old L. Yes, troth, and troth;—you would not be a queen?
Anne. No, not for all the riches under heaven.
Old L. 'Tis strange; a three-pence bow'd would hire me,
Old as I am, to queen it: but, I pray you,
What think you of a duchess? have you limbs
To bear that load of title?
Anne. No, in truth.

Old L. Then you are weakly made: pluck off a little;
I would not be a young count in your way,
For more than blushing comes to: if your back
Cannot vouchsafe this burden, 'tis too weak
Ever to get a boy.
Anne. How you do talk!
I swear again, I would not be a queen
For all the world.
Old L. In faith, for little England
You'd venture an emballing: I myself
Would for Carnarvonshire, although there long'd
No more to the crown but that. — Lo, who comes here?

Enter the Lord Chamberlain.

Cham. Good morrow, ladies. What were't worth to know
The secret of your conference?
Anne. My good lord,
Not your demand; it values not your asking.
Our mistress' sorrows we were pitying.
Cham. It was a gentle business, and becoming
The action of good women: there is hope
All will be well.
Anne. Now, I pray God, amen!
Cham. You bear a gentle mind, and heavenly blessings
Follow such creatures. That you may, fair lady,
Perceive I speak sincerely, and high note's
Ta'en of your many virtues, the king's majesty
Commends his good opinion to you, and
Does purpose honor to you no less flowing
Than Marchioness of Pembroke; to which title
A thousand pound a year, annual support,
Out of his grace he adds.
Anne. I do not know
What kind of my obedience I should tender;
More than my all is nothing: nor my prayers
Are not words duly hallow'd, nor my wishes
More worth than empty vanities; yet prayers and wishes
Are all I can return. Beseech your lordship,
Vouchsafe to speak my thanks and my obedience,
As from a blushing handmaid, to his highness:
Whose health and royalty I pray for.

Cham. Lady,
I shall not fail t' approve the fair conceit
The king hath of you.— [*Aside*] I've perus'd her well;
Beauty and honor in her are so mingled,
That they have caught the king: and who knows yet
But from this lady may proceed a gem
To lighten all this isle?— I'll to the king,
And say I spoke with you.
Anne. My honor'd lord.
[*Exit Lord Chamberlain.*
Old L. Why, this it is; see, see!
I have been begging sixteen years in court,—
Am yet a courtier beggarly,— nor could
Come pat betwixt too early and too late
For any suit of pounds; and you, O fate!
A very fresh-fish here,— fie, fie upon
This cómpell'd fortune!— have your mouth fill'd up
Before you open't.
Anne. This is strange to me.
Old L. How tastes it? is it bitter? forty pence, no.
There was a lady once —'tis an old story —
That would not be a queen, that would she not,
For all the mud in Egypt: — have you heard it?
Anne. Come, you are pleasant.
Old L. With your theme, I could
O'ermount the lark. The Marchioness of Pembroke!
A thousand pounds a year — for pure respect!
No other obligation! By my life,
That promises more thousands: honor's train
Is longer than his foreskirt. By this time
I know your back will bear a duchess: — say,
Are you not stronger than you were?
Anne. Good lady,
Make yourself mirth with your particular fancy,
And leave me out on't. Would I had no being,
If this salute my blood a jot: it faints me,
To think what follows.
The queen is comfortless, and we forgetful
In our long absence: pray, do not deliver
What here you've heard to her.
Old L. What do you think me?
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV. *The same. A hall in Black-Friars.*

Trumpets, sennet, and cornets. Enter two Vergers, *with short silver wands; next them, two* Scribes, *in the habit of doctors; after them, the* Archbishop of CANTERBURY *alone; after him, the* Bishops of LINCOLN, ELY, ROCHESTER, *and* Saint ASAPH; *next them, with some small distance, follows a* Gentleman *bearing the purse, with the great seal, and a cardinal's hat; then two* Priests, *bearing each a silver cross; then a* Gentleman-usher *bare-headed, accompanied with a* Sergeant-at-arms *bearing a silver mace; then two* Gentlemen *bearing two great silver pillars; after them side by side, the two* Cardinals, WOLSEY, *and* CAMPEIUS; *two* Noblemen *with the sword and mace. Then enter the* King *and* Queen, *and their trains. The* King *takes place under the cloth of state; the two* Cardinals *sit under him as judges. The* Queen *takes place at some distance from the* King. *The* Bishops *place themselves on each side the court, in manner of a consistory; between them, the* Scribes. *The* Lords *sit next the* Bishops. *The* Crier *and the rest of the* Attendants *stand in convenient order about the hall.*

Wol. Whilst our commission from Rome is read,
Let silence be commanded.
K. Hen. What's the need?
It hath already publicly been read,
And on all sides th' authority allow'd;
You may, then, spare that time.
Wol. Be't so.— Proceed.
Scribe. Say, Henry King of England, come into the court.
Crier. Henry King of England, &c.
K. Hen. Here.
Scribe. Say, Katharine Queen of England, come into the court.
Crier. Katharine, Queen of England, &c.

[*The Queen makes no answer, rises out of her chair, goes about the court, comes to the King, and kneels at his feet; then speaks.*

Q. Kath. Sir, I desire you do me right and justice;

And to bestow your pity on me : for
I am a most poor woman, and a stranger,
Born out of your dominions ; having here
No judge indifferent, nor no more assurance
Of equal friendship and proceeding. Alas, sir,
In what have I offended you ? what cause
Hath my behavior given to your displeasure,
That thus you should proceed to put me off,
And take your good grace from me ? Heaven witness,
I've been to you a true and humble wife,
At all times to your will conformable ;
Ever in fear to kindle your dislike,
Yea, subject to your countenance,— glad or sorry,
As I saw it inclin'd. When was the hour
I ever contradicted your desire,
Or made it not mine too ? Which of your friends
Have I not strove to love, although I knew
He were mine enemy ? what friend of mine
That had to him deriv'd your anger, did I
Continue in my liking ? nay, gave notice
He was from thence discharg'd ? Sir, call to mind
That I have been your wife, in this obedience,
Upward of twenty years, and have been blest
With many children by you : if, in the course
And process of this time, you can report,
And prove it too, against mine honor aught,
My bond to wedlock, or my love and duty,
Against your sacred person, in God's name,
Turn me away ; and let the foul'st contempt
Shut door upon me, and so give me up
To the sharp'st kind of justice. Please you, sir,
The king, your father, was reputed for
A prince most prudent, of an excellent
And unmatch'd wit and judgment ; Ferdinand,
My father, king of Spain, was reckon'd one
The wisest prince that there had reign'd by many
A year before : it is not to be question'd
That they had gather'd a wise council to them
Of every realm, that did debate this business,
Who deem'd our marriage lawful. Wherefore I humbly
Beseech you, sir, to spare me, till I may
Be by my friends in Spain advis'd ; whose counsel

I will implore: if not, i' the name of God,
Your pleasure be fulfill'd!

Wol. You have here, lady,—
And of your choice,— these reverend fathers; men
Of singular integrity and learning,
Yea, the elect o' the land, who are assembled
To plead your cause: it shall be therefore bootless
That longer you defer the court; as well
For your own quiet, as to rectify
What is unsettled in the king.

Cam. His grace
Hath spoken well and justly: therefore, madam,
It's fit this royal session do proceed;
And that, without delay, their arguments
Be now produc'd and heard.

Q. Kath. Lord Cardinal,—
To you I speak.

Wol. Your pleasure, madam?

Q. Kath. Sir,
I am about to weep; but, thinking that
We are a queen,— or long have dream'd so,— certain
The daughter of a king, my drops of tears
I'll turn to sparks of fire.

Wol. Be patient yet.

Q. Kath. I will, when you are humble; nay, before,
Or God will punish me. I do believe,
Induc'd by potent circumstances, that
You are mine enemy; and make my challenge
You shall not be my judge: for it is you
Have blown this coal betwixt my lord and me,—
Which God's dew quench! Therefore I say again,
I utterly abhor, yea, from my soul
Refuse you for my judge; whom, yet once more,
I hold my most malicious foe, and think not
At all a friend to truth.

Wol. I do profess
You speak not like yourself; who ever yet
Have stood to charity, and display'd th' effects
Of disposition gentle, and of wisdom
O'ertopping woman's power. Madam, you do me wrong:
I have no spleen against you; nor injustice
For you or any: how far I've proceeded,

Or how far further shall, is warranted
By a commission from the consistory,
Yea, the whole consistory of Rome. You charge me
That I have blown this coal: I do deny it:
The king is present: if't be known to him
That I gainsay my deed, how may he wound,
And worthily, my falsehood! yea, as much
As you have done my truth. But if he know
That I am free of your report, he knows
I am not of your wrong. Therefore in him
It lies to cure me: and the cure is, to
Remove these thoughts from you: the which before
His highness shall speak in, I do beseech
You, gracious madam, to unthink your speaking,
And to say so no more.

Q. Kath. My lord, my lord,
I am a simple woman, much too weak
T' oppose your cunning. You're meek and humble-mouth'd;
You sign your place and calling, in full seeming,
With meekness and humility; but your heart
Is cramm'd with arrogancy, spleen, and pride.
You have, by fortune, and his highness' favors,
Gone slightly o'er low steps, and now are mounted
Where powers are your retainers; and your words,
Domestics to you, serve your will as't please
Yourself pronounce their office. I must tell you,
You tender more your person's honor than
Your high profession spiritual: that again
I do refuse you for my judge; and here,
Before you all, appeal unto the Pope,
To bring my whole cause 'fore his holiness,
And to be judg'd by him.

[*She courtesies to the King, and offers to depart.*

Cam. The queen is obstinate,
Stubborn to justice, apt t' accuse it, and
Disdainful to be tried by't: 'tis not well.
She's going away.

K. Hen. Call her again.

Crier. Katharine Queen of England, come into the court.

Grif. Madam, you are call'd back.

Q. Kath. What need you note it? pray you, keep your way:
When you are call'd, return.—Now, the Lord help,
They vex me past my patience!—Pray you, pass on:
I will not tarry; no, nor ever more
Upon this business my appearance make
In any of their courts.

[*Exeunt Queen, Griffith, and her other Attendants.*

K. Hen. Go thy ways, Kate:
That man i' the world who shall report he has
A better wife, let him in naught be trusted,
For speaking false in that: thou art, alone—
If thy rare qualities, sweet gentleness,
Thy meekness saint-like, wife-like government,
Obeying in commanding, and thy parts
Sovereign and pious else, could speak thee out—
The queen of earthly queens:—she's noble born;
And, like her true nobility, she has
Carried herself towards me.

Wol. Most gracious sir,
In humblest manner I require your highness,
That it shall please you to declare, in hearing
Of all these ears,—for where I'm robb'd and bound,
There must I be unloos'd; although not there
At once and fully satisfied,—whether ever I
Did broach this business to your highness; or
Laid any scruple in your way, which might
Induce you to the question on't? or ever
Have to you—but with thanks to God for such
A royal lady—spake one the least word that might
Be to the prejudice of her present state,
Or touch of her good person?

K. Hen. My lord cardinal,
I do excuse you; yea, upon mine honor,
I free you from't. You are not to be taught
That you have many enemies, that know not
Why they are so, but, like to village curs,
Bark when their fellows do: by some of these
The queen is put in anger. You're excus'd:
But will you be more justified? you ever
Have wish'd the sleeping of this business; never
Desir'd it to be stirr'd; but oft have hinder'd, oft,

The passages made toward it: — on my honor,
I speak my good lord cardinal to this point,
And thus far clear him. Now, what mov'd me to't,
I will be bold with time and your attention: —
Then mark th' inducement. Thus it came; — give heed to't: —
My conscience first receiv'd a tenderness,
Scruple, and prick, on certain speeches utter'd
By the Bishop of Bayonne, then French ambassador;
Who had been hither sent on the debating
A marriage 'twixt the Duke of Orleans and
Our daughter Mary: i' the progress of this business,
Ere a determinate resolution, he —
I mean the bishop — did require a respite;
Wherein he might the king his lord advértise
Whether our daughter were legitimate,
Respecting this our marriage with the dowager,
Sometimes our brother's wife. This respite shook
The bottom of my conscience, enter'd me,
Yea, with a splitting power, and made to tremble
The region of my breast; which forc'd such way,
That many maz'd considerings did throng,
And press'd in with this caution. First, methought
I stood not in the smile of heaven; who had
Commanded nature, that my lady's womb,
If it conceiv'd a male child by me, should
Do no more offices of life to't than
The grave does to the dead; for her male issue
Or died where they were made, or shortly after
This world had air'd them: hence I took a thought,
This was a judgment on me; that my kingdom,
Well worthy the best heir o' the world, should not
Be gladded in't by me: then follows, that
I weigh'd the danger which my realms stood in
By this my issue's fail; and that gave to me
Many a groaning throe. Thus hulling in
The wild sea of my conscience, I did steer
Toward this remedy, whereupon we are
Now present here together; that's to say,
I meant to rectify my conscience — which
I then did feel full sick, and yet not well —
By all the reverend fathers of the land

And doctors learn'd :— first I began in private
With you, my Lord of Lincoln ; you remember
How under my oppression I did reek,
When I first mov'd you.

Lin. Very well, my liege.

K. Hen. I have spoke long : be pleas'd yourself to say
How far you satisfied me.

Lin. So please your highness,
The question did at first so stagger me,—
Bearing a state of mighty moment in't,
And consequence of dread,— that I committed
The daring'st counsel which I had to doubt ;
And did entreat your highness to this course
Which you are running here.

K. Hen. I then mov'd you,
My Lord of Canterbury ; and got your leave
To make this present summons :— unsolicited
I left no reverend person in this court ;
But by particular consent proceeded
Under your hands and seals : therefore, go on ;
For no dislike i' the world against the person
Of the good queen, but the sharp thorny points
Of my allegèd reasons, drive this forward :
Prove but our marriage lawful, by my life
And kingly dignity, we are contented
To wear our mortal state to come with her,
Katharine our queen, before the primest creature
That's paragon'd o' the world.

Cam. So please your highness,
The queen being absent, 'tis a needful fitness
That we adjourn this court till further day :
Meanwhile must be an earnest motion
Made to the queen, to call back her appeal
She intends unto his holiness. [*They rise to depart.*

K. Hen. [*aside*] I may perceive
These cardinals trifle with me : I abhor
This dilatory sloth and tricks of Rome.
My learn'd and well-belovèd servant, Cranmer,
Prithee, return : with thy approach, I know,
My comfort comes along.— Break up the court :
I say, set on. [*Exeunt in manner as they entered.*

ACT III.

SCENE I. *London. Palace at Bridewell: a room in the* Queen's *apartment.*

The Queen *and some of her Women at work.*

Q. Kath. Take thy lute, wench: my soul grows sad with troubles;
Sing, and disperse 'em, if thou canst: leave working.

Song.

Orpheus with his lute made trees,
And the mountain-tops that freeze,
Bow themselves, when he did sing:
To his music plants and flowers
Ever sprung; as sun and showers
There had made a lasting spring.

Every thing that heard him play,
Even the billows of the sea,
Hung their heads, and then lay by.
In sweet music is such art,
Killing care and grief of heart
Fall asleep, or hearing, die.

Enter a Gentleman.

Q. Kath. How now!
Gent. An't please your grace, the two great cardinals
Wait in the presence.
Q. Kath. Would they speak with me?
Gent. They will'd me say so, madam.
Q. Kath. Pray their graces
To come near. [*Exit Gent.*] What can be their business
With me, a poor weak woman, fall'n from favor?
I do not like their coming, now I think on't.
They should be good men; their affairs as righteous:
But all hoods make not monks.

Enter WOLSEY *and* CAMPEIUS.

Wol. Peace to your highness!
Q. Kath. Your graces find me here part of a housewife:

I would be all, against the worst may happen.
What are your pleasures with me, reverend lords?
Wol. May't please you, noble madam, to withdraw
Into your private chamber, we shall give you
The full cause of our coming.
Q. Kath. Speak it here;
There's nothing I have done yet, o' my conscience,
Deserves a corner: would all other women
Could speak this with as free a soul as I do!
My lords, I care not,—so much I am happy
Above a number,—if my actions
Were tried by every tongue, every eye saw 'em,
Envy and base opinion set against 'em,
I know my life so even. If your business
Seek me out, and that way I am wife in,
Out with it boldly: truth loves open dealing.
Wol. Tanta est erga te mentis integritas, regina serenissima,—
Q. Kath. O, good my lord, no Latin;
I am not such a truant since my coming,
As not to know the language I have liv'd in:
A strange tongue makes my cause more strange-suspicious;
Pray, speak in English: here are some will thank you,
If you speak truth, for their poor mistress' sake,—
Believe me, she has had much wrong: lord cardinal,
The willing'st sin I ever yet committed
May be absolv'd in English.
Wol. Noble lady,
I'm sorry my integrity should breed—
And service to his majesty and you—
So deep suspicion, where all faith was meant.
We come not by the way of accusation,
To taint that honor every good tongue blesses,
Nor to betray you any way to sorrow,—
You have too much, good lady; but to know
How you stand minded in the weighty difference
Between the king and you; and to deliver,
Like free and honest men, our just opinions,
And comforts to your cause.
Cam. Most honor'd madam,
My Lord of York,—out of his noble nature,

Zeal and obedience he still bore your grace,—
Forgetting, like a good man, your late censure
Both of his truth and him, which was too far,—
Offers, as I do, in a sign of peace,
His service and his counsel.
Q. Kath. [*aside*] To betray me.—
My lords, I thank you both for your good wills;
Ye speak like honest men,—pray God, ye prove so!—
But how to make ye suddenly an answer,
In such a point of weight, so near mine honor,—
More near my life, I fear,—with my weak wit,
And to such men of gravity and learning,
In truth, I know not. I was set at work
Among my maids; full little, God knows, looking
Either for such men or such business.
For her sake that I have been,—for I feel
The last fit of my greatness,—good your graces,
Let me have time and counsel for my cause:
Alas, I am a woman, friendless, hopeless!
Wol. Madam, you wrong the king's love with these fears:
Your hopes and friends are infinite.
Q. Kath. In England
But little for my profit: can you think, lords,
That any Englishman dare give me counsel?
Or be a known friend, 'gainst his highness' pleasure,—
Though he be grown so desperate to be honest,—
And live a subject? Nay, forsooth, my friends,
They that must weigh out my afflictions,
They that my trust must grow to, live not here:
They are, as all my other comforts, far hence,
In mine own country, lords.
Cam. I would your grace
Would leave your griefs, and take my counsel.
Q. Kath. How, sir?
Cam. Put your main cause into the king's protection;
He's loving and most gracious: 'twill be much
Both for your honor better and your cause;
For if the trial of the law o'ertake ye,
You'll part away disgrac'd.
Wol. He tells you rightly.
Q. Kath. Ye tell me what ye wish for both,—my ruin:

Is this your Christian counsel? out upon ye!
Heaven is above all yet; there sits a Judge
That no king can corrupt.
Cam. Your rage mistakes us.
Q. Kath. The more shame for ye: holy men I thought ye,
Upon my soul, two reverend cardinal virtues;
But cardinal sins and hollow hearts I fear ye;
Mend 'em, for shame, my lords. Is this your comfort?
The cordial that ye bring a wretched lady,—
A woman lost among ye, laugh'd at, scorn'd?
I will not wish ye half my miseries:
I have more charity: but say, I warn'd ye;
Take heed, for heaven's sake, take heed, lest at once
The burden of my sorrows fall upon ye.
Wol. Madam, this is a mere distraction;
You turn the good we offer into envy.
Q. Kath. Ye turn me into nothing: woe upon ye,
And all such false professors! Would you have me—
If you have any justice, any pity,
If ye be any thing but churchmen's habits—
Put my sick cause into his hands that hates me?
Alas, 'has banish'd me his bed already,—
His love, too long ago! I'm old, my lords,
And all the fellowship I hold now with him
Is only my obedience. What can happen
To me above this wretchedness? all your studies
Make me a curse like this.
Cam. Your fears are worse.
Q. Kath. Have I liv'd thus long—let me speak myself,
Since virtue finds no friends—a wife, a true one?
A woman—I dare say, without vain-glory—
Never yet branded with suspicion?
Have I with all my full affections
Still met the king? lov'd him next heav'n? obey'd him?
Been, out of fondness, superstitious to him?
Almost forgot my prayers to content him?
And am I thus rewarded? 'tis not well, lords.
Bring me a constant woman to her husband,
One that ne'er dream'd a joy beyond his pleasure;
And to that woman, when she has done most,
Yet will I add an honor,—a great patience.

Wol. Madam, you wander from the good we aim at.
Q. Kath. My lord, I dare not make myself so guilty,
To give up willingly that noble title
Your master wed me to: nothing but death
Shall e'er divorce my dignities.
Wol. Pray, hear me.
Q. Kath. Would I had never trod this English earth,
Or felt the flatteries that grow upon it!
Ye've angels' faces, but heaven knows your hearts.
What will become of me now, wretched lady?
I am the most unhappy woman living.—
[*To her Women*] Alas, poor wenches, where are now your fortunes!
Shipwreck'd upon a kingdom, where no pity,
No friends, no hope; no kindred weep for me;
Almost no grave allow'd me:—like the lily
That once was mistress of the field and flourish'd,
I'll hang my head and perish.
Wol. If your grace
Could but be brought to know our ends are honest,
You'd feel more comfort. Why should we, good lady,
Upon what cause, wrong you? alas, our places,
The way of our profession is against it:
We are to cure such sorrows, not to sow 'em.
For goodness' sake, consider what you do;
How you may hurt yourself, ay, utterly
Grow from the king's acquaintance, by this carriage.
The hearts of princes kiss obedience,
So much they love it; but to stubborn spirits
They swell, and grow as terrible as storms.
I know you have a gentle-noble temper,
A soul as even as a calm: pray, think us
Those we profess, peace-makers, friends, and servants.
Cam. Madam, you'll find it so. You wrong your virtues
With these weak women's fears: a noble spirit,
As yours was put into you, ever casts
Such doubts, as false coin, from it. The king loves you;
Beware you lose it not: for us, if please you
To trust us in your business, we are ready
To use our utmost studies in your service.
Q. Kath. Do what ye will, my lords: and, pray, forgive me,

If I have us'd myself unmannerly;
You know I am a woman, lacking wit
To make a seemly answer to such persons.
Pray, do my service to his majesty:
He has my heart yet; and shall have my prayers
While I shall have my life. Come, reverend fathers,
Bestow your counsels on me: she now begs,
That little thought, when she set footing here,
She should have bought her dignities so dear. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. *The same. Ante-chamber to the* King's *apartment in the palace.*

Enter the Duke of NORFOLK, *the* Duke of SUFFOLK, *the* Earl of SURREY, *and the* Lord Chamberlain.

Nor. If you will now unite in your complaints,
And force them with a constancy, the cardinal
Cannot stand under them: if you omit
The offer of this time, I cannot promise
But that you shall sustain more new disgraces,
With these you bear already.
Sur. I am joyful
To meet the least occasion that may give me
Remembrance of my father-in-law, the duke,
To be reveng'd on him.
Suf. Which of the peers
Have uncontemn'd gone by him, or at least
Strangely neglected? when did he regard
The stamp of nobleness in any person
Out of himself?
Cham. My lords, you speak your pleasures:
What he deserves of you and me I know;
What we can do to him,—though now the time
Gives way to us,—I much fear. If you cannot
Bar his access to the king, never attempt
Any thing on him; for he hath a witchcraft
Over the king in's tongue.
Nor. O, fear him not;
His spell in that is out: the king hath found
Matter against him that for ever mars
The honey of his language. No, he's settled,
Not to come off, in his displeasure.

Sur. Sir,
I should be glad to hear such news as this
Once every hour.
Nor. Believe it, this is true:
In the divorce his contrary proceedings
Are all unfolded; wherein he appears
As I would wish mine enemy.
Sur. How came
His practices to light?
Suf. Most strangely.
Sur. O, how, how?
Suf. The cardinal's letter to the Pope miscarried,
And came to th' eye o' the king: wherein was read,
How that the cardinal did entreat his holiness
To stay the judgment o' the divorce; for if
It did take place, "I do," quoth he, "perceive
My king is tangled in affection to
A creature of the queen's, Lady Anne Bullen."
Sur. Has the king this?
Suf. Believe it.
Sur. Will this work?
Cham. The king in this perceives him, how he coasts
And hedges his own way. But in this point
All his tricks founder, and he brings his physic
After his patient's death: the king already
Hath married the fair lady.
Sur. Would he had!
Suf. May you be happy in your wish, my lord!
For, I profess, you have't.
Sur. Now, all my joy
Trace the conjunction!
Suf. My amen to't!
Nor. All men's!
Suf. There's order given for her coronation:
Marry, this is yet but young, and may be left
To some ears unrecounted.—But, my lords,
She is a gallant creature, and complete
In mind and feature: I persuade me, from her
Will fall some blessing to this land, which shall
In it be memoriz'd.
Sur. But, will the king

Digest this letter of the cardinal's?
The Lord forbid!
Nor. Marry, amen!
Suf. No, no;
There be more wasps that buzz about his nose
Will make this sting the sooner. Cardinal Campeius
Is stol'n away to Rome; hath ta'en no leave;
Has left the cause o' the king unhandled; and
Is posted, as the agent of our cardinal,
To second all his plot. I do assure you
The king cried "Ha!" at this.
Cham. Now, God incense him,
And let him cry "Ha!" louder!
Nor. But, my lord,
When returns Cranmer?
Suf. He is return'd in his opinions; which
Have satisfied the king for his divorce,
Together with all famous colleges
Almost in Christendom: shortly, I believe,
His second marriage shall be publish'd, and
Her coronation. Katharine no more
Shall be call'd queen, but princess dowager
And widow to Prince Arthur.
Nor. This same Cranmer's
A worthy fellow, and hath ta'en much pain
In the king's business.
Suf. He has; and we shall see him
For it an archbishop.
Nor. So I hear.
Suf. 'Tis so.—
The cardinal!

Enter WOLSEY *and* CROMWELL.

Nor. Observe, observe, he's moody.
Wol. The packet, Cromwell,
Gave't you the king?
Crom. To his own hand, in's bedchamber.
Wol. Look'd he o' th' inside of the papers?
Crom. Presently
He did unseal them: and the first he view'd,
He did it with a serious mind; a heed

Was in his countenance. You he bade
Attend him here this morning.
Wol. Is he ready
To come abroad?
Crom. I think, by this he is.
Wol. Leave me awhile. [*Exit Cromwell.*
It shall be to the Duchess of Alençon,
The French king's sister: he shall marry her.—
Anne Bullen! No; I'll no Anne Bullens for him:
There's more in't than fair visage.—Bullen!
No, we'll no Bullens.—Speedily I wish
To hear from Rome.—The Marchioness of Pembroke!
Nor. He's discontented.
Suf. May be, he hears the king
Does whet his anger to him.
Sur. Sharp enough,
Lord, for thy justice!
Wol. The late queen's gentlewoman, a knight's daughter,
To be her mistress' mistress! the queen's queen!—
This candle burns not clear: 'tis I must snuff it;
Then out it goes.—What though I know her virtuous
And well deserving? yet I know her for
A spleeny Lutheran; and not wholesome to
Our cause, that she should lie i' the bosom of
Our hard-rul'd king. Again, there is sprung up
An heretic, an arch one, Cranmer; one
Hath crawl'd into the favor of the king,
And is his oracle.
Nor. He's vex'd at something,
Sur. I would 'twere something that would fret the string,
The master-cord on's heart!
Suf. The king, the king!

Enter the King, *reading a schedule, and* LOVELL.

K. Hen. What piles of wealth hath he accumulated
To his own portion! and what expense by th' hour
Seems to flow from him! How, i' the name of thrift,
Does he rake this together?—Now, my lords,—
Saw you the cardinal?
Nor. My lord, we have

Stood here observing him: some strange commotion
Is in his brain: he bites his lip, and starts;
Stops on a sudden, looks upon the ground,
Then lays his finger on his temple; straight
Springs out into fast gait; then stops again,
Strikes his breast hard; and anon he casts
His eye against the moon: in most strange postures
We've seen him set himself.

K. Hen. It may well be;
There is a mutiny in's mind. This morning
Papers of state he sent me to peruse,
As I requir'd: and wot you what I found
There,—on my conscience, put unwittingly?
Forsooth, an inventory, thus importing,—
The several parcels of his plate, his treasure,
Rich stuffs, and ornaments of household; which
I find at such proud rate, that it out-speaks
Possession of a subject.

Nor. It's heaven's will:
Some spirit put this paper in the packet,
To bless your eye withal.

K. Hen. If we did think
His contemplation were above the earth,
And fix'd on spiritual objects, he should still
Dwell in his musings: but I am afraid
His thinkings are below the moon, not worth
His serious considering.

[*Takes his seat, and whispers Lovell, who goes to Wolsey.*

Wol. Heaven forgive me!—
Ever God bless your highness!

K. Hen. Good my lord,
You're full of heavenly stuff, and bear the inventory
Of your best graces in your mind; the which
You were now running o'er: you have scarce time
To steal from spiritual leisure a brief span
To keep your earthly audit: sure, in that
I deem you an ill husband, and am glad
To have you therein my companion.

Wol. Sir,
For holy offices I have a time; a time
To think upon the part of business which

I bear i' the state; and nature does require
Her times of preservation, which perforce
I, her frail son, amongst my brethren mortal,
Must give my tendance to.

K. Hen. You have said well.

Wol. And ever may your highness yoke together,
As I will lend you cause, my doing well
With my well saying!

K. Hen. 'Tis well said again;
And 'tis a kind of good deed to say well:
And yet words are no deeds. My father lov'd you:
He said he did; and with his deed did crown
His word upon you. Since I had my office,
I've kept you next my heart; have not alone
Employ'd you where high profits might come home,
But par'd my present havings, to bestow
My bounties upon you.

Wol. [*aside*] What should this mean?

Sur. [*aside to the others.*] The Lord increase this business!

K. Hen. Have I not made you
The prime man of the state? I pray you, tell me,
If what I now pronounce you have found true:
And, if you may confess it, say withal,
If you are bound to us or no. What say you?

Wol. My sovereign, I confess your royal graces,
Shower'd on me daily, have been more than could
My studied purposes requite; which went
Beyond all man's endeavors:— my endeavors
Have ever come too short of my desires,
Yet fil'd with my abilities: mine own ends
Have been mine so, that evermore they pointed
To the good of your most sacred person and
The profit of the state. For your great graces
Heap'd upon me, poor underserver, I
Can nothing render but allegiant thanks;
My prayers to heaven for you; my loyalty,
Which ever has and ever shall be growing,
Till death, that winter, kill it.

K. Hen. Fairly answer'd;
A loyal and obedient subject is
Therein illustrated: the honor of it
Does pay the act of it; as, i' the contrary,

The foulness is the punishment. I presume
That, as my hand has open'd bounty to you,
My heart dropp'd love, my power rain'd honor, more
On you than any; so your hand and heart,
Your brain, and every function of your power,
Should, notwithstanding that your bond of duty,
As 'twere in love's particular, be more
To me, your friend, than any.

Wol. I do profess
That for your highness' good I ever labor'd
More than mine own; that am, have, and will be,—
Though all the world should crack their duty to you,
And throw it from their soul; though perils did
Abound, as thick as thought could make 'em, and
Appear in forms more horrid,—yet my duty,
As doth a rock against the chiding flood,
Should the approach of this wild river break,
And stand unshaken yours.

K. Hen. 'Tis nobly spoken.—
Take notice, lords, he has a loyal breast,
For you have seen him open't.—Read o'er this;
[*Giving him papers.*
And after, this: and then to breakfast with
What appetite you have.

[*Exit, frowning upon Wolsey: the Nobles throng after him, smiling and whispering.*

Wol. What should this mean?
What sudden anger's this? how have I reap'd it?
He parted frowning from me, as if ruin
Leap'd from his eyes: so looks the chafèd lion
Upon the daring huntsman that has gall'd him;
Then makes him nothing. I must read this paper;
I fear, the story of his anger.—'Tis so;
This paper has undone me:—'tis th' account
Of all that world of wealth I've drawn together
For mine own ends; indeed, to gain the Popedom,
And fee my friends in Rome. O negligence,
Fit for a fool to fall by! what cross devil
Made me put this main secret in the packet
I sent the king?—Is there no way to cure this?
No new device to beat this from his brains?
I know 'twill stir him strongly; yet I know

A way, if it take right, in spite of fortune,
Will bring me off again.— What's this? — "To the Pope"!
The letter, as I live, with all the business
I writ to's holiness. Nay, then, farewell!
I've touch'd the highest point of all my greatness;
And, from that full meridian of my glory,
I haste now to my setting: I shall fall
Like a bright exhalation in the evening,
And no man see me more.

Re-enter the Dukes of NORFOLK *and* SUFFOLK, *the* Earl of SURREY, *and the* Lord Chamberlain.

Nor. Hear the king's pleasure, cardinal; who commands you
To render up the great seal presently
Into our hands; and to confine yourself
To Asher-house, my Lord of Winchester's,
Till you hear further from his highness.
Wol. Stay,—
Where's your commission, lords? words cannot carry
Authority so weighty.
Suf. Who dare cross 'em,
Bearing the king's will from his mouth expressly?
Wol. Till I find more than will or words to do it,—
I mean your malice,— know, officious lords,
I dare and must deny it. Now I feel
Of what coarse metal ye are molded,— envy:
How eagerly ye follow my disgrace,
As if it fed ye! and how sleek and wanton
Ye appear in every thing may bring my ruin!
Follow your envious courses, men of malice;
You've Christian warrant for 'em, and, no doubt,
In time will find their fit rewards. That seal,
You ask with such a violence, the king —
Mine and your master — with his own hand gave me;
Bade me enjoy it, with the place and honors,
During my life; and, to confirm his goodness,
Tied it by letters-patents: — now, who'll take it?
Sur. The king, that gave it.
Wol. It must be himself, then

Sur. Thou'rt a proud traitor, priest.
Wol. Proud lord, thou liest:
Within these forty hours Surrey durst better
Have burnt that tongue than said so.
Sur. Thy ambition,
Thou scarlet sin, robb'd this bewailing land
Of noble Buckingham, my father-in-law:
The heads of all thy brother cardinals —
With thee and all thy best parts bound together —
Weigh'd not a hair of his. Plague of your policy!
You sent me deputy for Ireland;
Far from his succor, from the king, from all
That might have mercy on the fault thou gav'st him;
Whilst your great goodness, out of holy pity,
Absolv'd him with an ax.
Wol. This, and all else
This talking lord can lay upon my credit,
I answer is most false. The duke by law
Found his deserts: how innocent I was
From any private malice in his end,
His noble jury and foul cause can witness.
If I lov'd many words, lord, I should tell you
You have as little honesty as honor;
That I in the way of loyalty and truth
Toward the king, my ever royal master,
Dare mate a sounder man than Surrey can be,
And all that love his follies.
Sur. By my soul,
Your long coat, priest, protects you; thou shouldst feel
My sword i' the life-blood of thee else.— My lords,
Can ye endure to hear this arrogance?
And from this fellow? If we live thus tamely,
To be thus jaded by a piece of scarlet,
Farewell nobility; let his grace go forward,
And dare us with his cap like larks.
Wol. All goodness
Is poison to thy stomach.
Sur. Yes, that goodness
Of gleaning all the land's wealth into one,
Into your own hands, cardinal, by extortion;
The goodness of your intercepted packets
You writ to the Pope against the king: your goodness,

Since you provoke me, shall be most notorious.—
My Lord of Norfolk,— as you're truly noble,
As you respect the common good, the state
Of our despis'd nobility, our issues,
Who, if he live, will scarce be gentlemen,—
Produce the grand sum of his sins, the articles
Collected from his life : — I'll startle you
Worse than the sacring bell, when the brown wench
Lay kissing in your arms, lord cardinal.

Wol. How much, methinks, I could despise this man,
But that I'm bound in charity against it !

Nor. Those articles, my lord, are in the king's hand :
But, thus much, they are foul ones.

Wol. So much fairer
And spotless shall mine innocence arise,
When the king knows my truth.

Sur. This cannot save you :
I thank my memory, I yet remember
Some of these articles ; and out they shall.
Now, if you can blush, and cry guilty, cardinal,
You'll show a little honesty.

Wol. Speak on, sir ;
I dare your worst objections : if I blush,
It is to see a nobleman want manners.

Sur. I had rather want those than my head.— Have at you !
First, that, without the king's assent or knowledge,
You wrought to be a legate ; by which power
You maim'd the jurisdiction of all bishops.

Nor. Then, that in all you writ to Rome, or else
To foreign princes, *Ego et Rex meus*
Was still inscrib'd ; in which you brought the king
To be your servant.

Suf. Then, that, without the knowledge
Either of king or council, when you went
Ambassador to th' emperor, you made bold
To carry into Flanders the great seal.

Sur. Item, you sent a large commission
To Gregory de Cassalis, to conclude,
Without the king's will or the state's allowance,
A league between his highness and Ferrara.

Suf. That, out of mere ambition, you have caus'd

Your holy hat to be stamp'd on the king's coin.

Sur. Then, that you've sent innumerable substance —
By what means got, I leave to your own conscience —
To furnish Rome, and to prepare the ways
You have for dignities; to the mere undoing
Of all the kingdom. Many more there are;
Which, since they are of you, and odious,
I will not taint my mouth with.

Cham. O my lord,
Press not a falling man too far! 'tis virtue:
His faults lie open to the laws; let them,
Not you, correct him. My heart weeps to see him
So little of his great self.

Sur. I forgive him.

Suf. Lord cardinal, the king's further pleasure is,—
Because all those things you have done of late,
By your power legatine, within this kingdom,
Fall into the compass of a *præmunire*,—
That therefore such a writ be su'd against you;
To forfeit all your goods, lands, tenements,
Chattels, and whatsoever, and to be
Out of the king's protection: — this is my charge.

Nor. And so we'll leave you to your meditations
How to live better. For your stubborn answer
About the giving back the great seal to us,
The king shall know it, and, no doubt, shall thank you.
So fare you well, my little-good lord cardinal.

[*Exeunt all except Wolsey*

Wol. So farewell to the little good you bear me.
Farewell, a long farewell, to all my greatness!
This is the state of man: to-day he puts forth
The tender leaves of hope; to-morrow blossoms,
And bears his blushing honors thick upon him;
The third day comes a frost, a killing frost,
And — when he thinks, good easy man, full surely
His greatness is a-ripening — nips his root,
And then he falls, as I do. I have ventur'd,
Like little wanton boys that swim on bladders,
This many summers in a sea of glory;
But far beyond my depth: my high-blown pride
At length broke under me; and now has left me,
Weary and old with service, to the mercy

Of a rude stream, that must for ever hide me.
Vain pomp and glory of this world, I hate ye:
I feel my heart new open'd. O how wretched
Is that poor man that hangs on princes' favors!
There is, betwixt that smile we would aspire to,
That sweet aspect of princes, and their ruin,
More pangs and fears than wars or women have;
And when he falls, he falls like Lucifer,
Never to hope again.

Enter CROMWELL, *amazedly.*

Why, how now, Cromwell!

Crom. I have no power to speak, sir.

Wol. What, amaz'd
At my misfortunes? can thy spirit wonder
A great man should decline? Nay, an you weep,
I'm fall'n indeed.

Crom. How does your grace?

Wol. Why, well;
Never so truly happy, my good Cromwell.
I know myself now; and I feel within me
A peace above all earthly dignities,
A still and quiet conscience. The king has cur'd me,
I humbly thank his grace; and from these shoulders,
These ruin'd pillars, out of pity, taken
A load would sink a navy,—too much honor:
O 'tis a burden, Cromwell, 'tis a burden
Too heavy for a man that hopes for heaven!

Crom. I'm glad your grace has made that right use of it.

Wol. I hope I have: I'm able now, methinks —
Out of a fortitude of soul I feel —
T' endure more miseries and greater far
Than my weak-hearted enemies dare offer.—
What news abroad?

Crom. The heaviest and the worst
Is your displeasure with the king.

Wol. God bless him!

Crom. The next is, that Sir Thomas More is chosen
Lord chancellor in your place.

Wol. That's somewhat sudden:
But he's a learnèd man. May he continue

Long in his highness' favor, and do justice
For truth's sake and his conscience; that his bones,
When he has run his course and sleeps in blessings,
May have a tomb of orphans' tears wept on 'em!—
What more?

Crom. That Cranmer is return'd with welcome,
Install'd lord archbishop of Canterbury.

Wol. That's news indeed.

Crom. Last, that the Lady Anne,
Whom the king hath in secrecy long married,
This day was view'd in open as his queen,
Going to chapel; and the voice is now
Only about her coronation.

Wol. There was the weight that pull'd me down. O Cromwell,
The king has gone beyond me: all my glories
In that one woman I have lost for ever:
No sun shall ever usher forth mine honors,
Or gild again the noble troops that waited
Upon my smiles. Go, get thee from me, Cromwell;
I am a poor fall'n man, unworthy now
To be thy lord and master: seek the king;
That sun, I pray, may never set! I've told him
What and how true thou art: he will advance thee;
Some little memory of me will stir him—
I know his noble nature—not to let
Thy hopeful service perish too: good Cromwell,
Neglect him not; make use now, and provide
For thine own future safety.

Crom. O my lord,
Must I, then, leave you? must I needs forego
So good, so noble, and so true a master?
Bear witness, all that have not hearts of iron,
With what a sorrow Cromwell leaves his lord.
The king shall have my service; but my prayers
For ever and for ever shall be yours.

Wol. Cromwell, I did not think to shed a tear
In all my miseries; but thou hast forc'd me,
Out of thy honest truth, to play the woman.
Let's dry our eyes: and thus far hear me, Cromwell;
And—when I am forgotten, as I shall be,
And sleep in dull cold marble, where no mention

Of me more must be heard of — say, I taught thee,
Say, Wolsey — that once trod the ways of glory,
And sounded all the depths and shoals of honor —
Found thee a way, out of his wreck, to rise in;
A sure and safe one, though thy master miss'd it.
Mark but my fall, and that that ruin'd me.
Cromwell, I charge thee, fling away ambition:
By that sin fell the angels; how can man, ther,
The image of his Maker, hope to win by't?
Love thyself last; cherish those hearts that hate thee;
Corruption wins not more than honesty.
Still in thy right hand carry gentle peace,
To silence envious tongues. Be just, and fear not:
Let all the ends thou aim'st at be thy country's,
Thy God's, and truth's: then if thou fall'st, O Cromwell,
Thou fall'st a blessèd martyr. Serve the king;
And,— prithee, lead me in:
There take an inventory of all I have,
To the last penny; 'tis the king's: my robe,
And my integrity to heaven, is all
I dare now call mine own. O Cromwell, Cromwell!
Had I but serv'd my God with half the zeal
I serv'd my king, he would not in mine age
Have left me naked to mine enemies.

Crom. Good sir, have patience.

Wol. So I have. Farewell
The hopes of court! my hopes in heaven do dwell.

[*Exeunt.*

ACT IV.

SCENE I. *A street in Westminster.*

Enter two Gentlemen, *meeting.*

First Gent. You're well met once again.

Sec. Gent. So are you.

First Gent. You come to take your stand here, and behold
The Lady Anne pass from her coronation?

Sec. Gent. 'Tis all my business. At our last encounter
The Duke of Buckingham came from his trial.

First Gent. 'Tis very true; but that time offer'd sorrow;
This, general joy.
Sec. Gent. 'Tis well: the citizens,
I'm sure, have shown at full their royal minds—
As, let 'em have their rights, they're ever forward—
In celebration of this day with shows,
Pageants, and sights of honor.
First Gent. Never greater,
Nor, I'll assure you, better taken, sir.
Sec. Gent. May I be bold to ask what that contains,
That paper in your hand?
First Gent. Yes; 'tis the list
Of those that claim their offices this day
By custom of the coronation.
The Duke of Suffolk is the first, and claims
To be high-steward; next, the Duke of Norfolk,
He to be earl marshal: you may read the rest.
Sec. Gent. I thank you, sir: had I not known those customs,
I should have been beholding to your paper.
But, I beseech you, what's become of Katharine,
The princess dowager? how goes her business?
First Gent. That I can tell you too. The archbishop
Of Canterbury, accompanied with other
Learnèd and reverend fathers of his order,
Held a late court at Dunstable, six miles off
From Ampthill, where the princess lay; to which
She was often cited by them, but appear'd not:
And, to be short, for not appearance and
The king's late scruple, by the main assent
Of all these learnèd men she was divorc'd,
And the late marriage made of none effect:
Since which she was remov'd to Kimbolton,
Where she remains now sick.
Sec. Gent. Alas, good lady!—
[*Trumpets.*
The trumpets sound: stand close, the queen is coming.

THE ORDER OF THE PROCESSION.

A lively flourish of trumpets. Then enter,

1. *Two* Judges.
2. Lord Chancellor, *with the purse and mace before him.*
3. Choristers, *singing.* [*Music.*
4. Mayor of London, *bearing the mace. Then* Garter, *in his coat of arms, and on his head a gilt copper crown.*
5. Marquess DORSET, *bearing a scepter of gold, on his head a demi-coronal of gold. With him, the* Earl of SURREY, *bearing the rod of silver with the dove, crowned with an earl's coronet. Collars of SS.*
6. Duke of SUFFOLK, *in his robe of estate, his coronet on his head, bearing a long white wand, as high-steward. With him, the* Duke of NORFOLK, *with the rod of marshalship, a coronet on his head. Collars of SS.*
7. *A canopy borne by four of the* Cinque-ports; *under it, the* Queen *in her robe; her hair richly adorned with pearl, crowned. On each side of her, the* Bishops of London *and* Winchester.
8. *The old* Duchess of NORFOLK, *in a coronal of gold, wrought with flowers, bearing the* Queen's *train.*
9. *Certain* Ladies *or* Countesses, *with plain circlets of gold without flowers.*

A royal train, believe me.—These I know:—
Who's that that bears the scepter?
First Gent. Marquess Dorset:
And that the Earl of Surrey, with the rod.
Sec. Gent. A bold brave gentleman.—That should be
The Duke of Suffolk?
First Gent. 'Tis the same,—high-steward.
Sec. Gent. And that my Lord of Norfolk?
First Gent. Yes.
Sec. Gent. [*looking on the Queen*] Heaven bless thee!
Thou hast the sweetest face I ever look'd on.—
Sir, as I have a soul, she is an angel;
Our king has all the Indies in his arms,

And more and richer, when he strains that lady:
I cannot blame his conscience.
First Gent. They that bear
The cloth of honor o'er her are four barons
Of the Cinque-ports.
Sec. Gent. Those men are happy; and so are all are near her.
I take it, she that carries up the train
Is that old noble lady, Duchess of Norfolk.
First Gent. It is; and all the rest are countesses.
Sec. Gent. Their coronets say so. These are stars indeed.
First Gent. And sometimes falling ones.
Sec. Gent. No more of that.
[*Exit procession, with a great flourish of trumpets.*

Enter a third Gentleman.

First Gent. God save you, sir! where have you been broiling?
Third Gent. Among the crowd i' th' abbey; where a finger
Could not be wedg'd in more: I am stifled
With the mere rankness of their joy.
Sec. Gent. You saw
The ceremony?
Third Gent. That I did.
First Gent. How was it?
Third Gent. Well worth the seeing.
Sec. Gent. Good sir, speak it to us
Third Gent. As well as I am able. The rich stream
Of lords and ladies, having brought the queen
To a prepar'd place in the choir, fell off
A distance from her; while her grace sat down
To rest awhile, some half an hour or so,
In a rich chair of state, opposing freely
The beauty of her person to the people.
Believe me, sir, she is the goodliest woman
That ever lay by man: which when the people
Had the full view of, such a noise arose
As the shrouds make at sea in a stiff tempest,
As loud, and to as many tunes: hats, cloaks,—
Doublets, I think,— flew up; and had their faces

Been loose, this day they had been lost. Such joy
I never saw before. Great-bellied women,
That had not half a week to go, like rams
In the old time of war, would shake the press,
And make 'em reel before 'em. No man living
Could say, "This is my wife," there; all were woven
So strangely in one piece.

Sec. Gent. But what follow'd?

Third Gent. At length her grace rose, and with modest paces
Came to the altar; where she kneel'd, and, saintlike,
Cast her fair eyes to heaven, and pray'd devoutly:
Then rose again and bow'd her to the people:
When by the archbishop of Canterbury
She had all the royal makings of a queen;
As, holy oil, Edward Confessor's crown,
The rod, and bird of peace, and all such emblems,
Laid nobly on her: which perform'd, the choir,
With all the choicest music of the kingdom,
Together sung *Te Deum*. So she parted,
And with the same full state pac'd back again
To York-place, where the feast is held.

First Gent. Sir,
You must no more call it York-place, that's past;
For, since the cardinal fell, that title's lost:
'Tis now the king's, and call'd Whitehall.

Third Gent. I know it;
But 'tis so lately alter'd, that th' old name
Is fresh about me.

Sec. Gent. What two reverend bishops
Where those that went on each side of the queen?

Third Gent. Stokesley and Gardiner; the one of Winchester,
Newly preferr'd from the king's secretary;
The other, London.

Sec. Gent. He of Winchester
Is held no great good lover of th' archbishop's,
The virtuous Cranmer.

Third Gent. All the land knows that:
However, yet there's no great breach; when't comes,
Cranmer will find a friend will not shrink from him.

Sec. Gent. Who may that be, I pray you?

Third Gent. Thomas Cromwell;
A man in much esteem with the king, and truly
A worthy friend. The king
Has made him master o' the jewel-house,
And one, already, of the privy-council.
Sec. Gent. He will deserve more.
Third Gent. Yes, without all doubt.—
Come, gentlemen, ye shall go my way, which
Is to the court, and there ye shall be my guests:
Something I can command. As I walk thither,
I'll tell ye more.
Both. You may command us, sir. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. *Kimbolton.*

Enter KATHARINE, *dowager, sick; led between* GRIFFITH *and* PATIENCE.

Grif. How does your grace?
Kath. O Griffith, sick to death!
My legs, like loaden branches, bow to the earth,
Willing to leave their burden. Reach a chair:—
So,—now, methinks, I feel a little ease.
Didst thou not tell me, Griffith, as thou ledd'st me,
That the great child of honor, Cardinal Wolsey,
Was dead?
Grif. Yes, madam; but I think your grace,
Out of the pain you suffer'd, gave no ear to't.
Kath. Prithee, good Griffith, tell me how he died:
If well, he stepp'd before me, happily,
For my example.
Grif. Well, the voice goes, madam:
For after the stout Earl Northumberland
Arrested him at York, and brought him forward—
As a man sorely tainted—to his answer,
He fell sick suddenly, and grew so ill
He could not sit his mule.
Kath. Alas, poor man.
Grif. At last, with easy roads, he came to Leicester,
Lodg'd in the abbey, where the reverend abbot,
With all his covent, honorably receiv'd him;
To whom he gave these words,—"O father abbot,
An old man, broken with the storms of state,

Is come to lay his weary bones among ye;
Give him a little earth for charity!"
So went to bed; where eagerly his sickness
Pursu'd him still: and, three nights after this,
About the hour of eight,— which he himself
Foretold should be his last,— full of repentance,
Continual meditations, tears, and sorrows,
He gave his honors to the world again,
His blessèd part to heaven, and slept in peace.

Kath. So may he rest; his faults lie gently on him!
Yet thus far, Griffith, give me leave to speak him,
And yet with charity. He was a man
Of an unbounded stomach, ever ranking
Himself with princes; one that by suggestion
Tith'd all the kingdom: simony was fair-play,
His own opinion was his law: i' the presence
He would say untruths; and be ever double
Both in his words and meaning: he was never,
But where he meant to ruin, pitiful:
His promises were, as he then was, mighty;
But his performance, as he is now, nothing:
Of his own body he was ill, and gave
The clergy ill example.

Grif. Noble madam,
Men's evil manners live in brass; their virtues
We write in water. May it please your highness
To hear me speak his good now?

Kath. Yes, good Griffith;
I were malicious else.

Grif. This cardinal,
Though from an humble stock, undoubtedly
Was fashion'd to much honor from his cradle.
He was a scholar, and a ripe and good one;
Exceeding wise, fair-spoken, and persuading:
Lofty and sour to them that lov'd him not;
But to those men that sought him sweet as summer
And though he were unsatisfied in getting,—
Which was a sin,— yet in bestowing, madam,
He was most princely: ever witness for him
Those twins of learning that he rais'd in you,
Ipswich and Oxford! one of which fell with him,
Unwilling to outlive the good that did it;

The other, though unfinish'd, yet so famous,
So excellent in art, and still so rising,
That Christendom shall ever speak his virtue.
His overthrow heap'd happiness upon him;
For then, and not till then, he felt himself,
And found the blessedness of being little:
And, to add greater honors to his age
Than man could give him, he died fearing God.

Kath. After my death I wish no other herald,
No other speaker of my living actions,
To keep mine honor from corruption,
But such an honest chronicler as Griffith.
Whom I most hated living, thou hast made me,
With thy religious truth and modesty,
Now in his ashes honor: peace be with him!—
Patience, be near me still; and set me lower:
I have not long to trouble thee.—Good Griffith,
Cause the musicians play me that sad note
I nam'd my knell, whilst I sit meditating
On that celestial harmony I go to. [*Sad and solemn music.*

Grif. She is asleep: good wench, let's sit down quiet,
For fear we wake her:—softly, gentle Patience.

The vision. Enter, solemnly tripping one after another, six personages clad in white robes, wearing on their heads garlands of bays, and golden visards on their faces; branches of bays or palm in their hands. They first congee unto her, then dance; and, at certain changes, the first two hold a spare garland over her head; at which the other four make reverent courtesies; then the two that held the garland deliver the same to the other next two, who observe the same order in their changes, and holding the garland over her head: which done, they deliver the same garland to the last two, who likewise observe the same order; at which (as it were by inspiration) she makes in her sleep signs of rejoicing, and holdeth up her hands to heaven: and so in their dancing they vanish, carrying the garlands with them. The music continues.

Kath. Spirits of peace, where are ye? are ye all gone,
And leave me here in wretchedness behind ye?

Grif. Madam, we're here.
Kath. It is not you I call for:
Saw ye none enter since I slept?
Grif. None, madam.
Kath. No? Saw you not, even now, a blessèd troop
Invite me to a banquet; whose bright faces
Cast thousand beams upon me, like the sun?
They promis'd me eternal happiness;
And brought me garlands, Griffith, which I feel
I am not worthy yet to wear: I shall,
Assuredly.
Grif. I am most joyful, madam, such good dreams
Possess your fancy.
Kath. Bid the music leave;
They're harsh and heavy to me. [*Music ceases.*
Pat. [*aside to Grif.*] Do you note
How much her grace is alter'd on the sudden?
How long her face is drawn? how pale she looks,
And of an earthy color? Mark her eyes!
Grif. [*aside to Pat.*] She's going, wench: pray, pray.
Pat. [*aside to Grif.*] Heaven comfort her!

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. An't like your grace,—
Kath. You are a saucy fellow:
Deserve we no more reverence?
Grif. You're to blame,
Knowing she will not lose her wonted greatness,
To use so rude behavior: go to, kneel.
Mess. I humbly do entreat your highness' pardon;
My haste made me unmannerly. There's staying
A gentleman, sent from the king, to see you.
Kath. Admit him entrance, Griffith: but this fellow
Let me ne'er see again. [*Exeunt Griffith and Messenger.*

Re-enter GRIFFITH *with* CAPUCIUS.

If my sight fail not,
You should be lord ambassador from th' emperor,
My royal nephew, and your name Capucius.
Cap. Madam, the same,—your servant.
Kath. O my lord,
The times and titles now are alter'd strangely

With me since first you knew me. But, I pray you,
What is your pleasure with me?

Cap. Noble lady,
First, mine own service to your grace; the next,
The king's request that I would visit you;
Who grieves much for your weakness, and by me
Sends you his princely commendations,
And heartily entreats you take good comfort.

Kath. O my good lord, that comfort comes too late;
'Tis like a pardon after execution:
That gentle physic, given in time, had cur'd me;
But now I'm past all comforts here, but prayers.
How does his highness?

Cap. Madam, in good health.

Kath. So may he ever do! and ever flourish,
When I shall dwell with worms, and my poor name
Banish'd the kingdom!—Patience, is that letter,
I caus'd you write, yet sent away?

Pat. No, madam.
[*Giving it to Katharine.*

Kath. Sir, I most humbly pray you to deliver
This to my lord the king;—

Cap. Most willing, madam.

Kath. In which I have commended to his goodness
The model of our chaste loves, his young daughter,—
The dews of heaven fall thick in blessings on her!—
Beseeching him to give her virtuous breeding;—
She's young, and of a noble modest nature;
I hope she will deserve well;—and a little
To love her for her mother's sake, that lov'd him,
Heaven knows how dearly. My next poor petition
Is, that his noble grace would have some pity
Upon my wretched women, that so long
Have follow'd both my fortunes faithfully:
Of which there is not one, I dare avow,—
And now I should not lie,—but will deserve,
For virtue and true beauty of the soul,
For honesty and decent carriage,
A right good husband, let him be a noble;
And, sure, those men are happy that shall have 'em.
The last is, for my men;—they are the poorest,
But poverty could never draw 'em from me;—

That they may have their wages duly paid 'em,
And something over, to remember me by:
If heaven had pleas'd t' have given me longer life
And able means, we had not parted thus.
These are the whole contents: — and, good my lord,
By that you love the dearest in this world,
As you wish Christian peace to souls departed,
Stand these poor people's friend, and urge the king
To do me this last right.

Cap. By heaven, I will,
Or let me lose the fashion of a man!

Kath. I thank you, honest lord. Remember me
In all humility unto his highness:
Say his long trouble now is passing
Out of this world; tell him, in death I bless'd him,
For so I will.— Mine eyes grow dim.— Farewell,
My lord.— Griffith, farewell.— Nay, Patience,
You must not leave me yet: I must to bed;
Call in more women.— When I'm dead, good wench,
Let me be us'd with honor: strew me over
With maiden flowers, that all the world may know
I was a chaste wife to my grave: embalm me,
Then lay me forth; although unqueen'd, yet like
A queen, and daughter to a king, inter me.
I can no more. [*Exeunt, leading Katharine.*

ACT V.

SCENE I. *London. A gallery in the palace.*

Enter GARDINER, bishop of Winchester, *a* Page *with a torch before him.*

Gard. It's one o'clock, boy, is't not?

Boy. It hath struck.

Gard. These should be hours for necessities,
Not for delights; times to repair our nature
With comforting repose, and not for us
To waste these times.

Enter Sir THOMAS LOVELL.

Good hour of night, Sir Thomas!
Whither so late?

Lov. Came you from the king, my lord?
Gard. I did, Sir Thomas; and left him at primero
With the Duke of Suffolk.
Lov. I must to him too,
Before he go to bed. I'll take my leave.
Gard. Not yet, Sir Thomas Lovell. What's the matter?
It seems you are in haste: an if there be
No great offense belongs to't, give your friend
Some touch of your late business: affairs that walk —
As they say spirits do — at midnight have
In them a wilder nature than the business
That seeks dispatch by day.
Lov. My lord, I love you;
And durst commend a secret to your ear
Much weightier than this work. The queen's in labor,
They say, in great extremity; and fear'd
She'll with the labor end.
Gard. The fruit she goes with
I pray for heartily, that it may find
Good time, and live: but for the stock, Sir Thomas,
I wish it grubb'd up now.
Lov. Methinks I could
Cry the amen; and yet my conscience says
She's a good creature, and, sweet lady, does
Deserve our better wishes.
Gard. But, sir, sir,—
Hear me, Sir Thomas: you're a gentleman
Of mine own way; I know you wise, religious;
And, let me tell you, it will ne'er be well,—
'Twill not, Sir Thomas Lovell, take't of me,—
Till Cranmer, Cromwell, her two hands, and she,
Sleep in their graves.
Lov. Now, sir, you speak of two
The most remark'd i' the kingdom. As for Cromwell,—
Beside that of the jewel-house, he's made master
O' the rolls, and the king's secretary; further, sir,
Stands in the gap and trade of more preferments,
With which the time will load him. Th' archbishop
Is the king's hand and tongue; and who dare speak
One syllable against him?
Gard. Yes, yes, Sir Thomas,
There are that dare; and I myself have ventur'd

To speak my mind of him: and, indeed, this day —
Sir, I may tell it you, I think — I have
Incens'd the lords o' the council that he is —
For so I know he is, they know he is —
A most arch heretic, a pestilence
That does infect the land: with which they mov'd,
Have broken with the king; who hath so far
Given ear to our complaint,— of his great grace
And princely care, foreseeing those fell mischiefs
Our reasons laid before him,— 'hath commanded
To-morrow morning to the council-board
He be convented. He's a rank weed, Sir Thomas,
And we must root him out. From your affairs
I hinder you too long: good night, Sir Thomas.

Lov. Many good nights, my lord: I rest your servant.
[*Exeunt Gardiner and Page.*

As LOVELL *is going out, enter the* King *and the* Duke of SUFFOLK.

K. Hen. Charles, I will play no more to-night;
My mind's not on't; you are too hard for me.

Suf. Sir, I did never win of you before.

K. Hen. But little, Charles;
Nor shall not, when my fancy's on my play,—
Now, Lovell, from the queen what is the news?

Lov. I could not personally deliver to her
What you commanded me, but by her woman
I sent your message; who return'd her thanks
In the great'st humbleness, and desir'd your highness
Most heartily to pray for her.

K. Hen. What say'st thou, ha?
To pray for her? what, is she crying out?

Lov. So said her woman; and that her sufferance made
Almost each pang a death.

K. Hen. Alas, good lady!

Suf. God safely quit her of her burden, and
With gentle travail, to the gladding of
Your highness with an heir!

K. Hen. 'Tis midnight, Charles;
Prithee, to bed; and in thy prayers remember
Th' estate of my poor queen. Leave me alone;

For I must think of that which company
Would not be friendly to.
Suf. I wish your highness
A quiet night; and my good mistress will
Remember in my prayers.
K. Hen. Charles, good night. [*Exit Suffolk.*

Enter Sir ANTHONY DENNY.

Well, sir, what follows?
Den. Sir, I have brought my lord the árchbishop,
As you commanded me.
K. Hen. Ha! Canterbury?
Den. Ay, my good lord.
K. Hen. 'Tis true: where is he, Denny?
Den. He attends your highness' pleasure.
K. Hen. Bring him to us.
[*Exit Denny.*
Lov. [*aside*]. This is about that which the bishop spake:
I am happily come hither.

Re-enter DENNY, *with* CRANMER.

K. Hen. Avoid the gallery. [*Lovell seems to stay.*] Ha! I have said. Be gone.
What! [*Exeunt Lovell and Denny.*
Cran. [*aside*] I am fearful: — wherefore frowns he thus?
'Tis his aspéct of terror. All's not well.
K. Hen. How now, my lord! you do desire to know
Wherefore I sent for you.
Cran. [*kneeling*] It is my duty
T' attend your highness' pleasure.
K. Hen. Pray you, arise,
My good and gracious Lord of Canterbury. [*Cran. rises.*
Come, you and I must walk a turn together;
I've news to tell you: come, come, give me your hand.
Ah, my good lord, I grieve at what I speak,
And am right sorry to repeat what follows:
I have, and most unwillingly, of late
Heard many grievous, I do say, my lord,
Grievous complaints of you; which, being consider'd,
Have mov'd us and our council, that you shall

This morning come before us; where, I know,
You cannot with such freedom purge yourself,
But that, till further trial in those charges
Which will require your answer, you must take
Your patience to you, and be well contented,
To make your house our Tower: you a brother of us,
It fits we thus proceed, or else no witness
Would come against you.

Cran. [*kneeling*] I humbly thank your highness;
And am right glad to catch this good occasion
Most throughly to be winnow'd, where my chaff
And corn shall fly asunder: for, I know,
There's none stands under more calumnious tongues
Than I myself, poor man.

K. Hen. Stand up, good Canterbury:
Thy truth and thy integrity is rooted
In us, thy friend: give me thy hand, stand up:
Prithee, let's walk. Now, by my halidom, [*Cran. rises.*
What manner of man are you! My lord, I look'd
You would have given me your petition, that
I should have ta'en some pains to bring together
Yourself and your accusers; and t' have heard you,
Without indurance, further.

Cran. Most dread liege,
The good I stand on is my truth and honesty:
If they shall fail, I, with mine enemies,
Will triumph o'er my person; which I weigh not,
Being of those virtues vacant. I fear nothing
What can be said against me.

K. Hen. Know you not
How your state stands i' the world, with the whole world?
Your enemies are many, and not small; their practices
Must bear the same proportion; and not ever
The justice and the truth o' the question carries
The due o' the verdict with it: at what ease
Might corrupt minds procure knaves as corrupt
To swear against you! such things have been done.
You're potently oppos'd; and with a malice
Of as great size. Ween you of better luck,
I mean, in perjur'd witness', than your master,
Whose minister you are, whiles here he liv'd
Upon this naughty earth? Go to, go to;

You take a precipice for no leap of danger,
And woo your own destruction.

Cran. God and your majesty
Protect mine innocence, or I fall into
The trap is laid for me!

K. Hen. Be of good cheer;
They shall no more prevail than we give way to.
Keep comfort to you; and this morning see
You do appear before them. If they shall chance,
In charging you with matters, to commit you,
The best persuasions to the contrary
Fail not to use, and with what vehemency
Th' occasion shall instruct you: if entreaties
Will render you no remedy, this ring [*Giving ring.*
Deliver them, and your appeal to us
There make before them.— Look, the good man weeps!
He's honest, on mine honor. God's bless'd mother!
I swear he is true-hearted; and a soul
None better in my kingdom.— Get you gone,
And do as I have bid you. [*Exit Cranmer.*] He has strangled
His language in his tears.

Enter old Lady.

Gent. [*within*] Come back: what mean you?

Old L. I'll not come back; the tidings that I bring
Will make my boldness manners.— Now, good angels
Fly o'er thy royal head, and shade thy person
Under their blessèd wings!

K. Hen. Now, by thy looks
I guess thy message. Is the queen deliver'd?
Say ay; and of a boy.

Old L. Ay, ay, my liege;
And of a lovely boy: the God of heaven
Both now and ever bless her! — 'tis a girl,—
Promises boys hereafter. Sir, your queen
Desires your visitation, and to be
Acquainted with this stranger: 'tis as like you
As cherry is to cherry.

K. Hen. Lovell!

Re-enter LOVELL.

Lov. Sir?

K. Hen. Give her an hundred marks. I'll to the queen.
[*Exit.*

Old L. An hundred marks! By this light, I'll ha' more.
An ordinary groom is for such payment.
I will have more, or scold it out of him.
Said I for this, the girl was like to him?
I will have more, or else unsay't; and now,
While it is hot, I'll put it to the issue. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. *Lobby before the council-chamber.*

Enter CRANMER; Servants, Door-keeper, *&c.*, *attending.*

Cran. I hope I'm not too late; and yet the gentleman.
That was sent to me from the council, pray'd me
To make great haste.—All fast? what means this? — Ho!
Who waits there? — Sure, you know me?

D. Keep. Yes, my lord;
But yet I cannot help you.

Cran. Why?

D. Keep. Your grace must wait till you be call'd for.

Enter Doctor BUTTS.

Cran. So.

Butts. [*aside*] This is a piece of malice. I am glad
I came this way so happily: the king
Shall understand it presently. [*Exit.*

Cran. [*aside*] 'Tis Butts,
The king's physician: as he pass'd along,
How earnestly he cast his eyes upon me!
Pray heaven, he sound not my disgrace! For certain,
This is of purpose laid by some that hate me —
God turn their hearts! I never sought their malice —
To quench mine honor: they would shame to make me
Wait else at door, a fellow-counselor,
Among boys, grooms, and lackeys. But their pleasures
Must be fulfill'd, and I attend with patience.

The King *and* BUTTS *appear at a window above.*

Butts. I'll show your grace the strangest sight —

K. Hen. What's that, Butts?
Butts. I think your highness saw this many a day.
K. Hen. Body o' me, where is it?
Butts. There, my lord;
The high promotion of his grace of Canterbury;
Who holds his state at door, 'mongst pursuivants,
Pages, and footboys.
K. Hen. Ha! 'tis he, indeed:
Is this the honor they do one another?
'Tis well there's one above 'em yet. I had thought
They had parted so much honesty among 'em —
At least, good manners — as not thus to suffer
A man of his place, and so near our favor,
To dance attendance on their lordships' pleasures,
And at the door too, like a post with packets.
By holy Mary, Butts, there's knavery:
Let 'em alone, and draw the curtain close;
We shall hear more anon. [*Curtain drawn.*

THE COUNCIL-CHAMBER.

Enter the Lord Chancellor, *the* Duke of SUFFOLK, *the* Duke of NORFOLK, Earl of SURREY, Lord Chamberlain, GARDINER, *and* CROMWELL. *The* Chancellor *places himself at the upper end of the table on the left hand; a seat being left void above him, as for the* Archbishop of CANTERBURY. *The rest seat themselves in order on each side.* CROMWELL *at the lower end, as secretary.*

Chan. Speak to the business, master secretary:
Why are we met in council?
Crom. Please your honors,
The chief cause concerns his grace of Canterbury.
Gard. Has he had knowledge of it?
Crom. Yes.
Nor. Who waits there?
D. Keep. Without, my noble lords?
Gard. Yes.
D. Keep. My lord Archbishop;
And has done half an hour, to know your pleasures.
Chan. Let him come in.
D. Keep. Your grace may enter now.
[*Cranmer approaches the council-table.*

Chan. My good lord árchbishop, I'm very sorry
To sit here at this present, and behold
That chair stand empty: but we all are men,
In our own natures frail, and capable
Of our flesh; few are angels: out of which frailty
And want of wisdom, you, that best should teach us,
Have misdemean'd yourself, and not a little,
Toward the king first, then his laws, in filling
The whole realm, by your teaching and your chaplains,—
For so we are inform'd,— with new opinions,
Divers and dangerous; which are heresies,
And, not reform'd, may prove pernicious.

Gard. Which reformation must be sudden too,
My noble lords; for those that tame wild horses
Pace 'em not in their hands to make 'em gentle,
But stop their mouths with stubborn bits, and spur 'em,
Till they obey the manage. If we suffer —
Out of our easiness, and childish pity
To one man's honor — this contagious sickness,
Farewell all physic: and what follows then?
Commotions, uproars, with a general taint
Of the whole state: as, of late days, our neighbors,
The upper Germany, can dearly witness,
Yet freshly pitied in our memories.

Cran. My good lords, hitherto, in all the progress
Both of my life and office, I have labor'd,
And with no little study, that my teaching
And the strong course of my authority
Might go one way, and safely; and the end
Was ever, to do well: nor is there living —
I speak it with a single heart, my lords —
A man that more detests, more stirs against,
Both in his private conscience and his place,
Defacers of the public peace, than I do.
Pray heaven, the king may never find a heart
With less allegiance in it! Men that make
Envy and crookèd malice nourishment
Dare bite the best. I do beseech your lordships
That, in this case of justice, my accusers,
Be what they will, may stand forth face to face,
And freely urge against me.

Suf. Nay, my lord,

That cannot be: you are a counselor,
And, by that virtue, no man dare accuse you.
Gard. My lord, because we've business of more moment,
We will be short with you. 'Tis his highness' pleasure,
And our consent, for better trial of you,
From hence you be committed to the Tower;
Where, being but a private man again,
You shall know many dare accuse you boldly,
More than, I fear, you are provided for.
Cran. Ah, my good Lord of Winchester, I thank you;
You're always my good friend; if your will pass,
I shall both find your lordship judge and juror,
You are so merciful: I see your end,—
'Tis my undoing: love and meekness, lord,
Become a churchman better than ambition:
Win straying souls with modesty again,
Cast none away. That I shall clear myself,
Lay all the weight ye can upon my patience,
I make as little doubt, as you do conscience
In doing daily wrongs. I could say more,
But reverence to your calling makes me modest.
Gard. My lord, my lord, you are a sectary,
That's the plain truth: your painted gloss discovers,
To men that understand you, words and weakness.
Crom. My Lord of Winchester, you are a little,
By your good favor, too sharp; men so noble,
However faulty, yet should find respect
For what they have been: 'tis a cruelty
To load a falling man.
Gard. Good master secretary,
I cry your honor mercy; you may, worst
Of all this table, say so.
Crom. Why, my lord?
Gard. Do not I know you for a favorer
Of this new sect? ye are not sound.
Crom. Not sound?
Gard. Not sound, I say.
Crom. Would you were half so honest!
Men's prayers then would seek you, not their fears.
Gard. I shall remember this bold language.
Crom. Do.
Remember your bold life too.

Chan. This is too much;
Forbear, for shame, my lords.
Gard. I've done.
Crom. And I.
Chan. Then thus for you, my lord:— it stands agreed,
I take it, by all voices, that forthwith
You be convey'd to the Tower a prisoner;
There to remain till the king's further pleasure
Be known unto us:— are you all agreed, lords?
All. We are.
Cran. Is there no other way of mercy,
But I must needs to the Tower, my lords?
Gard. What other
Would you expect? you're strangely troublesome.—
Let some o' the guard be ready there!

Enter Guard.

Cran. For me?
Must I go like a traitor thither?
Gard. Receive him,
And see him safe i' the Tower.
Cran. Stay, good my lords,
I've a little yet to say. Look there, my lords;
By virtue of that ring I take my cause [*Showing ring.*
Out of the gripes of cruel men, and give it
To a most noble judge, the king my master.
Chan. This is the king's ring.
Sur. 'Tis no counterfeit.
Suf. 'Tis the right ring, by heaven: I told ye all,
When we first put this dangerous stone a-rolling,
'Twould fall upon ourselves.
Nor. Do you think, my lords,
The king will suffer but the little finger
Of this man to be vex'd?
Chan. 'Tis now too certain:
How much more is his life in value with him!
Would I were fairly out on't!
Crom. My mind gave me,
In seeking tales and informations
Against this man,— whose honesty the devil
And his disciples only envy at,—
Ye blew the fire that burns ye: now have at ye!

Enter the King, *frowning on them; he takes his seat.*

Gard. Dread sovereign, how much are we bound to heaven
In daily thanks, that gave us such a prince;
Not only good and wise, but most religious:
One that, in all obedience, makes the church
The chief aim of his honor; and, to strengthen
That holy duty, out of dear respect,
His royal self in judgment comes to hear
The cause betwixt her and this great offender.
K. Hen. You were ever good at sudden commendations,
Bishop of Winchester. But know, I come not
To hear such flatteries now, and in my presence;
They are too thin and bare to hide offenses.
To me, you cannot reach, you play the spaniel,
And think with wagging of your tongue to win me;
But, whatsoe'er thou tak'st me for, I'm sure
Thou hast a cruel nature and a bloody.—
[*To Cranmer*] Good man, sit down. Now let me see the proudest,
He that dares most, but wag his finger at thee:
By all that's holy, he had better starve
Than but once think this place becomes thee not.
Sur. May't please your grace,—
K. Hen. No, sir, it does not please me.
I had thought I had had men of some understanding
And wisdom of my council; but I find none.
Was it discretion, lords, to let this man,
This good man,— few of you deserve that title,—
This honest man, wait like a lousy footboy
At chamber-door? and one as great as you are?
Why, what a shame was this! Did my commission
Bid ye so far forget yourselves? I gave ye
Power as he was a counselor to try him,
Not as a groom: there's some of ye, I see,
More out of malice than integrity,
Would try him to the utmost, had ye mean;
Which ye shall ne'er have while I live.
Chan. Thus far,
My most dread sovereign, may it like your grace
To let my tongue excuse all. What was purpos'd

Concerning his imprisonment, was rather —
If there be faith in men — meant for his trial,
And fair purgation to the world, than malice,—
I'm sure in me.

K. Hen. Well, well, my lords, respect him;
Take him, and use him well, he's worthy of it.
I will say thus much for him,— if a prince
May be beholding to a subject, I
Am, for his love and service, so to him.
Make me no more ado, but all embrace him:
Be friends, for shame, my lords! — My Lord of Canterbury,
I have a suit which you must not deny me;
That is, a fair young maid that yet wants baptism,
You must be godfather, and answer for her.

Cran. The greatest monarch now alive may glory
In such an honor: how may I deserve it,
That am a poor and humble subject to you?

K. Hen. Come, come, my lord, you'd spare your spoons: you shall have
Two noble partners with you; th' old Duchess of Norfolk,
And Lady Marquess Dorset: will these please you? —
Once more, my Lord of Winchester, I charge you,
Embrace and love this man.

Gard. With a true heart
And brother-love I do it.

Cran. And let heaven
Witness, how dear I hold this confirmation.

K. Hen. Good man, those joyful tears show thy true heart:
The common voice, I see, is verified
Of thee, which says thus, "Do my Lord of Canterbury
A shrewd turn, and he is your friend for ever."—
Come, lords, we trifle time away; I long
To have this young one made a Christian.
As I have made ye one, lords, one remain;
So I grow stronger, you more honor gain. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III. *The palace-yard.*

Noise and tumult within. Enter Porter *and his* Man.

Port. You'll leave your noise anon, ye rascals: do you

take the court for Parish-garden? ye rude slaves, leave your gaping.

[*Within*] Good master porter, I belong to the larder.

Port. Belong to the gallows, and be hanged, ye rogue! is this a place to roar in? — Fetch me a dozen crab-tree staves, and strong ones: these are but switches to 'em.— I'll scratch your heads: you must be seeing christenings! do you look for ale and cakes here, you rude rascals?

Man. Pray, sir, be patient: 'tis as much impossible — Unless we sweep 'em from the door with cannons — To scatter 'em, as 'tis to make 'em sleep On May-day morning; which will never be: We may as well push against Paul's as stir 'em.

Port. How got they in, and be hang'd?

Man. Alas, I know not; how gets the tide in? As much as one sound cudgel of four foot — You see the poor remainder — could distribute, I made no spare, sir.

Port. You did nothing, sir.

Man. I am not Samson, nor Sir Guy, nor Colbrand, To mow 'em down before me: but if I spar'd any That had a head to hit, either young or old, He or she, cuckold or cuckold-maker, Let me ne'er hope to see a chine again; And that I would not for a cow, God save her!

[*Within*] Do you hear, master porter?

Port. I shall be with you presently, good master puppy. — Keep the door close, sirrah.

Man. What would you have me do?

Port. What should you do but knock 'em down by the dozens? Is this Moorfields to muster in? or have we some strange Indian with the great tool come to court, the women so besiege us? Bless me, what a fry of fornication is at door! On my Christian conscience, this one christening will beget a thousand; here will be father, godfather, and all together.

Man. The spoons will be the bigger, sir. There is a fellow somewhat near the door,— he should be a brazier by his face, for, o' my conscience, twenty of the dog-days now reign in's nose; all that stand about him are under the line, they need no other penance: that fire-drake did I hit three times on the head, and three times was his nose

discharged against me; he stands there, like a mortar-piece, to blow us. There was a haberdasher's wife of small wit near him, that railed upon me, till her pinked porringer fell off her head, for kindling such a combustion in the state. I missed the meteor once, and hit that woman, who cried out "Clubs!" when I might see from far some forty truncheoners draw to her succor, which were the hope o' the Strand, where she was quartered. They fell on; I made good my place: at length they came to the broomstaff with me; I defied 'em still: when suddenly a file of boys behind 'em, loose shot, delivered such a shower of pebbles, that I was fain to draw mine honor in, and let 'em win the work: the devil was amongst 'em, I think, surely.

Port. These are the youths that thunder at a playhouse, and fight for bitten apples; that no audience, but the Tribulation of Tower-hill, or the Limbs of Limehouse, their dear brothers, are able to endure. I have some of 'em in *Limbo Patrum*, and there they are like to dance these three days; besides the running banquet of two beadles that is to come.

Enter the Lord Chamberlain.

Cham. Mercy o' me, what a multitude are here!
They grow still too: from all parts they are coming,
As if we kept a fair here! Where are these porters,
These lazy knaves? — Ye've made a fine hand, fellows:
There's a trim rabble let in: are all these
Your faithful friends o' the suburbs? We shall have
Great store of room, no doubt, left for the ladies,
When they pass back from the christening.

Port. An't please your honor,
We are but men; and what so many may do,
Not being torn a-pieces, we have done:
An army cannot rule 'em.

Cham. As I live,
If the king blame me for't, I'll lay ye all
By the heels, and suddenly; and on your heads
Clap round fines for neglect: ye're lazy knaves:
And here ye lie baiting of bombards, when
Ye should do service. Hark! the trumpets sound;
They're come already from the christening:

Go, break among the press, and find a way out
To let the troop pass fairly; or I'll find
A Marshalsea shall hold ye play these two months.
Port. Make way there for the princess!
Man. You great fellow,
Stand close up, or I'll make your head ache!
Port. You i' the camlet,
Get up o' the rail; I'll pick you o'er the pales else.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV. *The palace.*

Enter trumpets, sounding; then two Aldermen, Lord Mayor, Garter, CRANMER, Duke of NORFOLK *with his marshal's staff*, Duke of SUFFOLK, *two* Noblemen *bearing great standing-bowls for the christening-gifts; then four* Noblemen *bearing a canopy, under which the* Duchess of NORFOLK, *godmother, bearing the child richly habited in a mantle, &c., train borne by a* Lady; *then follows the* Marchioness of DORSET, *the other godmother and Ladies. The troop pass once about the stage, and* Garter *speaks.*

Gart. Heaven, from thy endless goodness, send prosperous life, long, and ever happy, to the high and mighty princess of England, Elizabeth!

Flourish. Enter King *and Train.*

Cran. [*kneeling*] And to your royal grace, and the good queen,
My noble partners and myself thus pray:—
All comfort, joy, in this most gracious lady,
Heaven ever laid up to make parents happy,
May hourly fall upon ye!
K. Hen. Thank you, good lord archbishop:
What is her name?
Cran. Elizabeth.
K. Hen. Stand up, lord.—
[*Cranmer rises.—The King kisses the Child.*
With this kiss take my blessing: God protect thee!
Into whose hand I give thy life.
Cran. Amen.

K. Hen. My noble gossips, ye've been too prodigal:
I thank ye heartily; so shall this lady,
When she has so much English.
Cran. Let me speak, sir,
For heaven now bids me; and the words I utter
Let none think flattery, for they'll find 'em truth.
This royal infant — heaven still move about her! —
Though in her cradle, yet now promises
Upon this land a thousand thousand blessings,
Which time shall bring to ripeness: she shall be —
But few now living can behold that goodness —
A pattern to all princes living with her,
And all that shall succeed: Saba was never
More covetous of wisdom and fair virtue
Than this pure soul shall be: all princely graces,
That mold up such a mighty piece as this is,
With all the virtues that attend the good,
Shall still be doubled on her: truth shall nurse her,
Holy and heavenly thoughts still counsel her:
She shall be lov'd and fear'd: her own shall bless her,
Her foes shake like a field of beaten corn,
And hang their heads with sorrow: good grows with her:
In her days every man shall eat in safety,
Under his own vine, what he plants; and sing
The merry songs of peace to all his neighbors:
God shall be truly known; and those about her
From her shall read the perfect ways of honor,
And by those claim their greatness, not by blood.
Nor shall this peace sleep with her: but as when
The bird of wonder dies, the maiden phœnix,
Her ashes new create another heir,
As great in admiration as herself;
So shall she leave her blessedness to one,
When heaven shall call her from this cloud of darkness,
Who from the sacred ashes of her honor
Shall star-like rise, as great in fame as she was,
And so stand fix'd: peace, plenty, love, truth, terror,
That were the servants to this chosen infant,
Shall then be his, and like a vine grow to him:
Wherever the bright sun of heaven shall shine,
His honor and the greatness of his name
Shall be, and make new nations: he shall flourish,

And, like a mountain cedar, reach his branches
To all the plains about him:— our children's children
Shall see this, and bless heaven.
K. Hen. Thou speakest wonders.
Cran. She shall be, to the happiness of England,
An aged princess; many days shall see her,
And yet no day without a deed to crown it.
Would I had known no more! but she must die,—
She must, the saints must have her,— yet a virgin;
A most unspotted lily shall she pass
To the ground, and all the world shall mourn her.
K. Hen. O lord archbishop,
Thou hast made me now a man! never before
This happy child did I get any thing:
This oracle of comfort has so pleas'd me,
That when I am in heaven I shall desire
To see what this child does, and praise my Maker.—
I thank ye all.— To you, my good lord mayor,
And your good brethren, I am much beholding;
I have receiv'd much honor by your presence,
And ye shall find me thankful.— Lead the way, lords:—
Ye must all see the queen, and she must thank ye;
She will be sick else. This day no man think
'Has business at his house; for all shall stay:
This little one shall make it holiday. [*Exeunt.*

EPILOGUE.

'Tis ten to one this play can never please
All that are here: some come to take their ease,
And sleep an act or two; but those, we fear,
We've frighted with our trumpets; so, 'tis clear,
They'll say 'tis naught: others, to hear the city
Abus'd extremely, and to cry, "That's witty!"
Which we have not done neither: that, I fear,
All the expected good we're like to hear
For this play at this time, is only in
The merciful construction of good women;
For such a one we show'd 'em: if they smile,
And say 'twill do, I know, within a while
All the best men are ours; for 'tis ill hap,
If they hold when their ladies bid 'em clap.

THE TWO NOBLE KINSMEN.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

THESEUS, duke of Athens.
PIRITHOUS, an Athenian general.
ARTESIUS, an Athenian captain.
PALAMON, } nephews to Creon
ARCITE, } king of Thebes.
VALERIUS, a Theban nobleman.
Six Knights.
Herald.
Gaoler.
Wooer to the Gaoler's Daughter.
Doctor.
Brother } to the Gaoler.
Friends }
Gentleman.
GERROLD, a schoolmaster.

HIPPOLYTA, an Amazon, bride to Theseus.
EMILIA, her sister.
Three Queens.
Gaoler's Daughter.
Waiting-woman to Emilia.

Countrymen, Messengers, a man personating Hymen, Boy, Executioner, Guard, and Attendants. Country wenches, and women personating Nymphs.

SCENE—*Athens and the neighborhood, except in part of the first act, where it is Thebes and the neighborhood.*

PROLOGUE. [*Flourish.*

New plays and maidenheads are near akin;
Much follow'd both, for both much money gi'en,
If they stand sound and well: and a good play,
Whose modest scenes blush on his marriage-day,
And shake to lose his honor, is like her
That, after holy tie and first night's stir,
Yet still is modesty, and still retains

More of the maid to sight than husband's pains.
We pray our play may be so; for I'm sure
It has a noble breeder and a pure,
A learnèd, and a poet never went
More famous yet 'twixt Po and silver Trent:
Chaucer, of all admired, the story gives;
There constant to eternity it lives.
If we let fall the nobleness of this,
And the first sound this child hear be a hiss,
How will it shake the bones of that good man,
And make him cry from under ground, "O, fan
From me the witless chaff of such a writer
That blasts my bays, and my fam'd works makes lighter
Than Robin Hood!" This is the fear we bring;
For, to say truth, it were an endless thing,
And too ambitious, to aspire to him.
Weak as we are, and almost breathless swim
In this deep water, do but you hold out
Your helping hands, and we shall tack about,
And something do to save us: you shall hear
Scenes, though below his art, may yet appear
Worth two hours' travail. To his bones sweet sleep!
Content to you!—If this play do not keep
A little dull time from us, we perceive
Our losses fall so thick, we must needs leave. [*Flourish.*

ACT I.

SCENE I. *Athens. Before a temple.*

Enter Hymen *with a torch burning; a* Boy, *in a white robe, before, singing and strewing flowers; after* Hymen, *a* Nymph, *encompassed in her tresses, bearing a wheaten garland; then* THESEUS, *between two other* Nymphs *with wheaten chaplets on their heads; then* HIPPOLYTA, *the bride, led by* PIRITHOUS, *and another holding a garland over her head, her tresses likewise hanging; after her,* EMILIA, *holding up her train;* ARTESIUS *and* Attendants.

SONG *by the Boy.*

Roses, their sharp spines being gone,
Not royal in their smells alone,
But in their hue;
Maiden pinks, of odor faint,
Daisies smell-less, yet most quaint,
And sweet thyme true;

Primrose, first-born child of Ver,
Merry spring-time's harbinger,
With her bells dim;
Oxlips in their cradles growing,
Marigolds on deathbeds blowing,
Lark's-heels trim;

All dear Nature's children sweet,
Lie 'fore bride and bridegroom's feet,
Blessing their sense! [*Strewing flowers.*
Not an angel of the air,
Bird melodious or bird fair,
Be absent hence!

The crow, the slanderous cuckoo, nor
The boding raven, nor chough hoar,
Nor chattering pie,
May on our bride-house perch or sing,
Or with them any discord bring,
But from it fly!

Enter three Queens, *in black, with veils stained, and wearing imperial crowns. The first* Queen *falls down at the foot of* THESEUS; *the second falls down at the foot of* HIPPOLYTA; *the third before* EMILIA.

First Queen. For pity's sake and true gentility's,
Hear, and respect me!
Sec. Queen. For your mother's sake,
And as you wish your womb may thrive with fair ones,
Hear, and respect me!
Third Queen. Now, for the love of him whom Jove hath mark'd
The honor of your bed, and for the sake

Of clear virginity, be advocate
For us and our distresses! This good deed
Shall raze you out o' the book of trespasses
All you are set down there.
Thes. Sad lady, rise.
Hip. Stand up.
Emi. No knees to me:
What woman I may stead that is distress'd
Does bind me to her.
Thes. What's your request? deliver you for all.
First Queen. We are three queens, whose sovereigns fell before
The wrath of cruel Creon; who endure
The beaks of ravens, talons of the kites,
And pecks of crows, in the foul fields of Thebes:
He will not suffer us to burn their bones,
To urn their ashes, nor to take th' offense
Of mortal loathsomeness from the blest eye
Of holy Phœbus, but infects the winds
With stench of our slain lords. O, pity, duke!
Thou purger of the earth, draw thy fear'd sword,
That does good turns to the world; give us the bones
Of our dead kings, that we may chapel them;
And, of thy boundless goodness, take some note
That for our crownèd heads we have no roof
Save this, which is the lion's and the bear's,
And vault to every thing!
Thes. Pray you, kneel not:
I was transported with your speech, and suffer'd
Your knees to wrong themselves. I've heard the fortunes
Of your dead lords, which gives me such lamenting
As wakes my vengeance and revenge for 'em.
King Capanëus was your lord: the day
That he should marry you, at such a season
As now it is with me, I met your groom
By Mars's altar; you were that time fair,
Not Juno's mantle fairer than your trésses,
Nor in more bounty spread her; your wheaten wreath
Was then nor thrash'd nor blasted; Fortune at you
Dimpled her cheeks with smiles; Hercules our kinsman—
Then weaker than your eyes—laid by his club;
He tumbled down upon his Nemean hide,

And swore his sinews thaw'd. O, grief and time,
Fearful consumers, you will all devour!
First Queen. O, I hope some god,
Some god hath put his mercy in your manhood,
Whereto he'll infuse power, and press you forth
Our undertaker!
Thes. O, no knees, none, widow!
Unto the helmeted Bellona use them,
And pray for me, your soldier.—
Troubled I am. [*Turns away*
Sec. Queen. Honor'd Hippolyta,
Most dreaded Amazonian, that hast slain
The scythe-tusk'd boar; that, with thy arm as strong
As it is white, wast near to make the male
To thy sex captive, but that this thy lord —
Born to uphold creation in that honor
First Nature styl'd it in — shrunk thee into
The bound thou wast o'erflowing, at once subduing
Thy force and thy affection; soldieress,
That equally canst poise sternness with pity;
Who now, I know, hast much more power on him
Than e'er he had on thee; who ow'st his strength
And his love too, who is a servant for
The tenor of thy speech; dear glass of ladies,
Bid him that we, whom flaming War doth scorch,
Under the shadow of his sword may cool us;
Require him he advance it o'er our heads;
Speak't in a woman's key, like such a woman
As any of us three; weep ere you fail;
Lend us a knee;
But touch the ground for us no longer time
Than a dove's motion, when the head's pluck'd off,
Tell him, if he i' the blood-siz'd field lay swoln,
Showing the sun his teeth, grinning at the moon,
What you would do!
Hip. Poor lady, say no more:
I had as lief trace this good action with you
As that whereto I'm going, and ne'er yet
Went I so willing way. My lord is taken
Heart-deep with your distress: let him consider;
I'll speak anon.
Third Queen. [*To Emilia*] O, my petition was

Set down in ice, which, by hot grief uncandied.
Melts into drops; so sorrow, wanting form,
Is press'd with deeper matter.
Emi. Pray, stand up:
Your grief is written in your cheek.
Third Queen. O, woe!
You cannot read it there: there, through my tears,
Like wrinkled pebbles in a glassy stream,
You may behold it. Lady, lady, alack,
He that will all the treasure know o' th' earth
Must know the center too; he that will fish
For my least minnow, let him lead his line
To catch one at my heart. O, pardon me!
Extremity, that sharpens sundry wits,
Makes me a fool.
Emi. Pray you, say nothing; pray you
Who cannot feel nor see the rain, being in't,
Knows neither wet nor dry. If that you were
The ground-piece of some painter, I would buy you,
T' instruct me 'gainst a capital grief indeed;—
Such heart-pierc'd demonstration! — but, alas,
Being a natural sister of our sex,
Your sorrow beats so ardently upon me,
That it shall make a counter-reflect 'gainst
My brother's heart, and warm it to some pity,
Though it were made of stone: pray, have good comfort.
Thes. Forward to the temple! leave not out a jot
O' the sacred ceremony.
First Queen. O, this celebration
Will longer last, and be more costly, than
Your suppliants' war! Remember that your fame
Knolls in th' ear o' the world: what you do quickly
Is not done rashly; your first thought is more
Than others' labor'd meditance; your premeditating
More than their actions; but — O Jove! — your actions,
Soon as they move, as ospreys do the fish,
Subdue before they touch: think, dear duke, think
What beds our slain kings have!
Sec. Queen. What griefs our beds,
That our dear lords have none!
Third Queen. None fit for the dead!
Those that with cords, knives, drams, precipitance,

Weary of this world's light, have to themselves
Been death's most horrid agents, human grace
Affords them dust and shadow.
First Queen. But our lords
Lie blistering 'fore the visitating sun,
And were good kings when living.
Thes. It is true;
And I will give you comfort,
To give your dead lords graves: the which to do
Must make some work with Creon.
First Queen. And that work
Presents itself to the doing:
Now 'twill take form; the heats are gone to-morrow,
Then bootless toil must recompense itself
With its own sweat; now he is secure,
Not dreams we stand before your puissance,
Rinsing our holy begging in our eyes,
To make petition clear.
Sec. Queen. Now you may take him
Drunk with his victory.
Third Queen. And his army full
Of bread and sloth.
Thes. Artesius, that best know'st
How to draw out, fit to this enterprise
The prim'st for this proceeding, and the number
To carry such a business; forth and levy
Our worthiest instruments; whilst we dispatch
This grand act of our life, this daring deed
Of fate in wedlock.
First Queen. Dowagers, take hands;
Let us be widows to our woes; delay
Commends us to a famishing hope.
All the Queens. Farewell!
Sec. Queen. We come unseasonably; but when could grief
Cull forth, as unpang'd judgment can, fitt'st time
For best solicitation?
Thes. Why, good ladies,
This is a service, whereto I am going,
Greater than any war; it more imports me
Than all the actions that I have foregone,
Or futurely can cope.

First Queen. The more proclaiming
Our suit shall be neglected: when her arms,
Able to lock Jove from a synod, shall
By warranting moonlight corslet thee, O, when
Her twinning cherries shall their sweetness fall
Upon thy tasteful lips, what wilt thou think
Of rotten kings or blubber'd queens? what care
For what thou feel'st not, what thou feel'st being able
To make Mars spurn his drum? O, if thou couch
But one night with her, every hour in't will
Take hostage of thee for a hundred, and
Thou shalt remember nothing more than what
That banquet bids thee to!

Hip. Though much unlike [*Kneeling.*
You should be so transported, as much sorry
I should be such a suitor; yet I think,
Did I not by th' abstaining of my joy,
Which breeds a deeper longing, cure their surfeit
That craves a present medicine, I should pluck
All ladies' scandal on me: therefore, sir,
As I shall here make trial of my prayers,
Either presuming them to have some force,
Or sentencing for aye their vigor dumb,
Prorogue this business we are going about, and hang
Your shield afore your heart, about that neck
Which is my fee, and which I freely lend
To do these poor queens service.

All the Queens. [*to Emilia*] O, help now!
Our cause cries for your knee.

Emi. If you grant not [*Kneeling.*
My sister her petition, in that force,
With that celerity and nature, which
She makes it in, from henceforth I'll not dare
To ask you any thing, nor be so hardy
Ever to take a husband.

Thes. Pray, stand up: [*Hip. and Emil. rise.*
I am entreating of myself to do
That which you kneel to have me.— Pirithous,
Lead on the bride: get you and pray the gods
For success and return; omit not any thing
In the pretended celebration.— Queens,
Follow your soldier.— [*To Artesius*] As before, hence you,

And at the banks of Aulis meet us with
The forces you can raise, where we shall find
The moiety of a number, for a business
More bigger-look'd.— Since that our theme is haste,
I stamp this kiss upon thy currant lip ; [*Kisses Hippolyta.*
Sweet, keep it as my token.— Set you forward ;
For I will see you gone.— [*Exit Arcitus.*
Farewell, my beauteous sister.— Pirithous,
Keep the feast full ; bate not an hour on't.
Pir. Sir,
I'll follow you at heels : the feast's solemnity
Shall want till your return.
Thes. Cousin, I charge you
Budge not from Athens ; we shall be returning
Ere you can end this feast, of which, I pray you,
Make no abatement. Once more, farewell all.
[*Hippolyta, Emilia, Pirithous, Hymen, Boy, Nymphs, and Attendants enter the temple.*
First Queen. Thus dost thou still make good
The tongue o' the world.
Sec. Queen. And earn'st a deity
Equal with Mars.
Third Queen. If not above him ; for
Thou, being but mortal, mak'st affections bend
To godlike honors ; they themselves, some say,
Groan under such a mastery.
Thes. As we are men,
Thus should we do ; being sensually subdu'd,
We lose our human title. Good cheer, ladies !
Now turn we towards your comforts. [*Flourish. Exeunt.*

SCENE II. *Thebes. The court of the palace.*

Enter PALAMON *and* ARCITE.

Arc. Dear Palamon, dearer in love than blood,
And our prime cousin, yet unharden'd in
The crimes of nature ; let us leave the city
Thebes, and the temptings in't, before we further
Sully our gloss of youth :
And here to keep in abstinence we shame
As in incontinence ; for not to swim
I' th' aid o' the current, were almost to sink,

At least to frustrate striving; and to follow
The common stream, 'twould bring us to an eddy
Where we should turn or drown; if labor through,
Our gain but life and weakness.

Pal. Your advice
Is cried up with example: what strange ruins,
Since first we went to school, may we perceive
Walking in Thebes! scars and bare weeds,
The gain o' the martialist, who did propound
To his bold ends honor and golden ingots,
Which, though he won, he had not; and now flurted
By peace, for whom he fought! Who, then, shall offer
To Mars's so-scorn'd altar? I do bleed
When such I meet, and wish great Juno would
Resume her ancient fit of jealousy,
To get the soldier work, that peace might purge
For her repletion, and retain anew
Her charitable heart, now hard, and harsher
Than strife or war could be.

Arc. Are you not out?
Meet you no ruin but the soldier in
The cranks and turns of Thebes? You did begin
As if you met decays of many kinds:
Perceive you none that do arouse your pity,
But th' unconsider'd soldier?

Pal. Yes; I pity
Decays where'er I find them; but such most
That, sweating in an honorable toil,
Are paid with ice to cool 'em.

Arc. 'Tis not this
I did begin to speak of; this is virtue
Of no respect in Thebes: I spake of Thebes,
How dangerous, if we will keep our honors,
It is for our residing; where every evil
Hath a good color; where every seeming good's
A certain evil; where not to be even jump
As they are here, were to be strangers, and
Such things to be mere monsters.

Pal. 'Tis in our power —
Unless we fear that apes can tutor 's — to
Be masters of our manners: what need I
Affect another's gait, which is not catching

Where there is faith? or to be fond upon
Another's way of speech, when by mine own
I may be reasonably conceiv'd, sav'd too,
Speaking it truly? why am I bound
By any generous bond to follow him
Follows his tailor, haply so long until
The follow'd make pursuit? or let me know
Why mine own barber is unblest, with him
My poor chin too, for 'tis not scissar'd just
To such a favorite's glass? what canon is there
That does command my rapier from my hip,
To dangle't in my hand, or to go tip-toe
Before the street be foul? Either I am
The fore-horse in the team, or I am none
That draw i' the sequent trace. These poor slight sores
Need not a plaintain; that which rips my bosom,
Almost to th' heart, 's,—

Arc. Our uncle Creon.

Pal. He,
A most unbounded tyrant, whose successes
Make heaven unfear'd, and villainy assur'd
Beyond its power there's nothing; almost puts
Faith in a fever, and deifies alone
Voluble chance; who only attributes
The faculties of other instruments
To his own nerves and act; commands men's service
And what they win in't, boot and glory too;
That fears not to do harm; good dares not: let
The blood of mine that's sib to him be suck'd
From me with leeches; let them break and fall
Off me with that corruption!

Arc. Clear-spirited cousin,
Let's leave his court, that we may nothing share
Of his loud infamy; for our milk
Will relish of the pasture, and we must
Be vile or disobedient; not his kinsmen
In blood, unless in quality.

Pal. Nothing truer:
I think the echoes of his shames have deaf'd
The ears of heavenly justice: widows' cries
Descend again into their throats, and have not
Due audience of the gods.— Valerius!

Enter VALERIUS.

Val. The king calls for you; yet be leaden-footed,
Till his great rage be off him: Phœbus when
He broke his whipstock, and exclaim'd against
The horses of the sun, but whisper'd, to
The loudness of his fury.
Pal. Small winds shake him:
But what's the matter? [sent
Val. Theseus — who where he threats appals — hath
Deadly defiance to him, and pronounces
Ruin to Thebes; who is at hand to seal
The promise of his wrath.
Arc. Let him approach:
But that we fear the gods in him, he brings not
A jot of terror to us: yet what man
Thirds his own worth — the case is each of ours —
When that his action's dregg'd with mind assur'd
'Tis bad he goes about?
Pal. Leave that unreason'd;
Our services stand now for Thebes, not Creon:
Yet, to be neutral to him were dishonor,
Rebellious to oppose; therefore we must
With him stand to the mercy of our fate,
Who hath bounded our last minute.
Arc. So we must.—
Is't said this war's afoot? or it shall be,
On fail of some condition?
Val. 'Tis in motion;
Th' intelligence of state came in the instant
With the defier.
Pal. Let's to the king; who, were he
A quarter carrier of that honor which
His enemy comes in, the blood we venture
Should be as for our health; which were not spent,
Rather laid out for purchase: but, alas,
Our hands advanc'd before our hearts, what will
The fall o' the stroke do damage?
Arc. Let th' event,
That never-erring arbitrator, tell us
When we know all ourselves; and let us follow
The becking of our chance. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III. *Before the gates of Athens.*

Enter PIRITHOUS, HIPPOLYTA, *and* EMILIA.

Pir. No further!

Hip. Sir, farewell: repeat my wishes
To our great lord, of whose success I dare not
Make any timorous question; yet I wish him
Excess and overflow of power, an't might be,
To dare ill-dealing fortune. Speed to him;
Store never hurts good governors.

Pir. Though I know
His ocean needs not my poor drops, yet they
Must yield their tribute there. My precious maid,
Those best affections that the heavens infuse
In their best-temper'd pieces, keep enthron'd
In your dear heart!

Emi. Thanks, sir. Remember me
To our all-royal brother; for whose speed
The great Bellona I'll solicit; and
Since, in our terrene state, petitions are not
Without gifts understood, I'll offer to her
What I shall be advis'd she likes. Our hearts
Are in his army, in his tent.

Hip. In's bosom.
We have been soldiers, and we cannot weep
When our friends don their helms, or put to sea,
Or tell of babes broach'd on the lance, or women
That have sod their infants in — and after eat them —
The brine they wept at killing 'em; then, if
You stay to see of us such spinsters, we
Should hold you here for ever.

Pir. Peace be to you,
As I pursue this war! which shall be then
Beyond further requiring. [*Exit.*

Emi. How his longing
Follows his friend! since his depart, his sports,
Though craving seriousness and skill, pass'd slightly
His careless execution, where nor gain
Made him regard, or loss consider; but
Playing one business in his hand, another
Directing in his head, his mind nurse equal

To these so differing twins. Have you observ'd him
Since our great lord departed?
Hip. With much labor;
And I did love him for't. They two have cabin'd
In many as dangerous as poor a corner,
Peril and want contending; they have skiff'd
Torrents, whose roaring tyranny and power
I' the least of these was dreadful; and they have
Fought out together, where death's self was lodg'd;
Yet faith hath brought them off. Their knot of love
Tied, weav'd, entangled, with so true, so long,
And with a finger of so deep a cunning,
May be out-worn, never undone. I think
Theseus cannot be umpire to himself,
Cleaving his conscience into twain, and doing
Each side like justice, which he loves best.
Emi. Doubtless
There is a best, and reason has no manners
To say it is not you. I was acquainted
Once with a time, when I enjoy'd a playfellow;
You were at wars when she the grave enrich'd,
Who made too proud the bed, took leave o' the moon
Which then look'd pale at parting — when our count
Was each eleven.
Hip. 'Twas Flavina.
Emi. Yes.
You talk of Pirithous' and Theseus' love:
Theirs has more ground, is more maturely season'd,
More buckled with strong judgment, and their needs
The one of th' other may be said to water
Their intertangled roots of love; but I,
And she I sigh and spoke of, were things innocent,
Lov'd for we did, and like the elements
That know not what nor why, yet do effect
Rare issues by their operance, our souls
Did so to one another: what she lik'd
Was then of me approv'd; what not, condemn'd,
No more arraignment; the flower that I would pluck
And put between my breasts — then but beginning
To swell about the blossom — she would long
Till she had such another, and commit it
To the like innocent cradle, where, phenix-like,

They died in perfume; on my head no toy
But was her pattern; her affections — pretty,
Though happily her careless wear — I follow'd
For my most serious decking; had mine ear
Stol'n some new air, or at adventure hummed one
From musical coinage, why, it was a note
Whereon her spirits would sojourn,— rather dwell on,
And sing it in her slumbers: this rehearsal —
Which, every innocent wots well, comes in
Like old importment's bastard — has this end,
That the true love 'tween maid and maid may be
More than in sex dividual.

Hip. You're out of breath;
And this high-speeded pace is but to say,
That you shall never, like the maid Flavina,
Love any that's call'd man.

Emi. I'm sure I shall not.

Hip. Now, alack, weak sister,
I must no more believe thee in this point —
Though in't I know thou dost believe thyself —
Than I will trust a sickly appetite,
That loathes even as it longs. But, sure, my sister,
If I were ripe for your persuasion, you
Have said enough to shake me from the arm
Of the all-noble Theseus; for whose fortunes
I will now in and kneel, with great assurance
That we, more than his Pirithous, possess
The high throne in his heart.

Emi. I am not
Against your faith; yet I continue mine. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV. *A field before Thebes. Dead bodies lying on the ground; among them* PALAMON *and* ARCITE.

A battle struck within; then a retreat; then a flourish. Then enter THESEUS (*victor*), Herald, *and* Attendants. *The three* Queens *meet* THESEUS, *and fall on their faces before him.*

First Queen. To thee no star be dark!

Sec. Queen. Both heaven and earth
Friend thee for ever!

Third Queen. All the good that may
Be wish'd upon thy head, I cry Amen to't!
Thes. Th' impartial gods, who from the mounted heavens
View us their mortal herd, behold who err,
And in their time chastise. Go, and find out
The bones of your dead lords, and honor them
With treble ceremony: rather than a gap
Should be in their dear rites, we would supply't.
But those we will depute which shall invest
You in your dignities, and even each thing
Our haste does leave imperfect. So, adieu,
And heaven's good eyes look on you! [*Exeunt Queens.*
What are those?
Herald. Men of great quality, as may be judg'd
By their appointment; some of Thebes have told's
They're sisters' children, nephews to the king.
Thes. By th' helm of Mars, I saw them in the war —
Like to a pair of lions smear'd with prey —
Make lanes in troops aghast: I fix'd my note
Constantly on them; for they were a mark
Worth a god's view. What was't that prisoner told me
When I inquir'd their names?
Herald. We learn they're call'd
Arcite and Palamon.
Thes. 'Tis right; those, those.
They are not dead?
Herald. Nor in a state of life: had they been taken
When their last hurts were given, 'twas possible
They might have been recover'd; yet they breathe,
And have the name of men.
Thes. Then like men use 'em:
The very lees of such, millions of rates
Exceed the wine of others: all our surgeons
Convent in their behoof; our richest balms,
Rather than niggard, waste: their lives concern us
Much more than Thebes is worth: rather than have 'em
Freed of this plight, and in their morning state,
Sound and at liberty, I would 'em dead;
But, forty thousand fold, we had rather have 'em
Prisoners to us than death. Bear 'em speedily
From our kind air, — to them unkind, — and minister

What man to man may do; for our sake, more:
Since I have known fight's fury, friends' behests,
Love's provocations, zeal in a mistress' task,
Desire of liberty, a fever, madness,
'T hath set a mark which nature could not reach to
Without some imposition, sickness in will,
Or wrestling strength in reason. For our love,
And great Apollo's mercy, all our best
Their best skill tender! — Lead into the city;
Where, having bound things scatter'd, we will post
To Athens 'fore our army. [*Flourish. Exeunt. Attendants carrying Palamon and Arcite.*

SCENE V. *Another part of the same, more remote from Thebes.*

Enter the three Queens *with the hearses of their husbands in a funeral solemnity, &c.*

SONG.

Urns and odors bring away!
Vapors, sighs, darken the day!
Our dole more deadly looks than dying;
Balms, and gums, and heavy cheers,
Sacred vials fill'd with tears,
And clamors through the wild air flying!

Come, all sad and solemn shows,
That are quick-ey'd pleasure's foes:
We convent naught else but woes:
We convent, &c.

Third Queen. This funeral path brings to your household's grave:
Joy seize on you again! Peace sleep with him!
Sec. Queen. And this to yours.
First Queen. Yours this way. Heavens lend
A thousand differing ways to one sure end.
Third Queen. This world's a city full of straying streets,
And death's the market-place, where each one meets.
[*Exeunt severally.*

ACT II.

SCENE I. *Athens. A garden, with a castle in the back ground.*

Enter Gaoler *and* Wooer.

Gaoler. I may depart with little, while I live; something I may cast to you, not much. Alas, the prison I keep, though it be for great ones, yet they seldom come: before one salmon, you shall take a number of minnows. I am given out to be better lined than it can appear to me report is a true speaker: I would I were really that I am delivered to be. Marry, what I have — be it what it will — I will assure upon my daughter at the day of my death.

Wooer. Sir, I demand no more than your own offer; and I will estate your daughter in what I have promised.

Gaoler. Well, we will talk more of this when the solemnity is past. But have you a full promise of her? when that shall be seen, I tender my consent.

Wooer. I have, sir. Here she comes.

Enter Gaoler's Daughter *with strewings.*

Gaoler. Your friend and I have chanced to name you here, upon the old business; but no more of that now: so soon as the court-hurry is over, we will have an end of it: i' the mean time, look tenderly to the two prisoners; I can tell you they are princes.

Daugh. These strewings are for their chamber. 'Tis pity they are in prison, and 'twere pity they should be out. I do think they have patience to make any adversity ashamed: the prison itself is proud of 'em; and they have all the world in their chamber.

Gaoler. They are famed to be a pair of absolute men.

Daugh. By my troth, I think fame but stammers 'em; they stand a grise above the reach of report.

Gaoler. I heard them reported in the battle to be the only doers.

Daugh. Nay, most likely; for they are noble sufferers. I marvel how they would have looked, had they been victors, that with such a constant nobility enforce a freedom

out of bondage, making misery their mirth, and affliction a toy to jest at.

Gaoler. Do they so?

Daugh. It seems to me they have no more sense of their captivity than I of ruling Athens: they eat well, look merrily, discourse of many things, but nothing of their own restraint and disasters. Yet sometime a divided sigh, martyred as 'twere i' the deliverance, will break from one of them; when the other presently gives it so sweet a rebuke, that I could wish myself a sigh to be so chid, or at least a sigher to be comforted.

Wooer. I never saw 'em.

Gaoler. The duke himself came privately in the night, and so did they: what the reason of it is, I know not.

PALAMON *and* ARCITE *appear at a window of a tower.*

Look, yonder they are? that's Arcite looks out.

Daugh. No, sir, no; that's Palamon: Arcite is the lower of the twain; you may perceive a part of him.

Gaoler. Go to! leave your pointing: they would not make us their object: out of their sight!

Daugh. It is a holiday to look on them. Lord, the difference of men! [*Exit with Gaoler and Wooer.*

Pal. How do you, noble cousin?

Arc. How do you, sir?

Pal. Why, strong enough to laugh at misery,
And bear the chance of war yet. We are prisoners
I fear for ever, cousin.

Arc. I believe it;
And to that destiny have patiently
Laid up my hour to come.

Pal. O, cousin Arcite,
Where is Thebes now? where is our noble country?
Where are our friends and kindreds? Never more
Must we behold those comforts; never see
The hardy youths strive for the games of honor,
Hung with the painted favors of their ladies,
Like tall ships under sail; then start amongst 'em,
And, as an east wind, leave 'em all behind us
Like lazy clouds, whilst Palamon and Arcite,
Even in the wagging of a wanton leg,
Outstripp'd the people's praises, won the garlands,

Ere they have time to wish 'em ours. O, never
Shall we two exercise, like twins of honor,
Our arms again, and feel our fiery horses
Like proud seas under us! Our good swords now,—
Better the red-ey'd god of war ne'er ware,—
Ravish'd our sides, like age, must run to rust,
And deck the temples of those gods that hate us;
These hands shall never draw 'em out like lightning,
To blast whole armies, more!

Arc. No, Palamon,
Those hopes are prisoners with us: here we are,
And here the graces of our youths must wither,
Like a too-timely spring; here age must find us,
And, which is heaviest, Palamon, unmarried;
The sweet embraces of a loving wife,
Loaden with kisses, arm'd with thousand Cupids,
Shall never clasp our necks; no issue know us,
No figures of ourselves shall we e'er see,
To glad our age, and like young eagles teach 'em
Boldly to gaze against bright arms, and say
"Remember what your fathers were, and conquer!"
The fair-ey'd maids shall weep our banishments,
And in their songs curse ever-blinded Fortune,
Till she for shame see what a wrong she has done
To youth and nature: this is all our world;
We shall know nothing here but one another;
Hear nothing but the clock that tells our woes;
The vine shall grow, but we shall never see it;
Summer shall come, and with her all delights,
But dead-cold winter must inhabit here still.

Pal. 'Tis too true, Arcite. To our Theban hounds,
That shook the agèd forest with their echoes,
No more now must we holla; no more shake
Our pointed javelins, whilst the angry swine
Flies like a Parthian quiver from our rages,
Stuck with our well-steel'd darts: all valiant uses —
The food and nourishment of noble minds —
In us two here shall perish; we shall die —
Which is the curse of honor — lastly,
Children of grief and ignorance.

Arc. Yet, cousin,
Even from the bottom of these miseries,

From all that fortune can inflict upon us,
I see two comforts rising, two mere blessings,
If the gods please to hold here, — a brave patience,
And the enjoying of our griefs together.
Whilst Palamon is with me, let me perish
If I think this our prison!

Pal. Certainly
'Tis a main goodness, cousin, that our fortunes
Were twin'd together: 'tis most true, two souls
Put in two noble bodies, let 'em suffer
The gall of hazard, so they grow together,
Will never sink; they must not; say they could,
A willing man dies sleeping, and all's done.

Arc. Shall we make worthy uses of this place,
That all men hate so much?

Pal. How, gentle cousin?

Arc. Let's think this prison holy sanctuary,
To keep us from corruption of worse men:
We're young, and yet desire the ways of honor;
That, liberty and common conversation,
The poison of pure spirits, might, like women,
Woo us to wander from. What worthy blessing
Can be, but our imaginations
May make it ours? and here being thus together,
We are an endless mine to one another;
We're one another's wife, ever begetting
New births of love; we're father, friends, acquaintance;
We are, in one another, families;
I am your heir, and you are mine; this place
Is our inheritance; no hard oppressor
Dare take this from us: here, with a little patience,
We shall live long, and loving; no surfeits seek us;
The hand of war hurts none here, nor the seas
Swallow their youth. Were we at liberty,
A wife might part us lawfully, or business;
Quarrels consume us; envy of ill men
Grave our acquaintance; I might sicken, cousin,
Where you should never know it, and so perish
Without your noble hand to close mine eyes,
Or prayers to the gods: a thousand chances,
Were we from hence, would sever us.

Pal. You've made me —

I thank you, cousin Arcite — almost wanton
With my captivity : what a misery
It is to live abroad, and every where !
'Tis like a beast, methinks : I find the court here,
I'm sure, a more content ; and all those pleasure
That woo the wills of men to vanity
I see through now ; and am sufficient
To tell the world 'tis but a gaudy shadow,
That old Time, as he passes by, takes with him.
What had we been, old in the court of Creon,
Where sin is justice, lust and ignorance
The virtues of the great ones ? Cousin Arcite,
Had not the loving gods found this place for us,
We had died as they do, ill old men, unwept,
And had their epitaphs, the people's curses.
Shall I say more ?

Arc. I'd hear you still.

Pal. Ye shall.
Is there record of any two that lov'd
Better than we do, Arcite ?

Arc. Sure, there cannot.

Pal. I do not think it possible our friendship
Should ever leave us.

Arc. Till our deaths it cannot ;
And after death our spirits shall be led
To those that love eternally. Speak on, sir.

Enter EMILIA *and* Waiting-woman *below.*

Emi. This garden has a world of pleasures in't.
What flower is this ?

Wait.-w. 'Tis call'd narcissus, madam.

Emi. That was a fair boy certain, but a fool
To love himself : were there not maids enough ?

Arc. Pray, forward.

Pal. Yes.

Emi. Or were they all hard-hearted ?

Wait.-w. They could not be to one so fair.

Emi. Thou wouldst not.

Wait.-w. I think I should not, madam.

Emi. That's a good wench !
But take heed to your kindness though !

Wait.-w. Why, madam ?

Emi. Men are mad things.
Arc. Will ye go forward, cousin?
Emi. Canst not thou work such flowers in silk, wench?
Wait.-w. Yes.
Emi. I'll have a gown full of 'em; and of these;
This is a pretty color: will't not do
Rarely upon a skirt, wench?
Wait.-w. Dainty, madam.
Arc. Cousin, cousin! how do you, sir? why, Palamon!
Pal. Never till now I was in prison, Arcite.
Arc. Why, what's the matter, man?
Pal. Behold, and wonder!
By heaven, she is a goddess!
Arc. Ha!
Pal. Do reverence;
She is a goddess, Arcite!
Emi. Of all flowers,
Methinks, a rose is best.
Wait.-w. Why, gentle madam?
Emi. It is the very emblem of a maid:
For when the west wind courts her gently,
How modestly she blows, and paints the sun
With her chaste blushes! when the north comes near her,
Rude and impatient, then, like chastity,
She locks her beauties in her bud again,
And leaves him to base briers.
Wait.-w. Yet, good madam,
Sometimes her modesty will blow so far
She falls for it: a maid,
If she have any honor, would be loath
To take example by her.
Emi. Thou art wanton.
Arc. She's wondrous fair!
Pal. She's all the beauty extant!
Emi. The sun grows high; let's walk in. Keep these flowers;
We'll see how near art can come near their colors.
I'm wondrous merry-hearted; I could laugh now.
Wait.-w. I could lie down, I'm sure.
Emi. And take one with you?
Wait.-w. That's as we bargain, madam.

Emi. Well, agree then.
[*Exit with Waiting-woman.*
Pal. What think you of this beauty?
Arc. 'Tis a rare one.
Pal. Is't but a rare one?
Arc. Yes, a matchless beauty.
Pal. Might not a man well lose himself, and love her?
Arc. I cannot tell what you have done; I have,
Beshrew mine eyes for't! Now I feel my shackles.
Pal. You love her, then?
Arc. Who would not?
Pal. And desire her?
Arc. Before my liberty.
Pal. I saw her first.
Arc. That's nothing.
Pal. But it shall be.
Arc. I saw her too.
Pal. Yes; but you must not love her.
Arc. I will not, as you do, to worship her,
As she is heavenly and a blessèd goddess;
I love her as a woman, to enjoy her:
So both may love.
Pal. You shall not love at all.
Arc. Not love at all! who shall deny me?
Pal. I, that first saw her; I, that took possession
First with mine eye of all those beauties in her
Reveal'd to mankind. If thou lovest her,
Or entertain'st a hope to blast my wishes,
Thou art a traitor, Arcite, and a fellow
False as thy title to her: friendship, blood,
And all the ties between us, I disclaim,
If thou once think upon her!
Arc. Yes, I love her;
And if the lives of all my name lay on it,
I must do so; I love her with my soul.
If that will lose ye, farewell, Palamon!
I say again, I love; and, in loving her, maintain
I am as worthy and as free a lover,
And have as just a title to her beauty,
As any Palamon, or any living
That is a man's son.
Pal. Have I call'd thee friend?

Arc. Yes, and have found me so. Why are you
mov'd thus?
Let me deal coldly with you: am not I
Part of your blood, part of your soul? you've told me
That I was Palamon, and you were Arcite.
Pal. Yes.
Arc. Am not I liable to those affections,
Those joys, griefs, angers, fears, my friend shall suffer?
Pal. Ye may be.
Arc. Why, then, would you deal so cunningly,
So strangely, so unlike a noble kinsman,
To love alone? Speak truly; do you think me
Unworthy of her sight?
Pal. No; but unjust
If thou pursue that sight.
Arc. Because another
First sees the enemy, shall I stand still,
And let mine honor down, and never charge?
Pal. Yes, if he be but one.
Arc. But say that one
Had rather combat me?
Pal. Let that one say so,
And use thy freedom: else, if thou pursu'st her,
Be as that cursèd man that hates his country,
A branded villain!
Arc. You are mad.
Pal. I must be,
Till thou art worthy, Arcite; it concerns me;
And, in this madness, if I hazard thee
And take thy life, I deal but truly.
Arc. Fie, sir!
You play the child extremely: I will love her,
I must, I ought to do so, and I dare;
And all this justly.
Pal. O, that now, that now
Thy false self and thy friend had but this fortune,
To be one hour at liberty, and grasp
Our good swords in our hands! I'd quickly teach thee
What 'twere to filch affection from another!
Thou art baser in it than a cutpurse:
Put but thy head out of this window more,
And, as I have a soul, I'll nail thy life to't!

Arc. Thou dar'st not, fool; thou canst not; thou art feeble:
Put my head out! I'll throw my body out,
And leap the garden, when I see her next,
And pitch between her arms, to anger thee.
Pal. No more! the keeper's coming: I shall live
To knock thy brains out with my shackles.
Arc. Do!

Re-enter Gaoler.

Gaoler. By your leave, gentlemen.
Pal. Now, honest keeper?
Gaoler. Lord Arcite, you must presently to the duke:
The cause I know not yet.
Arc. I'm ready, keeper.
Gaoler. Prince Palamon, I must awhile bereave you
Of your fair cousin's company.
Pal. And me too,
Even when you please, of life. [*Exeunt Gaoler and Arcite.*
Why is he sent for?
It may be, he shall marry her; he's goodly,
And like enough the duke hath taken notice
Both of his blood and body. But his falsehood!
Why should a friend be treacherous? if that
Get him a wife so noble and so fair,
Let honest men ne'er love again. Once more
I would but see this fair one.—Blessèd garden,
And fruit and flowers more blessèd, that still blossom
As her bright eyes shine on ye! Would I were,
For all the fortune of my life hereafter,
Yon little tree, yon blooming apricock!
How I would spread, and fling my wanton arms
In at her window! I would bring her fruit
Fit for the gods to feed on; youth and pleasure,
Still as she tasted, should be doubled on her;
And if she be not heavenly, I would make her
So near the gods in nature, they should fear her;
And then I'm sure she would love me.

Re-enter Gaoler.

How now, keeper!
Where's Arcite?

Gaoler. Banish'd. Prince Pirithous
Obtain'd his liberty; but never more,
Upon his oath and life, must he set foot
Upon this kingdom.
Pal. [*aside*] He's a blessèd man!
He shall see Thebes again, and call to arms
The bold young men that, when he bids 'em charge,
Fall on like fire: Arcite shall have a fortune,
If he dare make himself a worthy lover,
Yet in the field to strike a battle for her;
And if he lose her then, he's a cold coward:
How bravely may he bear himself to win her,
If he be noble Arcite, thousand ways!
Were I at liberty, I would do things
Of such a virtuous greatness, that this lady,
This blushing virgin, should take manhood to her,
And seek to ravish me.
Gaoler. My lord, for you
I have this charge too—
Pal. To discharge my life?
Gaoler. No; but from this place to remove your lordship:
The windows are too open.
Pal. Devils take 'em
That are so envious to me! Prithee, kill me.
Gaoler. And hang for't afterward?
Pal. By this good light,
Had I a sword, I'd kill thee.
Gaoler. Why, my lord?
Pal. Thou bring'st such pelting scurvy news continually,
Thou art not worthy life. I will not go.
Gaoler. Indeed, you must, my lord.
Pal. May I see the garden?
Gaoler. No.
Pal. Then I'm resolv'd I will not go.
Gaoler. I must
Constrain you, then; and, for you're dangerous,
I'll clap more irons on you.
Pal. Do, good keeper:
I'll shake 'em so, ye shall not sleep;
I'll make ye a new morris. Must I go?

Gaoler. There is no remedy.
Pal. [*aside*] Farewell, kind window;
May rude wind never hurt thee!—O my lady,
If ever thou hast felt what sorrow was,
Dream how I suffer!—Come, now bury me. [*Exeunt.*

Scene II. *The country near Athens.*

Enter Arcite.

Arc. Banish'd the kingdom? 'tis a benefit,
A mercy. I must thank 'em for; but banish'd
The free enjoying of that face I die for,
O, 'twas a studied punishment, a death
Beyond imagination! such a vengeance,
That, were I old and wicked, all my sins
Could never pluck upon me. Palamon,
Thou hast the start now; thou shalt stay, and see
Her bright eyes break each morning 'gainst thy window,
And let in life into thee; thou shalt feed
Upon the sweetness of a noble beauty,
That nature ne'er exceeded, nor ne'er shall:
Good gods, what happiness has Palamon!
Twenty to one, he'll come to speak to her;
And, if she be as gentle as she's fair,
I know she's his; he has a tongue will tame
Tempests, and make the wild rocks wanton. Come what can come,
The worst is death; I will not leave the kingdom:
I know mine own is but a heap of ruins,
And no redress there: if I go, he has her.
I am resolv'd: another shape shall make me,
Or end my fortunes; either way, I'm happy:
I'll see her, and be near her, or no more.

Enter four Countrymen; *one with a garland before them.*

First Coun. My masters, I'll be there, that's certain.
Sec. Coun. And I'll be there.
Third Coun. And I.
Fourth Coun. Why, then, have with ye, boys! 'tis but a chiding:

Let the plow play to-day; I'll tickle't out
Of the jades' tails to-morrow.
First Coun. I am sure
To have my wife as jealous as a turkey:
But that's all one: I'll go through, let her mumble.
Sec. Coun. Clap her aboard to-morrow night, and strow her,
And all's made up again.
Third Coun. Ay, do but put
A fescue in her fist, and you shall see her
Take a new lesson out, and be a good wench.
Do we all hold against the Maying?
Fourth Coun. Hold!
What should ail us?
Third Coun. Arcas will be there.
Sec. Coun. And Semois,
And Rycas; and three better lads ne'er danc'd
Under green tree; and ye know what wenches, ha!
But will the dainty domine, the schoolmaster,
Keep touch, do you think? for he does all, ye know.
Third Coun. He'll eat a hornbook, ere he fail: go to!
The matter is too far driven between
Him and the tanner's daughter, to let slip now;
And she must see the duke, and she must dance too.
Fourth Coun. Shall we be lusty?
Sec. Coun. All the boys in Athens
Blow wind i' the breech on us: and here I'll be,
And there I'll be, for our town, and here again,
And there again: ha, boys, heigh for the weavers!
First Coun. This must be done i' the woods.
Fourth Coun. O, pardon me!
Sec. Coun. By any means: our thing of learning says so;
Where he himself will edify the duke
Most parlously in our behalfs: he's excellent i' the woods;
Bring him to the plains, his learning makes no cry.
Third Coun. We'll see the sports; then every man to's tackle!
And, sweet companions, let's rehearse by any means,
Before the ladies see us, and do well.
And God knows what may come on't.

Fourth Coun. Content: the sports
Once ended, we'll perform. Away, boys, and hold!
Arc. By your leaves, honest friends; pray you, whither go you?
Fourth Coun. Whither! why, what a question's that!
Arc. Yes, 'tis a question
To me that know not.
Third Coun. To the games, my friend.
Sec. Coun. Where were you bred, you know it not?
Arc. Not far, sir.
Are there such games to-day?
First Coun. Yes, marry, are there;
And such as you never saw: the duke himself
Will be in person there.
Arc. What pastimes are they?
Sec. Coun. Wrestling and running.—'Tis a pretty fellow.
Third Coun. Thou wilt not go along?
Arc. Not yet, sir.
Fourth Coun. Well, sir,
Take your own time.— Come, boys.
First Coun. My mind misgives me
This fellow has a vengeance-trick o' the hip;
Mark how his body's made for't.
Sec. Coun. I'll be hang'd though,
If he dare venture; hang him, plum-porridge!
He wrestle? he roast eggs! Come, let's be gone, lads.
[*Exeunt Countrymen.*
Arc. This is an offer'd opportunity
I durst not wish for. Well I could have wrestled,
The best men call'd it excellent; and run
Swifter than wind upon a field of corn,
Curling the wealthy ears, ever flew. I'll venture,
And in some poor disguise be there: who knows
Whether my brows may not be girt with garlands,
And happiness prefer me to a place
Where I may ever dwell in sight of her? [*Exit.*

SCENE III. *Athens. A room in the prison.*

Enter Gaoler's daughter.

Daugh. Why should I love this gentleman? 'tis odds
He never will affect me: I am base,

My father the mean keeper of his prison,
And he a prince: to marry him is hopeless.
To be his whore is witless. Out upon't!
What pushes are we wenches driven to,
When fifteen once has found us! First, I saw him;
I, seeing, thought he was a goodly man;
He has as much to please a woman in him —
If he please to bestow it so — as ever
These eyes yet look'd on: next I pitied him;
And so would any young wench, o' my conscience,
That ever dream'd, or vow'd her maidenhead
To a young handsome man: then I lov'd him,
Extremely lov'd him, infinitely lov'd him;
And yet he had a cousin, fair as he too:
But in my heart was Palamon, and there,
Lord, what a coil he keeps! To hear him
Sing in an evening, what a heaven it is!
And yet his songs are sad ones. Fairer spoken
Was never gentleman: when I come in
To bring him water in a morning, first
He bows his noble body, then salutes me thus,
"Fair, gentle maid, good morrow: may thy goodness
Get thee a happy husband!" Once he kiss'd me:
I lov'd my lips the better ten days after:
Would he would do so every day! He grieves much,
And me as much to see his misery:
What should I do, to make him know I love him?
For I would fain enjoy him: say I ventur'd
To set him free? what says the law, then?
Thus much for law, or kindred! I will do it;
And this night or to-morrow he shall love me. [*Exit.*

SCENE IV. *An open place in Athens. A short flourish of cornets, and shouts within.*

Enter THESEUS, HIPPOLYTA, PIRITHOUS, EMILIA, ARCITE *disguised, wearing a garland; and* Countrymen.

Thes. You have done worthily; I have not seen,
Since Hercules, a man of tougher sinews:
Whate'er you are, you run the best, and wrestle,
That these times can allow.

Arc. I'm proud to please you.
Thes. What country bred you?
Arc. This; but far off, prince.
Thes. Are you a gentleman?
Arc. My father said so·
And to those gentle uses gave me life.
Thes. Are you his heir?
Arc. His youngest, sir.
Thes. Your father,
Sure, is a happy sire, then. What proves you?
Arc. A little of all noble qualities:
I could have kept a hawk, and well have holla'd
To a deep cry of dogs; I dare not praise
My feat in horsemanship, yet they that knew me
Would say it was my best piece; last and greatest,
I would be thought a soldier.
Thes. You are perfect.
Pir. Upon my soul, a proper man!
Emi. He is so.
Pir. How do you like him, lady?
Hip. I admire him:
I have not seen so young a man so noble,
If he say true, of his sort.
Emi. Believe
His mother was a wondrous handsome woman;
His face methinks goes that way.
Hip. But his body
And fiery mind illustrate a brave father.
Pir. Mark how his virtue, like a hidden sun,
Breaks through his baser garments!
Hip. He's well got, sure.
Thes. What made you seek this place, sir?
Arc. Noble Theseus,
To purchase name, and do my ablest service
To such a well-found wonder as thy worth;
For only in thy court, of all the world,
Dwells fair-ey'd Honor.
Pir. All his words are worthy.
Thes. Sir, we are much indebted to your travel,
Nor shall you lose your wish.— Pirithous,
Dispose of this fair gentleman.
Pir. Thanks, Theseus.—

Whate'er you are, you're mine: and I shall give you
To a most noble service,— to this lady,
This bright young virgin: pray, observe her goodness.
You've honor'd her fair birthday with your virtues,
And, as your due, you're hers; kiss her fair hand, sir.
Arc. Sir, you're a noble giver.—[*To Emilia*] Dearest beauty,
Thus let me seal my vow'd faith [*Kisses her hand*]: when [your servant —
Your most unworthy creature — but offends you,
Command him die, he shall.
Emi. That were too cruel.
If you deserve well, sir, I shall soon see't:
You're mine; and somewhat better than your rank
I'll use you.
Pir. I'll see you furnish'd: and because you say
You are a horseman, I must needs entreat you
This afternoon to ride; but 'tis a rough one.
Arc. I like him better, prince; I shall not, then,
Freeze in my saddle.
Thes. Sweet, you must be ready,—
And you, Emilia,— and you, friend,— and all,—
To-morrow, by the sun, to do observance
To flowery May, in Dian's wood.— Wait well, sir,
Upon your mistress.— Emily, I hope
He shall not go a-foot.
Emi. That were a shame, sir,
While I have horses.— Take your choice; and what
You want at any time, let me but know it:
If you serve faithfully, I dare assure you
You'll find a loving mistress.
Arc. If I do not,
Let me find that my father ever hated,—
Disgrace and blows.
Thes. Go, lead the way; you've won it;
It shall be so: you shall receive all dues
Fit for the honor you have won; 'twere wrong else.—
Sister, beshrew my heart, you have a servant,
That, if I were a woman, would be master:
But you are wise.
Emi. I hope too wise for that, sir.
[*Flourish. Exeunt.*

SCENE V. *Athens. Before the prison.*

Enter Gaoler's Daughter.

Daugh. Let all the dukes and all the devils roar
He is at liberty: I've ventur'd for him;
And out I've brought him to a little wood
A mile hence: I have sent him, where a cedar,
Higher than all the rest, spreads like a plane,
Fast by a brook; and there he shall keep close,
Till I provide him files and food; for yet
His iron bracelets are not off. O Love,
What a stout-hearted child thou art! My father
Durst better have endur'd cold iron than done it.
I love him beyond love and beyond reason,
Or wit, or safety; I have made him know it:
I care not; I am desperate: if the law
Find me, and then condemn me for't, some wenches,
Some honest-hearted maids will sing my dirge,
And tell to memory my death was noble,
Dying almost a martyr. That way he takes,
I purpose is my way too: sure he cannot
Be so unmanly as to leave me here:
If he do, maids will not so easily
Trust men again: and yet he has not thank'd me
For what I've done; no, not so much as kiss'd me;
And that, methinks, is not so well; nor scarcely
Could I persuade him to become a freeman,
He made such scruples of the wrong he did
To me and to my father. Yet, I hope,
When he considers more, this love of mine
Will take more root within him: let him do
What he will with me, so he use me kindly;
For use me so he shall, or I'll proclaim him,
And to his face, no man. I'll presently
Provide him necessaries, and pack my clothes up,
And where there is a path of ground I'll venture,
So he be with me: by him, like a shadow,
I'll ever dwell. Within this hour the whoobub
Will be all o'er the prison: I am then
Kissing the man they look for. Farewell, father!
Get many more such prisoners and such daughters,
And shortly you may keep yourself. Now to him! [*Exit.*

ACT III.

SCENE I. *A forest near Athens. Cornets in sundry places, noise and hallooing, as of people a-Maying.*

Enter ARCITE.

Arc. The duke has lost Hippolyta; each took
A several land. This is a solemn rite
They owe bloom'd May, and the Athenians pay it
To th' heart of ceremony. O queen Emilia,
Fresher than May, sweeter
Than her gold buttons on the boughs, or all
Th' enamel'd knacks o' the mead or garden! yea,
We challenge too the bank of any nymph,
That makes the stream seem flowers; thou, O jewel
O' the wood, o' the world, hast likewise blest a place
With thy sole presence! In thy rumination
That I, poor man, might eftsoons come between,
And chop on some cold thought! thrice-blessed chance,
To drop on such a mistress, expectation
Most guiltless on't. Tell me, O Lady Fortune,—
Next after Emily my sovereign,— how far
I may be proud. She takes strong note of me,
Hath made me near her, and this beauteous morn,
The prim'st of all the year, presents me with
A brace of horses; two such steeds might well
Be by a pair of kings back'd, in a field
That their crowns' titles tried. Alas, alas,
Poor cousin Palamon, poor prisoner! thou
So little dream'st upon my fortune, that
Thou think'st thyself the happier thing, to be
So near Emilia; me thou deem'st at Thebes,
And therein wretched, although free: but if
Thou knew'st my mistress breath'd on me, and that
I ear'd her language, liv'd in her eye, O coz,
What passion would inclose thee!

Enter PALAMON *out of a bush, with his shackles: he bends his fist at* ARCITE.

Pal. Traitor kinsman!
Thou shouldst perceive my passion, if these signs
Of prisonment were off me, and this hand

But owner of a sword. By all oaths in one,
I, and the justice of my love, would make thee
A confess'd traitor! O thou most perfidious
That ever gently look'd! the void'st of honor
That e'er bore gentle token! falsest cousin
That ever blood made kin! call'st thou her thine?
I'll prove it in my shackles, with these hands
Void of appointment, that thou liest, and art
A very thief in love, a chaffy lord,
Nor worth the name of villain! Had I a sword,
And these house-clogs away,—

Arc. Dear cousin Palamon,—

Pal. Cozener Arcite, give me language such
As thou hast show'd me feat!

Arc. Not finding in
The circuit of my breast any gross stuff
To form me like your blazon, holds me to
This gentleness of answer: 'tis your passion
That thus mistakes; the which, to you being enemy,
Cannot to me be kind. Honor and honesty
I cherish and depend on, howsoe'er
You skip them in me; and with them, fair coz,
I'll maintain my proceedings. Pray, be pleas'd
To show in generous terms your griefs, since that
Your question's with your equal, who professes
To clear his own way with the mind and sword
Of a true gentleman.

Pal. That thou durst, Arcite!

Arc. My coz, my coz, you have been well advertis'd
How much I dare: you've seen me use my sword
Against th' advice of fear. Sure, of another
You would not hear me doubted, but your silence
Should break out, though i' the sanctuary.

Pal. Sir,
I've seen you move in such a place, which well
Might justify your manhood; you were call'd
A good knight and a bold: but the whole week's not fair,
If any day it rain. Their valiant temper
Men lose when they incline to treachery;
And then they fight like compell'd bears, would fly
Were they not tied.

Arc. Kinsman, you might as well

Speak this, and act it in your glass, as to
His ear which now disdains you.
Pal. Come up to me:
Quit me of these cold gyves, give me a sword,
Though it be rusty, and the charity
Of one meal lend me; come before me then,
A good sword in thy hand, and do but say
That Emily is thine, I will forgive
The trespass thou hast done me, yea, my life,
If then thou carry't; and brave souls in shades,
That have died manly, which will seek of me
Some news from earth, they shall get none but this,
That thou art brave and noble.
Arc. Be content,
Again betake you to your hawthorn-house:
With counsel of the night, I will be here
With wholesome viands; these impediments
Will I file off; you shall have garments, and
Perfumes to kill the smell o' the prison; after,
When you shall stretch yourself, and say but, "Arcite
I am in plight," there shall be at your choice
Both sword and armor.
Pal. O you heavens, dare any
So noble bear a guilty baseness? none
But only Arcite; therefore none but Arcite
In this kind is so bold.
Arc. Sweet Palamon,—
Pal. I do embrace you and your offer: for
Your offer do't I only, sir; your person,
Without hypocrisy, I may not wish
More than my sword's edge on't. [*Horns sounded within.*
Arc. You hear the horns:
Enter your muset, lest this match between's
Be cross'd ere met. Give me your hand; farewell:
I'll bring you every needful thing: I pray you.
Take comfort, and be strong.
Pal. Pray, hold your promise,
And do the deed with a bent brow: most certain
You love me not: be rough with me, and pour
This oil out of your language. By this air,
I could for each word give a cuff; my stomach
Not reconcil'd by reason.

Arc. Plainly spoken!
Yet pardon me hard language: when I spur
My horse, I chide him not; content and anger
In me have but one face. [*Horns winded again.*
Hark, sir! they call
The scatter'd to the banquet: you must guess
I have an office there.
Pal. Sir, your attendance
Cannot please heaven; and I know your office
Unjustly is achiev'd.
Arc. I've a good title,
I am persuaded: this question, sick between's,
By bleeding must be cur'd. I am a suitor
That to your sword you will bequeath this plea,
And talk of it no more.
Pal. But this one word:
You're going now to gaze upon my mistress;
For, note you, mine she is,—
Arc. Nay, then,—
Pal. Nay, pray you,—
You talk of feeding me to breed me strength;
You're going now to look upon a sun
That strengthens what it looks on; there you have
A vantage o'er me: but enjoy it till
I may enforce my remedy. Farewell. [*Exeunt severally*

SCENE II. *Another part of the forest.*

Enter Gaoler's Daughter.

Daugh. He has mistook the brake I meant; is gone
After his fancy. 'Tis now well-nigh morning;
No matter: would it were perpetual night,
And darkness lord o' the world! — Hark! 'tis a wolf:
In me hath grief slain fear, and, but for one thing,
I care for nothing, and that's Palamon:
I reck not if the wolves would jaw me, so
He had this file. What if I holla'd for him?
I cannot holla: if I whoop'd, what then?
If he not answer'd, I should call a wolf,
And do him but that service. I have heard
Strange howls this live-long night: why may't not be
They have made prey of him? he has no weapons;

He cannot run; the jingling of his gyves
Might call fell things to listen, who have in them,
A sense to know a man unarm'd, and can
Smell where resistance is. I'll set it down
He's torn to pieces; they howl'd many together,
And then they fed on him: so much for that:
Be bold to ring the bell; how stand I then?
All's char'd when he is gone. No, no, I lie;
My father's to be hang'd for his escape;
Myself to beg, if I priz'd life so much
As to deny my act; but that I would not,
Should I try death by dozens.— I am mop'd:
Food took I none these two days; once, indeed,
I sipp'd some water; I've not clos'd mine eyes,
Save when my lids scour'd off their brine. Alas,
Dissolve, my life! let not my sense unsettle,
Lest I should drown, or stab, or hang myself!
O state of nature, fail together in me,
Since thy best props are warp'd!— So, which way now?
The best way is the next way to a grave:
Each errant step beside is torment. Lo,
The moon is down, the crickets chirp, the screech-owl
Calls in the dawn! all offices are done,
Save what I fail in; but the point is this,
An end, and that is all. [*Exit.*

SCENE III. *The same part of the forest as in Scene I.*

Enter ARCITE, *with meat, wine, fire, &c.*

Arc. I should be near the place.— Ho, cousin Palamon!

Enter PALAMON

Pal. Arcite?

Arc. The same: I've brought you food and fire.
Come forth and fear not: here's no Theseus.

Pal. Nor none so honest, Arcite.

Arc. That's no matter:
We'll argue that hereafter. Come, take courage;
You shall not die thus beastly: here, sir, drink;
I know you're faint; then I'll talk further with you.

Pal. Arcite, thou mightst now poison me.

Arc. I might;
But I must fear you first. Sit down; and, good, now,

No more of these vain parleys: let us not,
Having our ancient reputation with us,
Make talk for fools and cowards. To your health!
[*Drinks.*

Pal. Do.

Arc. Pray, sit down, then; and let me entreat you,
By all the honesty and honor in you,
No mention of this woman! 'twill disturb us;
We shall have time enough.

Pal. Well, sir, I'll pledge you.
[*Drinks.*

Arc. Drink a good hearty draught; it breeds good blood, man,
Do not you feel it thaw you?

Pal. Stay; I'll tell you
After a draught or two more.

Arc. Spare it not;
The duke has more, coz. Eat now.

Pal. Yes. [*Eats.*

Arc. I'm glad
You have so good a stomach.

Pal. I am gladder
I have so good meat to't.

Arc. Is't not mad lodging
Here in the wild woods, cousin?

Pal. Yes, for them
That have wild consciences.

Arc. How tastes your victuals?
Your hunger needs no sauce, I see.

Pal. Not much:
But if it did, yours is too tart, sweet cousin.
What is this?

Arc. Venison.

Pal. 'Tis a lusty meat.
Give me more wine: here, Arcite, to the wenches
We've known in our days! The lord-steward's daughter;
Do you remember her?

Arc. After you, coz.

Pal. She lov'd a black-hair'd man.

Arc. She did so: well, sir?

Pal. And I have heard some call him Arcite; and —

Arc. Out with it, faith!

Pal. She met him in an arbor:
What did she there, coz? play o' the virginals?
Arc. Something she did, sir.
Pal. Made her groan a month for't;
Or two, or three, or ten.
Arc. The marshal's sister
Had her share too, as I remember, cousin,
Else there be tales abroad: you'll pledge her?
Pal. Yes.
Arc. A pretty brown wench 'tis: there was a time
When young men went a-hunting, and a wood,
And a broad beech; and thereby hangs a tale.—
Heigh-ho!
Pal. For Emily, upon my life! Fool,
Away with this strain'd mirth! I say again,
That sigh was breath'd for Emily: base cousin,
Dar'st thou break first?
Arc. You're wide.
Pal. By heaven and earth,
There's nothing in thee honest.
Arc. Then I'll leave you:
You are a beast now.
Pal. As thou mak'st me, traitor.
Arc. There's all things needful,— files, and shirts, and perfumes:
I'll come again some two hours hence, and bring
That that shall quiet all.
Pal. A sword and armor?
Arc. Fear me not. You are now too foul: farewell:
Get off your trinkets; you shall want naught.
Pal. Sirrah,—
Arc. I'll hear no more. [*Exit.*
Pal. If he keep touch, he dies for't. [*Exit.*

SCENE IV. *Another part of the forest.*

Enter Gaoler's Daughter.

Daugh. I'm very cold: and all the stars are out too,
The little stars, and all that look like aglets:
The sun has seen my folly. Palamon!
Alas, no! he's in heaven.— Where am I now?—

Yonder's the sea, and there's a ship; how't tumbles!
And there's a rock lies watching under water;
Now, now, it beats upon it; now, now, now,
There's a leak sprung, a sound one; how they cry!
Spoom her before the wind, you'll lose all else;
Up with a course or two, and tack about, boys:
Good night, good night; ye're gone.— I'm very hungry;
Would I could find a fine frog! he would tell me
News from all parts o' the world; then would I make
A carack of a cockle-shell, and sail
By east and north-east to the King of Pigmies,
For he tells fortunes rarely. Now, my father,
Twenty to one, is truss'd up in a trice
To-morrow morning: I'll say never a word. [*Sings.*

For I'll cut my green coat a foot above my knee;
And I'll clip my yellow locks an inch below mine e'e:
Hey, nonny, nonny, nonny.
He's buy me a white cut, forth for to ride,
And I'll go seek him through the world that is so wide:
Hey, nonny, nonny, nonny.

O for a prick now, like a nightingale,
To put my breast against! I shall sleep like a top else.
[*Exit.*

SCENE V. *Another part of the forest.*

Enter GERROLD, *four* Countrymen *as* Morris-dancers, *another as the* Bavian, *five* Wenches, *and a* Taborer.

Ger. Fie, fie!
What tediosity and disensanity
Is here among ye! Have my rudiments
Been labor'd so long with ye, milk'd unto ye,
And, by a figure, even the very plum-broth
And marrow of my understanding laid upon ye,
And do you still cry "Where," and "How," and "Wherefore?"
You most coarse frize capacities, ye jane judgments,
Have I said "Thus let be," and "There let be,"
And "Then let be," and no man understand me?
Proh Deum, medius fidius, ye are all dunces!

For why here stand I ; here the duke comes ; there are you,
Close in the thicket ; the duke appears ; I meet him,
And unto him I utter learned things
And many figures ; he hears, and nods, and hums,
And then cries "Rare;" and I go forward; at length
I fling my cap up ; mark there! then do you,
As once did Meleager and the boar,
Break comely out before him, like true lovers,
Cast yourselves in a body decently,
And sweetly, by a figure, trace and turn, boys.

First Coun. And sweetly we will do it, Master Gerrold.

Sec. Coun. Draw up the company. Where's the taborer?

Third Coun. Why, Timothy!

Tab. Here, my mad boys ; have at ye!

Ger. But I say where's their women?

Fourth Coun. Here's Friz and Maudlin.

Sec. Coun. And little Luce with the white legs and bouncing Barbary.

First Coun. And freckled Nell, that never fail'd her master.

Ger. Where be your ribands, maids? swim with your bodies,
And carry it sweetly and deliverly ;
And now and then a favor and a frisk.

Nell. Let us alone, sir.

Ger. Where's the rest o' the music?

Third Coun. Dispers'd as you commanded.

Ger. Couple then,
And see what's wanting. Where's the Bavian?
My friend, carry your tail without offence
Or scandal to the ladies ; and be sure
You tumble with audacity and manhood;
And when you bark, do it with judgment.

Bav. Yes, sir.

Ger. *Quo usque tandem?* here's a woman wanting.

Fourth Coun. We may go whistle ; all the fat's i' the fire.

Ger. We have,
As learnèd authors utter, wash'd a tile ;
We have been *fatuus*, and labor'd vainly.

Sec. Coun. This is that scornful piece, that scurvy hilding,

That gave her promise faithfully she would
Be here, Cicely the sempster's daughter :
The next gloves that I give her shall be dog-skin ;
Nay, an she fail me once — You can tell, Arcas,
She swore, by wine and bread, she would not break.
Ger. An eel and woman,
A learnèd poet says, unless by the tail
And with thy teeth thou hold, will either fail.
In manners this was false position.
First Coun. A fire ill take her ! does she flinch now ?
Third Coun. What
Shall we determine, sir ?
Ger. Nothing ;
Our business is become a nullity,
Yea, and a woful and a piteous nullity.
Fourth Coun. Now, when the credit of our town lay on it,
Now to be frampal, now to piss o' the nettle !
Go thy ways ; I'll remember thee, I'll fit thee !

Enter Gaoler's Daughter, *and sings.*

The George alow came from the south,
From the coast of Barbary-a ;
And there he met with brave gallants of war,
By one, by two, by three-a.

Well hail'd, well hail'd, you jolly gallants !
And whither now are you bound-a ?
O, let me have your company
Till I come to the Sound-a !

There was three fools fell out about an howlet :
The one said it was an owl ;
The other he said nay ;
The third he said it was a hawk,
And her bells were cut away.

Third Coun. There's a dainty mad woman, master,
Come i' the nick ; as mad as a March hare :
If we can get her dance, we're made again ;
I warrant her she'll do the rarest gambols.
First Coun. A mad woman ! we are made, boys.

Ger. And are you mad, good woman?
Daugh. I'd be sorry else.
Give me your hand.
Ger. Why?
Daugh. I can tell your fortune:
You are a fool. Tell ten. I've pos'd him. Buzz!
Friend, you must eat no white bread; if you do,
Your teeth will bleed extremely. Shall we dance, ho?
I know you; you're a tinker; sirrah tinker,
Stop no more holes but what you should.
Ger. *Dii boni!*
A tinker, damsel!
Daugh. Or a conjurer:
Raise me a devil now, and let him play
Qui passa o' the bells and bones.
Ger. Go, take her,
And fluently persuade her to a peace;
Et opus exegi, quod nec Jovis ira, nec ignis —
Strike up and lead her in.
Sec. Coun. Come, lass, let's trip it.
Daugh. I'll lead.
Third Coun. Do, do. [*Horns winded within.*
Ger. Persuasively and cunningly; away, boys!
I hear the horns: give me some meditation,
And mark your cue. [*Exeunt all except Gerrold.*
Pallas inspire me!

Enter THESEUS, PIRITHOUS, HIPPOLYTA, EMILIA, ARCITE, *and Train.*

Thes. This way the stag took.
Ger. Stay and edify.
Thes. What have we here?
Pir. Some country sport, upon my life, sir.
Thes. Well, sir, go forward; we will edify.—
Ladies, sit down: we'll stay it.
Ger. Thou doughty duke, all hail! All hail, sweet ladies!
Thes. This is a cold beginning.
Ger. If you but favor, our country pastime made is.
We are a few of those collected here,
That ruder tongues distinguish villager;
And, to say verity and not to fable,
We are a merry rout, or else a rable,

Or company, or, by a figure, choris,
That 'fore thy dignity will dance a morris.
And I, that am the rectifier of all,
By title *pædagogus*, that let fall
The birch upon the breeches of the small ones,
And humble with a ferula the tall ones,
Do here present this machine, or this frame:
And, dainty duke, whose doughty dismal fame
From Dis to Dædalus, from post to pillar,
Is blown abroad, help me, thy poor well-willer,
And, with thy twinkling eyes, look right and straight
Upon this mighty *morr* —of mickle weight—
Is—now comes in, which being glu'd together
Makes *morris*, and the cause that we came hither,
The body of our sport, of no small study.
I first appear, though rude and raw and muddy,
To speak, before thy noble grace, this tenner;
At whose great feet I offer up my penner.
The next, the Lord of May and Lady bright,
The Chambermaid and Servingman, by night
That seek out silent hanging: then mine Host
And his fat spouse, that welcome to his cost
The gallèd traveler, and with a beck'ning
Inform the tapster to inflame the reck'ning:
Then the beast-eating Clown, and next the Fool,
The Bavian, with long tail and eke long tool;
Cum multis aliis that make a dance:
Say "Ay" and all shall presently advance.

Thes. Ay, ay, by any means, dear domine.

Pir. Produce.

Ger. Intrate, filii; come forth, and foot it.

Re-enter the four Countrymen, *the* Bavian, *the five* Wenches, *and the* Taborer, *accompanied by the* Gaoler's Daughter, *and others of both sexes. They dance a morris.*

Ladies, if we have been merry,
And have pleas'd ye with a derry,
And a derry, and a down,
Say the schoolmaster's no clown.
Duke, if we have pleas'd thee too,
And have done as good boys should do,

Give us but a tree or twain
For a Maypole, and again,
Ere another year run out,
We'll make thee laugh, and all this rout.

Thes. Take twenty, domine.—How does my sweetheart?

Hip. Never so pleas'd, sir.

Emi. 'Twas an excellent dance; and for a preface, I never heard a better.

Thes. Schoolmaster, I thank you.—One see 'em all rewarded.

Pir. And here's something [*Gives money.* To paint your pole withal.

Thes. Now to our sports again.

Ger. May the stag thou hunt'st stand long,
And thy dogs be swift and strong!
May they kill him without lets,
And the ladies eat his doucets!

[*Exeunt Theseus, Pirithous, Hippolyta, Emilia, Arcite, and Train. Horns winded as they go out.*

Come, we're all made. *Dii Deæque omnes!*
Ye have danc'd rarely, wenches. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VI. *The same part of the forest as in Scene III.*

Enter PALAMON *from the bush.*

Pal. About this hour my cousin gave his faith
To visit me again, and with him bring
Two swords and two good armors: if he fail,
He's neither man nor soldier. When he left me,
I did not think a week could have restor'd
My lost strength to me, I was grown so low
And crest-fall'n with my wants: I thank thee, Arcite,
Thou'rt yet a fair foe; and I feel myself,
With this refreshing, able once again
To outdure danger. To delay it longer
Would make the world think, when it comes to hearing,
That I lay fatting like a swine, to fight,
And not a soldier: therefore, this blest morning
Shall be the last; and that sword he refuses,
If it but hold, I kill him with; 'tis justice:
So, love and fortune for me!

Enter ARCITE *with armors and swords.*

O, good morrow.
Arc. Good morrow, noble kinsman.
Pal. I have put you
To too much pains, sir.
Arc. That too much, fair cousin,
Is but a debt to honor and my duty.
Pal. Would you were so in all, sir! I could wish ye
As kind a kinsman as you force me find
A beneficial foe, that my embraces
Might thank ye, not my blows.
Arc. I shall think either,
Well done, a noble recompense.
Pal. Then I shall quit you.
Arc. Defy me in these fair terms, and you show
More than a mistress to me: no more anger,
As you love any thing that's honorable:
We were not bred to talk, man; when we're arm'd,
And both upon our guards, then let our fury,
Like meeting of two tides, fly strongly from us;
And then to whom the birthright of this beauty
Truly pertains — without upbraidings, scorns,
Despisings of our persons, and such poutings,
Fitter for girls and schoolboys — will be seen,
And quickly, yours or mine. Wilt please you arm, sir?
Or, if you feel yourself not fitting yet,
And furnish'd with your old strength, I'll stay, cousin,
And every day discourse you into health,
As I am spar'd: your person I am friends with;
And I could wish I had not said I lov'd her,
Though I had died; but, loving such a lady,
And justifying my love, I must not fly from't.
Pal. Arcite, thou art so brave an enemy,
That no man but thy cousin's fit to kill thee:
I'm well and lusty; choose your arms.
Arc. Choose you, sir.
Pal. Wilt thou exceed in all, or dost thou do it
To make me spare thee?
Arc. If you think so, cousin,
You are deceiv'd; for, as I am a soldier,
I will not spare you.

Pal. That's well said.
Arc. You'll find it.
Pal. Then, as I am an honest man, and love
With all the justice of affection,
I'll pay thee soundly. This I'll take.
Arc. That's mine, then.
I'll arm you first. [*Proceeds to put on Palamon's armor.*
Pal. Do. Pray thee, tell me, cousin,
Where gott'st thou this good armor?
Arc. 'Tis the duke's;
And, to say true, I stole't Do I pinch you?
Pal. No.
Arc. Is't not too heavy?
Pal. I have worn a lighter;
But I shall make it serve.
Arc. I'll buckle't close.
Pal. By any means.
Arc. You care not for a grand-guard?
Pal. No, no; we'll use no horses: I perceive
You'd fain be at that fight.
Arc. I am indifferent.
Pal. Faith, so am I. Good cousin, thrust the buckle
Through far enough.
Arc. I warrant you.
Pal. My casque now.
Arc. Will you fight bare-arm'd?
Pal. We shall be the nimbler.
Arc. But use your gauntlets though: those are o' the least;
Prithee, take mine, good cousin.
Pal. Thank you, Arcite.
How do I look? am I fall'n much away?
Arc. Faith, very little; Love has us'd you kindly.
Pal. I'll warrant thee I'll strike home.
Arc. Do, and spare not.
I'll give you cause, sweet cousin.
Pal. Now to you, sir
[*Proceeds to put on Arcite's armor.*
Methinks this armor's very like that, Arcite,
Thou wor'st that day the three kings fell, but lighter.
Arc. That was a very good one: and that day,
I well remember, you outdid me, cousin;

I never saw such valor: when you charg'd
Upon the left wing of the enemy,
I spurr'd hard to come up, and under me
I had a right good horse.
Pal. You had indeed;
A bright bay, I remember.
Arc. Yes. But all
Was vainly labor'd in me; you outwent me,
Nor could my wishes reach you: yet a little
I did by imitation.
Pal. More by virtue;
You're modest, cousin.
Arc. When I saw you charge first,
Methought I heard a dreadful clap of thunder
Break from the troop.
Pal. But still before that flew
The lightning of your valor. Stay a little:
Is not this piece too strait?
Arc. No, no; 'tis well.
Pal. I would have nothing hurt thee but my sword;
A bruise would be dishonor.
Arc. Now I'm perfect.
Pal. Stand off, then.
Arc. Take my sword; I hold it better.
Pal. I thank ye, no; keep it; your life lies on it:
Here's one, if it but hold, I ask no more
For all my hopes. My cause and honor guard me!
Arc. And me my love!
[*They bow several ways; then advance and stand.*
Is there aught else to say?
Pal. This only, and no more. Thou art mine aunt's son,
And that blood we desire to shed is mutual;
In me thine, and in thee mine: my sword
Is in my hand, and, if thou killest me,
The gods and I forgive thee: if there be
A place prepar'd for those that sleep in honor,
I wish his weary soul that falls may win it.
Fight bravely, cousin: give me thy noble hand.
Arc. Here, Palamon: this hand shall never more
Come near thee with such friendship.
Pal. I commend thee.
Arc. If I fall, curse me, and say I was a coward;

For none but such dare die in these just trials.
Once more, farewell, my cousin.

Pal. Farewell, Arcite.

[*They fight. Horns winded within: they stand.*

Arc. Lo, cousin, lo! our folly has undone us.

Pal. Why?

Arc. This is the duke, a-hunting as I told you;
If we be found, we're wretched; O, retire,
For honor's sake and safety, presently
Into your bush again, sir; we shall find
Too many hours to die in. Gentle cousin,
If you be seen, you perish instantly
For breaking prison; and I, if you reveal me,
For my contempt: then all the world will scorn us,
And say we had a noble difference,
But base disposers of it.

Pal. No, no, cousin;
I will no more be hidden, nor put off
This great adventure to a second trial:
I know your cunning and I know your cause:
He that faints now, shame take him! Put thyself
Upon thy present guard,—

Arc. You are not mad?

Pal. Or I will make th' advantage of this hour
Mine own; and what to come shall threaten me,
I fear less than my fortune. Know, weak cousin,
I love Emilia; and in that I'll bury
Thee, and all crosses else.

Arc. Then, come what can come,
Thou shalt know, Palamon, I dare as well
Die as discourse or sleep: only this fears me,
The law will have the honor of our ends.
Have at thy life!

Pal. Look to thine own well, Arcite.

[*They fight. Horns winded within.*

Enter THESEUS, HIPPOLYTA, EMILIA, PIRITHOUS, *and Train.*

Thes. What ignorant and mad-malicious traitors
Are you, that, 'gainst the tenor of my laws,
Are making battle, thus like knights appointed,

Without my leave, and officers of arms?
By Castor, both shall die.
Pal. Hold thy word, Theseus:
We're certainly both traitors, both despisers
Of thee and of thy goodness: I am Palamon,
That cannot love thee, he that broke thy prison;
Think well what that deserves: and this is Arcite;
A bolder traitor never trod thy ground,
A falser ne'er seem'd friend: this is the man
Was begg'd and banish'd: this is he contemns thee
And what thou dar'st do; and in this disguise,
Against thy own edict, follows thy sister,
That fortunate bright star, the fair Emilia;
Whose servant — if there be a right in seeing,
And first bequeathing of the soul to — justly
I am; and, which is more, dares think her his.
This treachery, like a most trusty lover,
I call'd him now to answer: if thou be'st,
As thou art spoken, great and virtuous,
The true decider of all injuries,
Say "Fight again!" and thou shalt see me, Theseus,
Do such a justice thou thyself wilt envy:
Then take my life; I'll woo thee to't.
Pir. O heaven,
What more than man is this!
Thes. I've sworn.
Arc. We seek not
Thy breath of mercy, Theseus: 'tis to me
A thing as soon to die as thee to say it,
And no more mov'd. Where this man calls me traitor,
Let me say thus much: if in love be treason,
In service of so excellent a beauty,
As I love most, and in that faith will perish,
As I have brought my life here to confirm it,
As I have serv'd her truest, worthiest,
As I dare kill this cousin that denies it,
So let me be most traitor, and ye please me.
For scorning thy edict, duke, ask that lady
Why she is fair, and why her eyes command me
Stay here to love her; and, if she say "traitor,"
I am a villain fit to lie unburied.
Pal. Thou shalt have pity of us both, O Theseus,

If unto neither thou show mercy; stop,
As thou art just, thy noble ear against us;
As thou art valiant, for thy cousin's soul,
Whose twelve strong labors crown his memory,
Let's die together, at one instant, duke;
Only a little let him fall before me,
That I may tell my soul he shall not have her.

Thes. I grant your wish; for, to say true, your cousin
Has ten times more offended, for I gave him
More mercy than you found, sir, your offenses
Being no more than his.— None here speak for 'em;
For, ere the sun set, both shall sleep for ever.

Hip. Alas, the pity!— Now or never, sister,
Speak, not to be denied: that face of yours
Will bear the curses else of after-ages
For these lost cousins.

Emi. In my face, dear sister,
I find no anger to 'em, nor no ruin;
The misadventure of their own eyes kill 'em:
Yet that I will be woman and have pity,
My knees shall grow to the ground but I'll get mercy.
Help me, dear sister: in a deed so virtuous
The powers of all women will be with us.—
Most royal brother,— [*They kneel.*

Hip. Sir, by our tie of marriage,—

Emi. By your own spotless honor,—

Hip. By that faith,
That fair hand, and that honest heart you gave me,—

Emi. By that you would have pity in another,
By your own virtues infinite,—

Hip. By valor,
By all the chaste nights I have ever pleas'd you,—

Thes. These are strange conjurings.

Pir. Nay, then, I'll in too:— [*Kneels.*
By all our friendship, sir, by all our dangers,
By all you love most, wars, and this sweet lady,—

Emi. By that you would have trembled to deny
A blushing maid,—

Hip. By your own eyes, by strength,
In which you swore I went beyond all women,
Almost all men, and yet I yielded, Theseus,—

Per. To crown all this, by your most noble soul,
Which cannot want due mercy, I beg first.
Hip. Next, hear my prayers.
Emi. Last, let me entreat, sir.
Pir. For mercy.
Hip. Mercy.
Emi. Mercy on these princes.
Thes. Ye make my faith reel: say I felt
Compassion to 'em both, how would you place it?
Emi. Upon their lives; but with their banishments.
Thes. You're a right woman, sister; you have pity,
But want the understanding where to use it.
If you desire their lives, invent a way
Safer than banishment: can these two live,
And have the agony of love about 'em,
And not kill one another? every day
They'd fight about you; hourly bring your honor
In public question with their swords. Be wise, then,
And here forget 'em; it concerns your credit
And my oath equally; I've said they die:
Better they fall by the law than one another.
Bow not my honor.
Emi. O my noble brother,
That oath was rashly made, and in your anger;
Your reason will not hold it: if such vows
Stand for express will, all the world must perish.
Beside, I have another oath 'gainst yours,
Of more authority, I'm sure more love;
Not made in passion neither, but good heed.
Thes. What is it, sister?
Pir. Urge it home, brave lady.
Emi. That you would ne'er deny me any thing
Fit for my modest suit and your free granting:
I tie you to your word now; if ye fail in't,
Think how you maim your honor,—
For now I'm set a-begging, sir, I'm deaf
To all but your compassion: how their lives
Might breed the ruin of my name's opinion!
Shall any thing that loves me perish for me?
That were a cruel wisdom: do men proin
The straight young boughs that blush with thousand blossoms,

Because they may be rotten? O Duke Theseus,
The goodly mothers that have groan'd for these,
And all the longing maids that ever lov'd them,
If your vow stand, shall curse me and my beauty,
And in their funeral songs for these two cousins
Despise my cruelty, and cry woe-worth me,
Till I am nothing but the scorn of women.
For heaven's sake save their lives, and banish 'em.

Thes. On what conditions?

Emi. Swear 'em never more
To make me their contention or to know me,
To tread upon thy dukedom, and to be,
Wherever they shall travel, ever strangers
To one another.

Pal. I'll be cut a-pieces
Before I take this oath: forget I love her?
O all ye gods, despise me, then. Thy banishment
I not mislike, so we may fairly carry
Our swords and cause along; else, never trifle,
But take our lives, duke: I must love, and will;
And for that love must and dare kill this cousin,
On any piece the earth has.

Thes. Will you, Arcite,
Take these conditions?

Pal. He's a villain, then.

Pir. These are men!

Arc. No, never, duke; 'tis worse to me than begging,
To take my life so basely. Though I think
I never shall enjoy her, yet I'll preserve
The honor of affection, and die for her,
Make death a devil.

Thes. What may be done? for now I feel compassion.

Pir. Let it not fall again, sir.

Thes. Say, Emilia,
If one of them were dead, as one must, are you
Content to take the other to your husband?
They cannot both enjoy you: they are princes
As goodly as your own eyes, and as noble
As ever fame yet spoke of: look upon 'em,
And, if you can love, end this difference;
I give consent.— Are you content too, princes?

Pal. } With all our souls.
Arc. }
Thes. He that she refuses
Must die, then.
Pal. } Any death thou canst invent, duke.
Arc. }
Pal. If I fall from that mouth, I fall with favor,
And lovers yet unborn shall bless my ashes.
Arc. If she refuse me, yet my grave will wed me,
And soldiers sing my epitaph.
Thes. Make choice, then.
Emi. I cannot, sir; they're both too excellent:
For me, a hair shall never fall of these men.
Hip. What will become of 'em?
Thes. Thus I ordain it;
And, by mine honor, once again it stands,
Or both shall die.— You shall both to your country;
And each, within this month, accompanied
With three fair knights, appear again in this place,
In which I'll plant a pyramid; and whether.
Before us that are here, can force his cousin
By fair and knightly strength to touch the pillar,
He shall enjoy her; th' other lose his head,
And all his friends; nor shall he grudge to fall,
Nor think he dies with interest in this lady.
Will this content ye?
Pal. Yes.— Here, cousin Arcite,
I'm friends again till that hour.
Arc. I embrace ye.
Thes. Are you content, sister?
Emi. Yes; I must, sir;
Else both miscarry.
Thes. Come, shake hands again, then;
And take heed, as you're gentlemen, this quarrel
Sleep till the hour prefix'd, and hold your course.
Pal. We dare not fail thee, Theseus.
Thes. Come, I'll give ye
Now usage like to princes and to friends.
When ye return, who wins, I'll settle here;
Who loses, yet I'll weep upon his bier. [*Exeunt.*

ACT IV.

SCENE I. *Athens. A room in the prison.*

Enter Gaoler *and* First Friend.

Gaoler. Hear you no more? was nothing said of me
Concerning the escape of Palamon?
Good sir, remember.
First Friend. Nothing that I heard;
For I came home before the business
Was fully ended: yet I might perceive,
Ere I departed, a great likelihood
Of both their pardons; for Hippolyta
And fair-ey'd Emily upon their knees
Begg'd with such handsome pity, that the duke
Methought stood staggering whether he should follow
His rash oath, or the sweet compassion
Of those two ladies; and to second them,
That truly noble prince Pirithous,
Half his own heart, set in too, that I hope
All shall be well: neither heard I one question
Of your name or his scape.
Gaoler. Pray heaven, it hold so!

Enter Second Friend.

Sec. Friend. Be of good comfort, man: I bring you news,
Good news.
Gaoler. They're welcome.
Sec. Friend. Palamon has clear'd you,
And got your pardon, and discover'd how
And by whose means he scap'd, which was your daughter's.
Whose pardon is procur'd too; and the prisoner —
Not to be held ungrateful to her goodness —
Has given a sum of money to her marriage,
A large one, I'll assure you.
Gaoler. Ye're a good man,
And ever bring good news.
First Friend. How was it ended?

Sec. Friend. Why, as it should be; they that never begg'd
But they prevail'd, had their suits fairly granted:
The prisoners have their lives.
First Friend. I knew 'twould be so.
Sec. Friend. But there be new conditions, which you'll hear of.
At better time.
Gaoler. I hope they're good.
Sec. Friend. They're honorable:
How good they'll prove, I know not.
First Friend. 'Twill be known.

Enter Wooer.

Wooer. Alas, sir, where's your daughter?
Gaoler. Why do you ask?
Wooer. O, sir, when did you see her?
Sec. Friend. How he looks!
Gaoler. This morning.
Wooer. Was she well? was she in health, sir?
When did she sleep?
First Friend. These are strange questions.
Gaoler. I do not think she was very well; for, now
You make me mind her, but this very day
I ask'd her questions, and she answer'd me
So far from what she was, so childishly,
So sillily, as if she were a fool,
An innocent; and I was very angry.
But what of her, sir?
Wooer. Nothing but my pity:
But you must know it, and as good by me
As by another that less loves her.
Gaoler. Well, sir?
First Friend. Not right?
Sec. Friend. Not well?
Wooer. No, sir; not well:
'Tis too true, she is mad.
First Friend. It cannot be.
Wooer. Believe, you'll find it so.
Gaoler. I half suspected
What you have told me; the gods comfort her!
Either this was her love to Palamon,

Or fear of my miscarrying on his scape,
Or both.

Wooer. 'Tis likely.

Gaoler. But why all this haste, sir?

Wooer. I'll tell you quickly. As I late was angling
In the great lake that lies behind the palace,
From the far' shore, thick set with reeds and sedges,
As patiently I was attending sport,
I heard a voice, a shrill one; and attentive
I gave my ear; when I might well perceive
'Twas one that sung, and, by the smallness of it,
A boy or woman. I then left my angle
To his own skill, came near, but yet perceiv'd not
Who made the sound, the rushes and the reeds
Had so encompass'd it: I laid me down,
And listen'd to the words she sung; for then,
Through a small glade cut by the fishermen,
I saw it was your daughter.

Gaoler. Pray, go on, sir.

Wooer. She sung much, but no sense; only I heard her
Repeat this often, "Palamon is gone,
Is gone to the wood to gather mulberries;
I'll find him out to-morrow."

First Friend. Pretty soul!

Wooer. "His shackles will betray him, he'll be taken;
And what shall I do then? I'll bring a bery,
A hundred black-ey'd maids that love as I do,
With chaplets on their heads of daffodillies,
With cherry lips, and cheeks of damask roses,
And all we'll dance an antic 'fore the duke,
And beg his pardon." Then she talk'd of you, sir;
That you must lose your head to-morrow morning,
And she must gather flowers to bury you,
And see the house made handsome. Then she sung
Nothing but "Willow, willow, willow;" and between
Ever was, "Palamon, fair Palamon,"
And "Palamon was a tall young man." The place
Was knee-deep where she sat; her careless tresses
A wreath of bulrush rounded; about her stuck
Thousand fresh water-flowers of several colors;
That methought she appear'd like the fair nymph

That feeds the lake with waters, or as Iris
Newly dropt down from heaven. Rings she made
Of rushes that grew by, and to 'em spoke
The prettiest posies,— "Thus our true love's tied,"
"This you may loose, not me," and many a one;
And then she wept, and sung again, and sigh'd,
And with the same breath smil'd, and kiss'd her hand.
Sec. Friend. Alas, what pity 'tis!
Wooer. I made in to her:
She saw me, and straight sought the flood; I sav'd her,
And set her safe to land: when presently
She slipt away, and to the city made,
With such a cry, and swiftness, that, believe me,
She left me far behind her. Three or four
I saw from far off cross her, one of 'em
I knew to be your brother; where she stay'd,
And fell, scarce to be got away: I left them with her,
And hither came to tell you. Here they are.

Enter Gaoler's Brother, Gaoler's Daughter, *and others.*

Daugh. [*sings*]

May you never more enjoy the light, &c.

Is not this a fine song?
Broth. O, a very fine one!
Daugh. I can sing twenty more.
Broth. I think you can.
Daugh. Yes, truly, can I; I can sing *The Broom*
And *Bonny Robin.* Are not you a tailor?
Broth. Yes.
Daugh. Where's my wedding gown?
Broth. I'll bring't to-morrow.
Daugh. Do, very rearly; I must be abroad else,
To call the maids and pay the minstrels;
For I must lose my maidenhead by cock-light;
'Twill never thrive else.

O fair, O sweet, &c. [*Sings.*

Broth. You must even take it patiently.
Gaoler. 'Tis true.
Daugh. Good even, good men. Pray, did you ever hear
Of one young Palamon?

Gaoler. Yes, wench, we know him.
Daugh. Is't not a fine young gentleman?
Gaoler. 'Tis love!
Broth. By no means cross her; she is then distemper'd
Far worse than now she shows.
First Friend. Yes, he's a fine man.
Daugh. O, is he so? You have a sister?
First Friend. Yes.
Daugh. But she shall never have him, tell her so,
For a trick that I know: y' had best look to her,
For, if she see him once, she's gone; she's done,
And undone in an hour. All the young maids
Of our town are in love with him: but I laugh at 'em,
And let 'em all alone; is't not a wise course?
First Friend. Yes.
Daugh. There is at least two hundred now with child by him,—
There must be four; yet I keep close for all this,
Close as a cockle; and all these must be boys,—
He has the trick on't; and at ten years old
They must be all gelt for musicians,
And sing the wars of Theseus.
Sec. Friend. This is strange.
Daugh. As ever you heard: but say nothing.
First Friend. No.
Daugh. They come from all parts of the dukedom to him;
I'll warrant ye, he had not so few last night
As twenty to dispatch; he'll tickle't up
In two hours, if his hand be in.
Gaoler. She's lost,
Past all cure.
Broth. Heaven forbid, man!
Daugh. Come hither; you're a wise man.
First Friend. Does she know him?
Sec. Friend. No, would she did!
Daugh. You're master of a ship?
Gaoler. Yes.
Daugh. Where's your compass?
Gaoler. Here.
Daugh. Set it to the north;

And now direct your course to the wood, where Palamon
Lies longing for me; for the tackling
Let me alone: come, weigh, my hearts, cheerly!
All. Owgh, owgh, owgh! 'tis up, the wind is fair:
Top the bowling; out with the main-sail:
Where's your whistle, master?
Broth. Let's get her in.
Gaoler. Up to the top, boy!
Broth. Where's the pilot?
First Friend. Here.
Daugh. What kenn'st thou?
Sec. Friend. A fair wood.
Daugh. Bear for it, master;
Tack about!

When Cynthia with her borrow'd light, &c. [*Sings.*

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. *Athens. An apartment in the palace.*

Enter EMILIA *with two pictures.*

Emi. Yet I may bind those wounds up, that must open
And bleed to death for my sake else; I'll choose,
And end their strife: two such young handsome men
Shall never fall for me; their weeping mothers,
Following the dead-cold ashes of their sons,
Shall never curse my cruelty. Good heaven,
What a sweet face has Arcite! If wise Nature,
With all her best endowments, all those beauties
She sows into the births of noble bodies,
Were here a mortal woman, and had in her
The coy denials of young maids, yet doubtless
She would run mad for this man: what an eye,
Of what a fiery sparkle and quick sweetness,
Has this young prince! here Love himself sits smiling;
Just such another wanton Ganymede
Set Jove a-fire with, and enforc'd the god
Snatch up the goodly boy, and set him by him,
A shining constellation: what a brow,
Of what a spacious majesty, he carries,
Arch'd like the great-ey'd Juno's, but far sweeter,
Smoother than Pelops' shoulder! Fame and Honor,
Methinks, from hence, as from a promontory

Pointed in heaven, should clap their wings, and sing,
To all the under-world, the loves and fights
Of gods, and such men near 'em. Palamon
Is but his foil; to him, a mere dull shadow:
He's swarth and meager, of an eye as heavy
As if he had lost his mother; a still temper,
No stirring in him, no alacrity;
Of all this sprightly sharpness, not a smile;—
Yet these that we count errors may become him:
Narcissus was a sad boy, but a heavenly.
O, who can find the bent of woman's fancy?
I am a fool, my reason is lost in me;
I have no choice, and I have lied so lewdly
That women ought to beat me. On my knees
I ask pardon, Palamon; thou art alone,
And only beautiful; and these thy eyes,
These the bright lamps of beauty, that command
And threaten Love; and what young maid dare cross 'em?
What a bold gravity, and yet inviting,
Has this brown manly face! O Love, this only
From this hour is complexion. Lie there, Arcite;
Thou art a changeling to him, a mere gypsy,
And this the noble body. I am sotted,
Utterly lost; my virgin faith has fled me.
For, if my brother but even now had ask'd me
Whether I lov'd, I had run mad for Arcite;
Now if my sister, more for Palamon.—
Stand both together.—Now, come, ask me, brother;—
Alas, I know not!—Ask me now, sweet sister;—
I may go look!—What a mere child is fancy,
That, having two fair gauds of equal sweetness,
Cannot distinguish, but must cry for both!

Enter a Gentleman.

How now, sir!

Gent. From the noble duke your brother,
Madam, I bring you news: the knights are come.

Emi. To end the quarrel?

Gent. Yes.

Emi. Would I might end first!
What sins have I committed, chaste Diana,
That my unspotted youth must now be soil'd

With blood of princes, and my chastity
Be made the altar where the lives of lovers —
Two greater and two better never yet
Made mothers joy — must be the sacrifice
To my unhappy beauty ?

Enter THESEUS, HIPPOLYTA, PIRITHOUS, *and* Attendants.

Thes. Bring 'em in
Quickly by any means ; I long to see 'em.—
Your two contending lovers are return'd,
And with them their fair knights : now, my fair sister,
You must love one of them.
Emi. I had rather both,
So neither for my sake should fall untimely.
Thes. Who saw 'em ?
Pir. I a while.
Gent. And I.

Enter Messenger.

Thes. From whence come you, sir ?
Mess. From the knights.
Thes. Pray, speak,
You that have seen them, what they are.
Mess. I will, sir,
And truly what I think. Six braver spirits
Than those they've brought — if we judge by th' outside —
I never saw nor read of. He that stands
In the first place with Arcite, by his seeming
Should be a stout man, by his face a prince,—
His very looks so say him ; his complexion
Nearer a brown than black ; stern, and yet noble,
Which shows him hardy, fearless, proud of dangers ;
The circles of his eyes show fire within him,
And as a heated lion so he looks ;
His hair hangs long behind him, black and shining
Like ravens' wings ; his shoulders broad and strong ;
Arm'd long and round ; and on his thigh a sword
Hung by a curious baldrick, when he frowns
To seal his will with ; better, o' my conscience,
Was never soldier's friend.

Thes. Thou'st well describ'd him.
Pir. Yet a great deal short,
Methinks, of him that's first with Palamon.
Thes. Pray, speak him, friend.
Pir. I guess he is a prince too,
And, if it may be, greater; for his show
Has all the ornament of honor in't:
He's somewhat bigger than the knight he spoke of,
But of a face far sweeter; his complexion
Is, as a ripe grape, ruddy; he has felt,
Without doubt, what he fights for, and so apter
To make this cause his own; in's face appears
All the fair hopes of what he undertakes;
And when he's angry, then a settled valor,
Not tainted with extremes, runs through his body,
And guides his arm to brave things; fear he cannot,
He shows no such soft temper; his head's yellow,
Hard-hair'd, and curl'd, thick-twin'd, like ivy-tops,
Not to undo with thunder; in his face
The livery of the warlike maid appears,
Pure red and white, for yet no beard has blest him;
And in his rolling eyes sits Victory,
As if she ever meant to crown his valor;
His nose stands high, a character of honor,
His red lips, after fights, are fit for ladies.
Emi. Must these men die too?
Pir. When he speaks, his tongue
Sounds like a trumpet; all his lineaments
Are as a man would wish 'em, strong and clean;
He wears a well-steel'd ax, the staff of gold,
His age some five-and-twenty.
Mess. There's another
A little man, but of a tough soul, seeming
As great as any; fairer promises
In such a body yet I never look'd on.
Pir. O, he that's freckle-fac'd?
Mess. The same, my lord?
Are they not sweet ones?
Pir. Yes, they're well.
Mess. Methinks,
Being so few and well-dispos'd, they show
Great and fine art in nature. He's white-hair'd,

Not wanton-white, but such a manly color
Next to an auburn; tough and nimble-set,
Which shows an active soul; his arms are brawny,
Lin'd with strong sinews; to the shoulder-piece
Gently they swell, like women new-conceiv'd,
Which speaks him prone to labor, never fainting
Under the weight of arms; stout-hearted, still,
But, when he stirs, a tiger; he's gray-ey'd,
Which yields compassion where he conquers; sharp
To spy advantages, and where he finds 'em,
He's swift to make 'em his; he does no wrongs,
Nor takes none; he's round-fac'd, and when he smiles
He shows a lover, when he frowns a soldier;
About his head he wears the winner's oak,
And in it stuck the favor of his lady;
His age some six-and-thirty; in his hand
He bears a charging-staff, emboss'd with silver.

Thes. Are they all thus?

Pir. They're all the sons of honor.

Thes. Now, as I have a soul, I long to see 'em.—
Lady; you shall see men fight now.

Hip. I wish it,
But not the cause, my lord: they would show
Bravely about the titles of two kingdoms:
'Tis pity Love should be so tyrannous.—
O my soft-hearted sister, what think you?
Weep not, till they weep blood, wench: it must be.

Thes. You've steel'd 'em with your beauty.— Honor'd friend,
To you I give the field; pray, order it
Fitting the persons that must use it.

Pir. Yes, sir.

Thes. Come, I'll go visit 'em: I cannot stay —
Their fame has fir'd me so — till they appear.
Good friend, be royal.

Pir. There shall want no bravery.

Emi. Poor wench, go weep; for whosoever wins
Loses a noble cousin for thy sins. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III. *Athens. A room in the prison.*

Enter Gaoler, Wooer, *and* Doctor.

Doctor. Her distraction is more at some time of the moon than at other some, is it not?

Gaoler. She is continually in a harmless distemper; sleeps little; altogether without appetite, save often drinking; dreaming of another world and a better; and what broken piece of matter soe'er she's about, the name Palamon lards it; that she farces every business withal, fits it to every question.—Look, where she comes; you shall perceive her behavior.

Enter Gaoler's Daughter.

Daugh. I have forgot it quite; the burden on't was *Down-a, down-a;* and penned by no worse man than Geraldo, Emilia's schoolmaster: he's as fantastical, too, as ever he may go upon's legs; for in the next world will Dido see Palamon, and then will she be out of love with Æneas.

Doctor. What stuff's here! poor soul!

Gaoler. Even thus all day long.

Daugh. Now for this charm that I told you of. You must bring a piece of silver on the tip of your tongue, or no ferry: then, if it be your chance to come where the blessed spirits are—there's a sight now!—we maids that have our livers perished, cracked to pieces with love, we shall come there, and do nothing all day long but pick flowers with Proserpine; then will I make Palamon a nosegay; then let him—mark me—then—

Doctor. How prettily she's amiss! note her a little further.

Daughter. Faith, I'll tell you; sometimes we go to barley-break, we of the blessed. Alas, 'tis a sure life they have i' th' other place, such burning, frying, boiling, hissing, howling, chattering, cursing! O, they have shrewd measure! Take heed: if one be mad, or hang, or drown themselves, thither they go: Jupiter bless us! and there shall we be put in a caldron of lead and usurers' grease, amongst a whole million of cut-purses, and there boil like a gammon of bacon that will never be enough.

Doctor. How her brain coins!

Daugh. Lords and courtiers that have got maids with child, they are in this place; they shall stand in fire up to the navel, and in ice up to the heart, and there th' offending part burns, and the deceiving part freezes; in troth, a very grievous punishment, as one would think, for such a trifle: believe me, one would marry a leprous witch to be rid on't, I'll assure you.

Doctor. How she continues this fancy! 'Tis not an engraffed madness, but a most thick and profound melancholy.

Daugh. To hear there a proud lady and a proud city-wife howl together! I were a beast, an I'd call it good sport: one cries, "O, this smoke!" th' other, "This fire!" one cries, "O, that ever I did it behind the arras!" and then howls; th' other curses a suing fellow and her garden-house. [*Sings.*

I will be true, my stars, my fate, &c. [*Exit.*

Gaoler. What think you of her, sir?

Doctor. I think she has a perturbed mind which I cannot minister to.

Gaoler. Alas, what then?

Doctor. Understand you she ever affected any man ere she beheld Palamon?

Gaoler. I was once, sir, in great hope she had fixed her liking on this gentleman, my friend.

Wooer. I did think so too; and would account I had a great pen'worth on't, to give half my state, that both she and I at this present stood unfeignedly on the same terms.

Doctor. That intemperate surfeit of her eye hath distempered the other senses: they may return and settle again to execute their preordained faculties; but they are now in a most extravagant vagary. This you must do: confine her to a place where the light may rather seem to steal in than be permitted. Take upon you, young sir, her friend, the name of Palamon; say you come to eat with her, and to commune of love; this will catch her attention, for this her mind beats upon; other objects, that are inserted 'tween her mind and eye, become the pranks and friskings of her madness: sing to her such green songs of love as she says Palamon hath sung in prison;

come to her, stuck in as sweet flowers as the season is mistress of, and thereto make an addition of some other compounded odors, which are grateful to the sense: all this shall become Palamon, for Palamon can sing, and Palamon is sweet, and every good thing: desire to eat with her, carve her, drink to her, and still among intermingle your petition of grace and acceptance into her favor: learn what maids have been her companions and play-feres; and let them repair to her with Palamon in their mouths, and appear with tokens, as if they suggested for him. It is a falsehood she is in, which is with falsehoods to be combated. This may bring her to eat, to sleep, and reduce what's now out of square in her into their former law and regiment: I have seen it approved, how many times I know not; but to make the number more I have great hope in this. I will, between the passages of this project, come in with my appliance. Let us put it in execution; and hasten the success, which, doubt not, will bring forth comfort. [*Exeunt.*

ACT V.

SCENE I. *Athens. A court before the temples of Mars, Venus, and Diana.*

A flourish. Enter THESEUS, PIRITHOUS, HIPPOLYTA, *and* Attendants.

Thes. Now let 'em enter, and before the gods
Tender their holy prayers: let the temples
Burn bright with sacred fires, and the altars
In hallow'd clouds commend their swelling incense
To those above us; let no due be wanting:
They have a noble work in hand, will honour
The very powers that love 'em.

Pir. Sir, they enter.

A flourish of cornets. Enter PALAMON, ARCITE, *and their* Knights.

Thes. You valiant and strong-hearted enemies,
You royal germane foes, that this day come
To blow that nearness out that flames between ye,
Lay by your anger for an hour, and dove-like

Before the holy altars of your helpers,
The all-fear'd gods, bow down your stubborn bodies:
Your ire is more than mortal; so your help be!
And, as the gods regard ye, fight with justice:
I'll leave you to your prayers, and betwixt ye
I part my wishes.

Pir. Honor crown the worthiest!

[*Exeunt all except Palamon, Arcite, and their knights.*

Pal. The glass is running now that cannot finish
Till one of us expire: think you but thus,
That, were there aught in me which strove to show
Mine enemy in this business, were't one eye
Against another, arm oppress'd by arm,
I would destroy th' offender; coz, I would,
Though parcel of myself: then from this gather
How I should tender you.

Arc. I am in labor
To push your name, your ancient love, our kindred,
Out of my memory; and i' the self-same place
To seat something I would confound: so hoist we
The sails, that must these vessels port even where
The heavenly limiter pleases.

Pal. You speak well.
Before I turn, let me embrace thee, cousin:
This I shall never do again.

Arc. One farewell!

Pal. Why, let it be so: farewell, coz!

Arc. Farewell, sir!

[*They embrace.— Exeunt Palamon and his Knights.*

Knights, kinsmen, lovers, yea, my sacrifices,
True worshipers of Mars, whose spirit in you
Expels the seeds of fear, and th' apprehension
Which still is father of it, go with me
Before the god of our profession: there
Require of him the hearts of lions, and
The breath of tigers, yea, the fierceness too,
Yea, the speed also,— to go on, I mean,
Else wish we to be snails: you know my prize
Must be dragg'd out of blood; force and great feat
Must put my garland on, where she sticks
The queen of flowers; our intercession, then,
Must be to him that makes the camp a cestron

Brimm'd with the blood of men: give me your aid,
And bend your spirits towards him.

[*They advance to the altar of Mars, and fall on their faces; then kneel.*

Thou mighty one, that with thy power hast turn'd
Green Neptune into purple; whose approach
Comets prewarn; whose havoc in vast field
Unearthèd skulls proclaim; whose breath blows down
The teeming Ceres' foison; who dost pluck
With hand armipotent from forth blue clouds
The mason'd turrets; that both mak'st and break'st
The stony girths of cities; me thy pupil,
Young'st follower of thy drum, instruct this day
With military skill, that to thy laud
I may advance my streamer, and by thee
Be styl'd the lord o' the day;—give me, great Mars,
Some token of thy pleasure.

[*Here they fall on their faces as before, and there is heard clanging of armor, with a short thunder, as the burst of a battle, whereupon they all rise and bow to the altar.*

O great corrector of enormous times,
Shaker of o'er-rank states, thou grand decider
Of dusty and old titles, that heal'st with blood
The earth when it is sick, and cur'st the world
O' the plurisy of people; I do take
Thy signs auspiciously, and in thy name
To my design march boldly.—Let us go. [*Exeunt.*

Re-enter PALAMON *and his* Knights.

Pal. Our stars must glister with new fire, or be
To-day extinct; our argument is love,
Which if the goddess of it grant, she gives
Victory too: then blend your spirits with mine,
You, whose free nobleness do make my cause
Your personal hazard: to the goddess Venus
Commend we our proceeding, and implore
Her power unto our party.

[*They advance to the altar of Venus, and fall on their faces; then kneel.*

Hail, sovereign queen of secrets, who hast power
To call the fiercest tyrant from his rage,

To weep unto a girl; that hast the might
Even with an eye-glance to choke Mars's drum
And turn th' alarm to whispers; that canst make
A cripple flourish with his crutch, and cure him
Before Apollo: that mayst force the king
To be his subject's vassal, and induce
Stale gravity to dance; the pollèd bachelor —
Whose youth, like wanton boys through bonfires,
Have skipt thy flame — at seventy thou canst catch,
And make him, to the scorn of his hoarse throat,
Abuse young lays of love: what godlike power
Hast thou not power upon? to Phœbus thou
Add'st flames, hotter than his; the heavenly fires
Did scorch his mortal son, thine him: the huntress
All moist and cold, some say, began to throw
Her bow away, and sigh: take to thy grace
Me, thy vow'd soldier, who do bear thy yoke
As 'twere a wreath of roses, yet is heavier
Than lead itself, stings more than nettles: I
Have never been foul-mouth'd against thy law;
Ne'er reveal'd secret, for I knew none,— would not,
Had I kenn'd all that were; I never practic'd
Upon man's wife, nor would the libels read
Of liberal wits; I never at great feasts
Sought to betray a beauty, but have blush'd
At simpering sirs that did; I have been harsh
To large confessors, and have hotly ask'd them
If they had mothers? I had one, a woman,
And women 'twere they wrong'd: I knew a man
Of eighty winters,— this I told them,— who
A lass of fourteen brided; 'twas thy power
To put life into dust; the agèd cramp
Had screw'd his square foot round,
The gout had knit his fingers into knots,
Torturing convulsions from his globy eyes
Had almost drawn their spheres, that what was life
In him seem'd torture; this anatomy
Had by his young fair fere a boy, and I
Believ'd it was his, for she swore it was,
And who would not believe her? Brief, I am
To those that prate, and have done, no companion;
To those that boast, and have not, a defier;

To those that would, and cannot, a rejoicer.
Yea, him I do not love, that tells close offices
The foulest way, nor names concealments in
The boldest language; such a one I am,
And vow that lover never yet made sigh
Truer than I. O, then, most soft-sweet goddess,
Give me the victory of this question, which
Is true love's merit, and bless me with a sign
Of thy great pleasure.

[*Here music is heard, and doves are seen to flutter; they fall again upon their faces, then on their knees.*

O you that from eleven to ninety reign st
In mortal bosoms, whose chase is this world,
And we in herds thy game, I give thee thanks
For this fair token; which being laid unto
Mine innocent-true heart, arms in assurance
My body to this business.—Let us rise,
And bow before the goddess: time comes on

[*They bow, and then exeunt.*

Still music of records. Enter EMILIA *in white, her hair about her shoulders, and wearing a wheaten wreath; one in white holding up her train, her hair stuck with flowers; one before her carrying a silver hind, in which is conveyed incense and sweet odors, which being set upon the altar of Diana, her Maids standing about, she sets fire to it; then they courtesy and kneel.*

Emi. O sacred, shadowy, cold, and constant queen,
Abandoner of revels, mute, contemplative,
Sweet, solitary, white as chaste, and pure
As wind-fann'd snow, who to thy female knights
Allow'st no more blood than will make a blush,
Which is their order's rule: I here, thy priest,
Am humbled 'fore thine altar: O, vouchsafe,
With that thy rare green eye—which never yet
Beheld thing maculate—look on thy virgin;
And, sacred silver mistress, lend thine ear—
Which ne'er heard scurril term, into whose port
Ne'er enter'd wanton sound—to my petition,
Season'd with holy fear. This is my last

Of vestal office; I'm bride-habited,
But maiden-hearted: a husband I have 'pointed,
But do not know him; out of two I should
Choose one, and pray for his success; but I
Am guiltless of election: of mine eyes
Were I to lose one,—they are equal precious,—
I could doom neither; that which perish'd should
Go to't unsentenc'd: therefore, most modest queen,
He, of the two pretenders, that best loves me
And has the truest title in't, let him
Take off my wheaten garland, or else grant
The file and quality I hold I may
Continue in thy band.
[*Here the hind vanishes under the altar, and in the place ascends a rose-tree, having one rose upon it.*
See what our general of ebbs and flows
Out from the bowels of her holy altar
With sacred act advances; but one rose!
If well inspir'd, this battle shall confound
Both these brave knights, and I, a virgin flower,
Must grow alone, unpluck'd.
[*Here is heard a sudden twang of instruments, and the rose falls from the tree, which vanishes under the altar.*
The flower is fall'n, the tree descends.— O mistress,
Thou here dischargest me; I shall be gather'd,
I think so; but I know not thine own will:
Unclasp thy mystery.— I hope she's pleas'd;
Her signs were gracious. [*They courtesy, and then exeunt.*

SCENE II. *Athens. A room in the prison.*

Enter Doctor, Gaoler, *and* Wooer *in the habit of* PALAMON.

Doctor. Has this advice I told you done any good upon her?

Wooer. O, very much; the maids that kept her company
Have half persuaded her that I am Palamon;
Within this half-hour she came smiling to me,
And ask'd me what I'd eat, and when I'd kiss her:
I told her presently, and kiss'd her twice.

Doctor. 'Twas well done: twenty times had been far
For there the cure lies mainly. [better.
Wooer. Then she told me
She'd watch with me to-night, for well she knew
What hour my fit would take me,
Doctor. Let her do so;
And, when your fit comes, fit her home and presently.
Wooer. She would have me sing.
Doctor. You did so?
Wooer. No.
Doctor. 'Twas very ill done, then,
You should observe her every way.
Wooer. Alas,
I have no voice, sir, to confirm her that way!
Doctor. That's all one, if ye make a noise:
If she entreat again, do any thing;
Lie with her, if she ask you.
Gaoler. Ho, there, doctor!
Doctor. Yes, in the way of cure.
Gaoler. But first, by your leave,
I' the way of honesty.
Doctor. That's but a niceness;
Ne'er cast your child away for honesty;
Cure her first this way; then, if she'll be honest,
She has the path before her.
Gaoler. Thank ye, doctor.
Doctor. Pray, bring her in,
And let's see how she is.
Gaoler. I will, and tell her
Her Palamon stays for her: but, doctor,
Methinks you are i' the wrong still. [*Exit.*
Doctor. Go, go;
You fathers are fine fools: her honesty!
And we should give her physic till we find that —
Wooer. Why, do you think she is not honest, sir?
Doctor. How old is she?
Wooer. She's eighteen.
Doctor. She may be;
But that's all one, 'tis nothing to our purpose:
Whate'er her father says, if you perceive
Her mood inclining that way that I spoke of,
Videlicet, the way of flesh — you have me?

Wooer. Yes, very well, sir.
Doctor. Please her appetite,
And do it home; it cures her, *ipso facto*,
The melancholy humor that infects her.
Wooer. I am of your mind, doctor.
Doctor. You'll find it so. She comes: pray, humor her.

Re-enter Gaoler, *with his* Daughter *and* Maid.

Gaoler. Come; your love Palamon stays for you, child,
And has done this long hour, to visit you.
Daugh. I thank him for his gentle patience;
He's a kind gentleman, and I'm much bound to him.
Did you ne'er see the horse he gave me?
Gaoler. Yes.
Daugh. How do you like him?
Gaoler. He's a very fair one.
Daugh. You never saw him dance?
Gaoler. No.
Daugh. I have often:
He dances very finely, very comely;
And, for a jig, come cut and long tail to him;
He turns ye like a top.
Gaoler. That's fine indeed.
Daugh. He'll dance the morris twenty mile an hour,
And that will founder the best hobby-horse,
If I have any skill, in all the parish;
And gallops to the tune of *Light o' Love:*
What think you of this horse?
Gaoler. Having these virtues,
I think he might be brought to play at tennis.
Daugh. Alas, that's nothing.
Gaoler. Can he write and read too?
Daugh. A very fair hand; and cast himself th' accounts
Of all his hay and provender; that hostler
Must rise betime that cozens him. You know
The chestnut mare the duke has?
Gaoler. Very well.
Daugh. She's horribly in love with him, poor beast;
But he is like his master, coy and scornful.
Gaoler. What dowry has she?
Daugh. Some two hundred bottles,
And twenty strike of oats; but he'll ne'er have her:

He lisps in's neighing, able to entice
A miller's mare; he'll be the death of her.
Doctor. What stuff she utters!
Gaoler. Make court'sy; here your love comes.
Wooer. Pretty soul,
How do ye? That's a fine maid; there's a court'sy!
Daugh. Yours to command, i' the way of honesty.
How far is't now to th' end o' the world, my masters?
Doctor. Why, a day's journey, wench.
Daugh. Will you go with me?
Wooer. What shall we do there, wench?
Daugh. Why, play at stool-ball:
What is there else to do?
Wooer. I am content,
If we shall keep our wedding there.
Daugh. 'Tis true:
For there, I will assure you, we shall find
Some blind priest for the purpose, that will venture
To marry us, for here they're nice and foolish;
Besides, my father must be hang'd to-morrow,
And that would be a blot i' the business.
Are not you Palamon?
Wooer. Do not you know me?
Daugh. Yes; but you care not for me: I have nothing
But this poor petticoat and two coarse smocks.
Wooer. That's all one; I will have you.
Daugh. Will you surely?
Wooer. Yes, by this fair hand, will I.
Daugh. We'll to bed, then.
Wooer. Even when you will. [*Kisses her.*
Daugh. O, sir, you'd fain be nibbling.
Wooer. Why do you rub my kiss off?
Daugh. 'Tis a sweet one,
And will perfume me finely 'gainst the wedding.
Is not this your cousin Arcite?
Doctor. Yes, sweetheart;
And I am glad my cousin Palamon
Has made so fair a choice.
Daugh. Do you think he'll have me?
Doctor. Yes, without doubt.
Daugh. Do you think so too?
Gaoler. Yes.

Daugh. We shall have many children.—Lord, how ye're grown!
My Palamon I hope will grow, too, finely,
Now he's at liberty: alas, poor chicken,
He was kept down with hard meat and ill lodging;
But I'll kiss him up again.

Enter Messenger.

Mess. What do you here? you'll lose the noblest sight
That e'er was seen.
Gaoler. Are they i' the field?
Mess. They are:
You bear a charge there too.
Gaoler. I'll away straight.—
I must even leave you here.
Doctor. Nay, we'll go with you;
I will not lose the sight.
Gaoler. How did you like her?
Doctor. I'll warrant you, within these three or four days
I'll make her right again.—You must not from her,
But still preserve her in this way.
Wooer. I will.
Doctor. Let's get her in.
Wooer. Come, sweet, we'll go to dinner;
And then we'll play at cards.
Daugh. And shall we kiss too?
Wooer. A hundred times.
Daugh. And twenty?
Wooer. Ay, and twenty.
Daugh. Then we'll sleep together?
Doctor. Take her offer.
Wooer. Yes, marry, will we.
Daugh. But you shall not hurt me.
Wooer. I will not, sweet.
Daugh. If you do, love, I'll cry.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III. *A part of the forest near Athens, and near the place appointed for the combat.*

Flourish. Enter THESEUS, HIPPOLYTA, EMILIA, PIRITHOUS, *and* Attendants.

Emi. I'll no step further.
Pir. Will you lose this sight?
Emi. I had rather see a wren hawk at a fly,
Than this decision: every blow that falls
Threats a brave life; each stroke laments
The place whereon it falls, and sounds more like
A bell than blade: I will stay here:
It is enough, my hearing shall be punish'd
With what shall happen,—'gainst the which there is
No deafing,—but to hear, not taint mine eye
With dread sights it may shun.
Pir. Sir, my good lord,
Your sister will no further.
Thes. O, she must:
She shall see deeds of honor in their kind,
Which sometime show well, pencil'd: nature now
Shall make and act the story, the belief
Both seal'd with eye and ear. You must be present;
You are the victor's meed, the price and garland
To crown the questant's title.
Emi. Pardon me;
If I were there, I'd wink.
Thes. You must be there;
This trial is as 'twere i' the night, and you
The only star to shine.
Emi. I am extinct:
There is but envy in that light, which shows
The one the other. Darkness, which ever was
The dam of Horror, who does stand accurs'd
Of many mortal millions, may even now,
By casting her black mantle over both,
That neither could find other, get herself
Some part of a good name, and many a murder
Set off whereto she's guilty.
Hip. You must go.
Emi. In faith, I will not.
Thes. Why, the knights must kindle

Their valor at your eye: know, of this war
You are the treasure, and must needs be by
To give the service pay.

Emi. Sir, pardon me;
The title of a kingdom may be tried
Out of itself.

Thes. Well, well, then, at your pleasure:
Those that remain with you could wish their office
To any of their enemies.

Hip. Farewell, sister:
I'm like to know your husband 'fore yourself,
By some small start of time: he whom the gods
Do of the two know best, I pray them he
Be made your lot.

[*Exeunt all except Emilia and some of the Attendants.*

Emi. Arcite is gently visag'd; yet his eye
Is like an engine bent, or a sharp weapon
In a soft sheath; mercy and manly courage
Are bedfellows in his visage. Palamon
Has a most menacing aspect; his brow
Is grav'd, and seems to bury what it frowns on;
Yet sometimes 'tis not so, but alters to
The quality of his thoughts; long time his eye
Will dwell upon his object; melancholy
Becomes him nobly; so does Arcite's mirth;
But Palamon's sadness is a kind of mirth,
So mingled as if mirth did make him sad,
And sadness merry; those darker humors that
Stick misbecomingly on others, on him
Live in fair dwelling.

[*Cornets; and trumpets sound as to a charge, within.*

Hark, how yon spurs to spirit do incite
The princes to their proof! Arcite may win me;
And yet may Palamon wound Arcite to
The spoiling of his figure. O, what pity
Enough for such a chance! If I were by,
I might do hurt; for they would glance their eyes
Toward my seat, and in that motion might
Omit a ward, or forfeit an offense,
Which crav'd that very time: it is much better

I am not there; O, better never born
Than minister to such harm.
[*Cornets; and a great cry of* "A Palamon!" *within.*
What is the chance?
First Serv. The cry's "A Palamon!"
Emi. Then he has won. 'Twas ever likely:
He look'd all grace and success, and he is
Doubtless the prim'st of men. I prithee, run
And tell me how it goes.
[*Shout; cornets; and cry of* "A Palamon!" *within.*
First Serv. Still "Palamon!"
Emi. Run and inquire. [*Exit First Servant.*
Poor servant, thou hast lost:
Upon my right side still I wore thy picture,
Palamon's on the left: why so, I know not;
I had no end in't else; chance would have it so:
On the sinister side the heart lies; Palamon
Had the best-boding chance.
[*Another cry, and shout, and cornets, within.*
This burst of clamor
Is, sure, the end o' the combat.

Re-enter First Servant.

First Serv. They said that Palamon had Arcite's body
Within an inch o' the pyramid, that the cry
Was general "A Palamon!" but anon
Th' assistants made a brave redemption, and
The two bold tilters at this instant are
Hand to hand at it.
Emi. Were they metamorphos'd
Both into one — O, why? there were no woman
Worth so compos'd a man: their single share,
Their nobleness peculiar to them, gives
The prejudice of disparity, value's shortness,
To any lady breathing.
[*Cornets; and cry of* "Arcite, Arcite!" *within.*
More exulting?
"Palamon" still?
First Serv. Nay, now the sound is "Arcite."
Emi. I prithee, lay attention to the cry;
Set both thine ears to the business.

[*Cornets; and a great shout, and cry of* "Arcite, victory!" *within.*

First Serv. The cry is
"Arcite, and victory!" Hark: "Arcite, victory!"
The combat's consummation is proclaim'd
By the wind-instruments.

Emi. Half-sights saw
That Arcite was no babe: God's lid, his richness
And costliness of spirit look'd through him; it could
No more be hid in him than fire in flax,
Than humble banks can go to law with waters
That drift-winds force to raging. I did think
Good Palamon would miscarry; yet I knew not
Why I did think so: our reasons are not prophets,
When oft our fancies are. They're coming off:
Alas, poor Palamon! [*Cornets within.*

Re-enter THESEUS, HIPPOLYTA, PIRITHOUS, *with* ARCITE *as victor*, Attendants, *&c.*

Thes. Lo, where our sister is in expectation,
Yet quaking and unsettled.— Fairest Emily,
The gods, by their divine arbitrement,
Have given you this knight: he is a good one
As ever struck at head. Give me your hands:
Receive you her, you him; be plighted with
A love that grows as you decay.

Arc. Emily,
To buy you I have lost what's dearest to me,
Save what is bought; and yet I purchase cheaply,
As I do rate your value.

Thes. O lov'd sister,
He speaks now of as brave a knight as e'er
Did spur a noble steed: surely, the gods
Would have him die a bachelor, lest his race
Should show i' the world too godlike: his behavior
So charm'd me, that methought Alcides was
To him a sow of lead: if I could praise
Each part of him to th' all I've spoke, your Arcite
Did not lose by't; for he that was thus good
Encounter'd yet his better. I have heard
Two emulous Philomels beat the ear o' the night
With their contentious throats, now one the higher,

Anon the other, then again the first,
And by and by out-breasted, that the sense
Could not be judge between 'em: so it far'd
Good space between these kinsmen; till heavens did
Make hardly one the winner.—Wear the garland
With joy that you have won.—For the subdu'd,
Give them our present justice, since I know
Their lives but pinch 'em: let it here be done.
The scene's not for our seeing: go we hence,
Right joyful, with some sorrow.—Arm your prize;
I know you will not lose her.—Hippolyta,
I see one eye of yours conceives a tear,
The which it will deliver.

Emi. Is this winning?
O all you heavenly powers, where is your mercy?
But that your wills have said it must be so,
And charge me live to comfort this unfriended,
This miserable prince, that cuts away
A life more worthy from him than all women,
I should and would die too.

Hip. Infinite pity,
That four such eyes should be so fix'd on one,
That two must needs be blind for't!

Thes. So it is. [*Flourish. Exeunt.*

SCENE IV. *The same part of the forest as in Act III Scene VI.*

Enter PALAMON *and his* Knights *pinioned*, Gaoler, Executioner, &c., *and* Guard.

Pal. There's many a man alive that hath outliv'd
The love o' the people; yea, i' the self-same state
Stands many a father with his child: some comfort
We have by so considering; we expire,
And not without men's pity; to live still
Have their good wishes; we prevent
The loathsome misery of age, beguile
The gout and rheum, that in lag hours attend
For gray approachers; we come towards the gods,
Young and unwapper'd, not halting under crimes
Many and stale; that, sure, shall please the gods
Sooner than such, to give us nectar with 'em.

For we are more clear spirits. My dear kinsmen,
Whose lives for this poor comfort are laid down,
You've sold 'em too-too cheap.
First Knight. What ending could be
Of more content? O'er us the victors have
Fortune, whose title is as momentary
As to us death is certain; a grain of honor
They not o'er-weigh us.
Sec. Knight. Let us bid farewell;
And with our patience anger tottering Fortune,
Who, at her certain'st, reels.
Third Knight. Come; who begins?
Pal. Even he that led you to this banquet shall
Taste to you all.— Ah, ha, my friend, my friend!
Your gentle daughter gave me freedom once;
You'll see't done now for ever: pray, how does she?
I heard she was not well; her kind of ill
Gave me some sorrow.
Gaoler. Sir, she's well restor'd,
And to be married shortly.
Pal. By my short life,
I am most glad on't; 'tis the latest thing
I shall be glad of; prithee, tell her so;
Commend me to her, and, to piece her portion,
Tender her this. [*Gives purse.*
First Knight. Nay, let's be offerers all.
Sec. Knight. Is it a maid?
Pal. Verily, I think so;
A right good creature, more to me deserving
That I can quit or speak of.
All the Knights. Commend us to her.
[*Giving their purses.*
Gaoler. The gods requite you all, and make her thankful!
Pal. Adieu; and let my life be now as short
As my leave-taking.
First Knight. Lead, courageous cousin.
All the Knights. We'll follow cheerfully.
[*Palamon lays his head on the block. A great noise, and cry of* "Run, save, hold!" *within.*

Enter Messenger *in haste.*

Mess. Hold, hold! O, hold, hold, hold!

Enter PIRITHOUS *in haste.*

Pir. Hold, ho! it is a cursèd haste you made
If you have done so quickly.—Noble Palamon,
The gods will show their glory in a life
That thou art yet to lead.
Pal. Can that be, when
Venus I've said is false? How do things fare?
Pir. Arise, great sir, and give the tidings ear
[*Palamon rises.*
That are most dearly sweet and bitter.
Pal. What
Hath wak'd us from our dream?
Pir. List, then. Your cousin,
Mounted upon a steed that Emily
Did first bestow on him,—a black one, owing
Not a hair-worth of white, which some will say
Weakens his price, and many will not buy
His goodness with this note; which superstition
Here finds allowance,—on this horse is Arcite
Trotting the stones of Athens, which the calkins
Did rather tell than trample; for the horse
Would make his length a mile, if't pleas'd his rider
To put pride in him: as he thus went counting
The flinty pavement, dancing as 'twere to the music
His own hoofs made,—for, as they say, from iron
Came music's origin,—what envious flint,
Cold as old Saturn, and like him possess'd
With fire malevolent, darted a spark,
Or what fierce sulphur else, to this end made,
I comment not; the hot horse, hot as fire,
Took toy at this, and fell to what disorder
His power could give his will, bounds, comes on end,
Forgets school-doing, being therein train'd,
And of kind manage; pig-like he whines
At the sharp rowel, which he frets at rather
Than any jot obeys; seeks all foul means
Of boisterous and rough jadery, to disrast
His lord that kept it bravely: when naught serv'd,
When neither curb would crack, girth break, nor differing plunges
Disroot his rider whence he grew, but that

He kept him 'tween his legs, on his hind hoofs
On end he stands,
That Arcite's legs, being higher than his head,
Seem'd with strange art to hang: his victor's wreath
Even then fell off his head; and presently
Backward the jade comes o'er, and his full poise
Becomes the rider's load. Yet is he living;
But such a vessel 'tis that floats but for
The surge that next approaches: he much desires
To have some speech with you. Lo, he appears.

Enter THESEUS, HIPPOLYTA, EMILIA, *and* ARCITE *carried in a chair.*

Pal. O miserable end of our alliance!
The gods are mighty.— Arcite, if thy heart,
Thy worthy, manly heart, be yet unbroken,
Give me thy last words; I am Palamon,
One that yet loves thee dying.
Arc. Take Emilia,
And with her all the world's joy. Reach thy hand:
Farewell; I've told my last hour. I was false,
Yet never treacherous: forgive me, cousin.—
One kiss from fair Emilia. [*Kisses her.*]— 'Tis done:
Take her. I die. [*Dies.*
Pal. Thy brave soul seek Elysium!
Emi. I'll close thine eyes, prince; blessèd souls be with thee!
Thou art a right good man; and, while I live,
This day I give to tears.
Pal. And I to honor.
Thes. In this place first you fought; even very here
I sunder'd you: acknowledge to the gods
Your thanks that you are living.
His part is play'd, and, though it were too short,
He did it well; your day is lengthen'd, and
The blissful dew of heaven does arrose you:
The powerful Venus well hath grac'd her altar,
And given you your love; our master Mars
Hath vouch'd his oracle, and to Arcite gave
The grace of the contention: so the deities
Have show'd due justice.— Bear this hence.
Pal. O cousin,

That we should things desire, which do cost us
The loss of our desire! that naught could buy
Dear love but loss of dear love!
Thes. Never fortune
Did play a subtler game: the conquer'd triumphs,
The victor has the loss; yet in the passage
The gods have been most equal. Palamon,
Your kinsman hath confess'd the right o' the lady
Did lie in you; for you first saw her, and
Even then proclaim'd your fancy; he restor'd her,
As your stol'n jewel, and desir'd your spirit
To send him hence forgiven: the gods my justice
Take from my hand, and they themselves become
The executioners. Lead your lady off:
And call your lovers from the stage of death,
Whom I adopt my friends. A day or two
Let us look sadly, and give grace unto
The funeral of Arcite; in whose end
The visages of bridegrooms we'll put on,
And smile with Palamon; for whom an hour,
But one hour since, I was as dearly sorry
As glad of Arcite, and am now as glad
As for him sorry.— O you heavenly charmers,
What things you make of us! For what we lack
We laugh, for what we have are sorry; still
Are children in some kind. Let us be thankful
For that which is, and with you leave dispute
That are above our question. Let's go off,
And bear us like the time. [*Flourish. Exeunt.*

EPILOGUE.

I would now ask ye how ye like the play;
But, as it is with schoolboys, cannot say
I'm cruel-fearful. Pray, yet stay a while,
And let me look upon ye. No man smile?
Then it goes hard, I see. He that has
Lov'd a young handsome wench, then, show his face,—
'Tis strange if none be here,— and, if he will
Against his conscience, let him hiss, and kill
Our market. 'Tis in vain, I see, to stay ye:
Have at the worst can come, then! Now what say ye?

And yet mistake me not; I am not bold;
We have no such cause. If the tale we've told —
For 'tis no other — any way content ye,—
For to that honest purpose it was meant ye,—
We have our end; and ye shall have ere long,
I dare say, many a better, to prolong
Your old loves to us. We and all our might
Rest at your service: gentlemen, good night.

[*Flourish.*

EDWARD THE THIRD.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

EDWARD THE THIRD, King of England.
EDWARD, Prince of Wales, his Son.
EARL OF WARWICK.
EARL OF DERBY.
EARL OF SALISBURY.
LORD AUDLEY.
LORD PERCY.
LODOWICK, Edward's Confidant.
SIR WILLIAM MONTAGUE.
SIR JOHN COPLAND.
Two Esquires and a Herald, English.
ROBERT, styling himself Earl of Artois.
EARL OF MONTFORT.
GOBIN DE GRAY.
JOHN, King of France.
CHARLES, } His Sons.
PHILIP, }
DUKE OF LORRAIN.
VILLIERS, a French Lord.
King of Bohemia, } Allies to
A Polish Captain, } King John.
Two Citizens of Calais.
A Captain and a poor Inhabitant, of the same.
Another Captain, a Mariner.
Three Heralds, and four other Frenchmen.
DAVID, King of Scotland.
EARL DOUGLAS.
Two Messengers, Scotch.

PHILIPPA, Edward's Queen.
COUNTESS OF SALISBURY.
A French Woman.

Lords, and divers other Attendants, Heralds, Officers, Soldiers, etc.

SCENE—*Dispersed; in England, Flanders, and France.*

ACT I.

SCENE I.—*London. A Room of State in the Palace.*

Flourish. Enter King EDWARD, *attended;* PRINCE OF WALES, WARWICK, DERBY, AUDLEY, ARTOIS, *and others.*

Edward. Robert of Artois, banish'd though thou be
From France, thy native country, yet with us

Thou shalt retain as great a signiory;
For we create thee Earl of Richmond here.
And now go forwards with our pedigree;
Who next succeeded Philip Le Beau?
Art. Three sons of his; which all, successively,
Did sit upon their father's regal throne;
Yet died, and left no issue of their loins.
Edw. But was my mother sister unto those?
Art. She was, my lord; and only Isabelle,
Was all the daughters that this Philip had:
Whom afterward your father took to wife;
And, from the fragrant garden of her womb,
Your gracious self, the flower of Europe's hope,
Derivèd is inheritor to France.
But note the rancor of rebellious minds.
When thus the lineage of Le Beau was out,
The French obscur'd your mother's privilege;
And, though she were the next of blood, proclaim'd
John, of the house of Valois, now their king:
The reason was, they say, the realm of France,
Replete with princes of great parentage,
Ought not admit a governor to rule,
Except he be descended of the male;
And that's the special ground of their contempt,
Wherewith they study to exclude your grace:
But they shall find that forgèd ground of theirs
To be but dusty heaps of brittle sand.
Perhaps, it will be thought a heinous thing,
That I, a Frenchman, should discover this:
But Heaven I call to record of my vows;
It is not hate, nor any private wrong,
But love unto my country, and the right,
Provokes my tongue thus lavish in report:
You are the lineal watchman of our peace,
And John of Valois indirectly climbs:
What then should subjects, but embrace their king?
And wherein may our duty more be seen,
Than, striving to rebate a tyrant's pride,
Place the true shepherd of our commonwealth?
Edw. This counsel, Artois, like to fruitful showers,
Hath added growth unto my dignity:
And, by the fiery vigor of thy words,

Hot courage is engender'd in my breast,
Which heretofore was rak'd in ignorance;
But now doth mount with golden wings of fame,
And will approve fair Isabelle's descent
Able to yoke their stubborn necks with steel
That spurn against my sov'reignty in France.—
[*Cornet within.*
A messenger?—Lord Audley, know from whence.
[*Exit* AUDLEY, *and returns.*
Aud. The Duke of Lorrain, having cross'd the seas,
Entreats he may have conference with your highness.
Edw. Admit him, lords, that we may hear the news.—
[*Exeunt Lords. King takes his state.*

Re-enter Lords; with LORRAIN, *attended.*

Say, Duke of Lorrain, wherefore art thou come?
Lor. The most renowned prince, King John of France,
Doth greet thee, Edward: and by me commands,
That, for so much as by his liberal gift
The Guyenne dukedom is entail'd to thee,
Thou do him lowly homage for the same:
And, for that purpose, here I summon thee
Repair to France within these forty days,
That there, according as the custom is,
Thou may'st be sworn true liegeman to the king;
Or, else, thy title in that province dies,
And he himself will repossess the place.
Edw. See, how occasion laughs me in the face!
No sooner minded to prepare for France,
But, straight, I am invited; nay, with threats,
Upon a penalty, enjoin'd to come:
'Twere but a foolish part, to say him nay.—
Lorrain, return this answer to thy lord:
I mean to visit him, as he requests;
But how? not servilely dispos'd to bend;
But like a conqueror, to make him bow:
His lame unpolish'd shifts are come to light;
And truth hath pull'd the visard from his face,
That set a gloss upon his arrogance.
Dare he command a fealty in me?
Tell him, the crown, that he usurps, is mine;
And where he sets his foot, he ought to kneel:

'Tis not a petty dukedom that I claim,
But all the whole dominions of the realm;
Which if with grudging he refuse to yield,
I'll take away those borrow'd plumes of his,
And send him naked to the wilderness.

Lor. Then, Edward, here, in sight of all thy lords,
I do pronounce defiance to thy face.

Prince. Defiance, Frenchman? we rebound it back
Even to the bottom of thy master's throat:
And,—be it spoke with reverence of the king
My gracious father, and these other lords,—
I hold thy message but as scurrilous;
And him, that sent thee, like the lazy drone,
Crept up by stealth unto the eagle's nest;
From whence we'll shake him with so rough a storm,
As others shall be warnèd by his harm.

War. Bid him leave off the lion's case he wears;
Lest, meeting with the lion in the field,
He chance to tear him piecemeal for his pride.

Art. The soundest counsel I can give his grace,
Is, to surrender ere he be constrain'd·
A voluntary mischief hath less scorn,
Than when reproach with violence is borne.

Lor. Degenerate traitor, viper to the place
Where thou wast foster'd in thine infancy,
[*Drawing his sword.*
Bear'st thou a part in this conspiracy?

Edw. Lorrain, behold the sharpness of this steel:
[*Drawing his.*
Fervent desire, that sits against my heart,
Is far more thorny-pricking than this blade;
That, with the nightingale, I shall be scar'd,
As oft as I dispose myself to rest,
Until my colors be display'd in France:
This is thy final answer; so be gone.

Lor. It is not that, nor any English brave,
Afflicts me so, as doth his poison'd view;
That is most false, should most of all be true.
[*Exeunt* LORRAIN, *and Train.*

Edw. Now, lords, our fleeting bark is under sail:
Our gage is thrown; and war is soon begun,
But not so quickly brought unto an end.—

Enter Sir WILLIAM MOUNTAGUE.

But wherefore comes Sir William Mountague?
How stands the league between the Scot and us?
Moun. Crack'd and dissever'd, my renowned lord
The treacherous king no sooner was inform'd
Of your withdrawing of our army back,
But straight, forgetting of his former oath,
He made invasion on the bordering towns:
Berwick is won; Newcastle spoil'd and lost;
And now the tyrant hath begirt with siege
The castle of Roxborough, where inclos'd
The Countess Salisbury is like to perish.
Edw. That is thy daughter, Warwick, is it not;
Whose husband hath in Bretagne serv'd so long,
About the planting of Lord Montfort there?
War. It is, my lord.
Edw. Ignoble David! hast thou none to grieve,
But silly ladies, with thy threat'ning arms?
But I will make you shrink your snaily horns.—
First, therefore, Audley, this shall be thy charge;
Go levy footmen for our wars in France:—
And, Ned, take muster of our men at arms:
In every shire elect a several band;
Let them be soldiers of a lusty spirit,
Such as dread nothing but dishonor's blot:
Be wary therefore; since we do commence
A famous war, and with so mighty a nation.—
Derby, be thou ambassador for us
Unto our father-in-law, the Earl of Hainault:
Make him acquainted with our enterprise;
And likewise will him, with our own allies,
That are in Flanders, to solicit too
The Emperor of Almaigne in our name.—
Myself, whilst you are jointly thus employ'd,
Will, with these forces that I have at hand,
March, and once more repulse the trait'rous Scots.
But, sirs, be resolute; we shall have wars
On every side:—and, Ned, thou must begin
Now to forget thy study and thy books,
And ure thy shoulders to an armor's weight.
Prince. As cheerful sounding to my youthful spleen

This tumult is of war's increasing broils,
As, at the coronation of a king,
The joyful clamors of the people are,
When, "Ave, Cæsar!" they pronounce aloud;
Within this school of honor I shall learn,
Either to sacrifice my foes to death,
Or in a rightful quarrel spend my breath.
Then cheerfully forward, each a several way;
In great affairs 'tis naught to use delay. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*Roxborough. Before the Castle.*

Enter Countess of SALISBURY, *and certain of her people, upon the walls.*

Count. Alas, how much in vain my poor eyes gaze
For succor that my sovereign should send!
Ah, cousin Mountague, I fear, thou want'st
The lively spirit sharply to solicit
With vehement suit the king in my behalf:
Thou dost not tell him, what a grief it is
To be the scornful captive to a Scot;
Either to be woo'd with broad untunèd oaths,
Or forc'd by rough insulting barbarism:
Thou dost not tell him, if he here prevail,
How much they will deride us in the north;
And, in their vile, uncivil, skipping jigs,
Bray forth their conquest, and our overthrow,
Even in the barren, bleak, and fruitless air.

Enter King DAVID *and Forces; with* DOUGLAS, LORRAIN, *and others.*

I must withdraw; the everlasting foe
Comes to the wall: I'll closely step aside,
And list their babble, blunt, and full of pride.
[*Retiring behind the works.*

Dav. My Lord of Lorrain, to our brother of France
Commend us, as the man in Christendom
Whom we most reverence, and entirely love.
Touching your embassage, return, and say,
That we with England will not enter parley,
Nor never make fair weather, or take truce;
But burn their neighbor towns, and so persist

With eager roads beyond their city York.
And never shall our bonny riders rest;
Nor rusting canker have the time to eat
Their light-born snaffles, nor their nimble spurs;
Nor lay aside their jacks of gymold mail;
Nor hang their staves of grainèd Scottish ash,
In peaceful wise, upon their city walls;
Nor from their button'd tawny leathern belts
Dismiss their biting whinyards,— 'till your king
Cry out, Enough; spare England now for pity.
Farewell; and tell him, that you leave us here
Before this castle; say, you came from us
Even when we had that yielded to our hands.
Lor. I take my leave; and fairly will return
Your acceptable greeting to my king. [*Exit.*
Dav. Now, Douglas, to our former task again,
For the division of this certain spoil.
Doug. My liege, I crave the lady, and no more.
Dav. Nay, soft ye, sir, first I must make my choice;
And first I do bespeak her for myself.
Doug. Why then, my liege, let me enjoy her jewels.
Dav. Those are her own, still liable to her,
And, who inherits her, has those withal.

Enter a Messenger, hastily.

Mess. My liege, as we were pricking on the hills,
To fetch in booty, marching hitherward
We might descry a mighty host of men:
The sun, reflecting on the armor, show'd
A field of plate, a wood of pikes advanc'd;
Bethink your highness speedily herein:
An easy march within four hours will bring
The hindmost rank unto this place, my liege.
Dav. Dislodge, dislodge, it is the King of England.
Doug. Jemmy my man, saddle my bonny black.
Dav. Mean'st thou to fight, Douglas? we are too weak.
Doug. I know it well, my liege, and therefore flee.
Count. My lords of Scotland, will ye stay and drink?
[*Rising from her concealment.*
Dav. She mocks at us; Douglas, I can't endure it.
Count. Say, good my lord, which is he, must have the lady;

And which, ner jewels? I am sure, my lords,
Ye will not hence, 'till you have shar'd the spoils.
Dav. She heard the messenger, and heard our talk;
And now that comfort makes her scorn at us.

Enter another Messenger.

Mess. Arm, my good lord; O, we are all surpris'd!
Count. After the French ambassador, my liege,
And tell him that you dare not ride to York;
Excuse it, that your bonny horse is lame.
Dav. She heard that too; intolerable grief!—
Woman, farewell: although I do not stay,—
[*Alarums. Exeunt Scots.*
Count. 'Tis not for fear,—and yet you run away.—
O happy comfort, welcome to our house!
The confident and boist'rous boasting Scot,—
That swore before my walls, he would not back,
For all the armèd power of this land,—
With faceless fear, that ever turns his back,
Turn'd hence against the blasting north-east wind,
Upon the bare report and name of arms.

Enter MOUNTAGUE, *and others.*

O summer's day! see where my cousin comes.
Moun. How fares my aunt? Why, aunt, we are not Scots;
Why do you shut your gates against your friends?
Count. Well may I give a welcome, cousin, to thee,
For thou com'st well to chase my foes from hence.
Moun. The king himself is come in person hither;
Dear aunt, descend, and gratulate his highness.
Count. How may I entertain his majesty,
To show my duty, and his dignity? [*Exit, from above.*

Flourish. Enter King EDWARD, WARWICK, ARTOIS, *and others.*

Edw. What, are the stealing foxes fled and gone,
Before we could uncouple at their heels?
War. They are, my liege; but, with a cheerful cry,
Hot hounds, and hardy, chase them at the heels.

Re-enter COUNTESS, *attended.*

Edw. This is the countess, Warwick, is it not?

War. Even she, my liege; whose beauty tyrant fear,
As a May blossom with pernicious winds,
Hath sullied, wither'd, overcast, and done.
Edw. Hath she been fairer, Warwick, than she is?
War. My gracious king, fair is she not at all,
If that herself were by to stain herself,
As I have seen her when she was herself.
Edw. What strange enchantment lurk'd in those her eyes,
When they excell'd this excellence they have,
That now their dim decline hath power to draw
My subject eyes from piercing majesty,
To gaze on her with doting admiration?
Count. In duty lower than the ground I kneel,
And for my dull knees bow my feeling heart,
To witness my obedience to your highness;
With many millions of a subject's thanks
For this your royal presence, whose approach
Hath driven war and danger from my gate.
Edw. Lady, stand up: I come to bring thee peace,
However thereby I have purchas'd war.
Count. No war to you, my liege; the Scots are gone,
And gallop home towards Scotland with their haste.
Edw. Lest yielding here I pine in shameful love,
Come, we'll pursue the Scots; — Artois, away.
Count. A little while, my gracious sovereign, stay,
And let the power of a mighty king
Honor our roof; my husband in the wars,
When he shall hear it, will triumph for joy:
Then, dear my liege, now niggard not thy state;
Being at the wall, enter our homely gate.
Edw. Pardon me, countess, I will come no near;
I dream'd to-night of treason, and I fear.
Count. Far from this place let ugly treason lie!
Edw. No further off, than her conspiring eye;
Which shoots infected poison in my heart,
Beyond repulse of wit, or cure of art.
Now in the sun alone it doth not lie,
With light to take light from a mortal eye;
For here two day-stars, that mine eyes would see,
More than the sun, steal mine own light from me.
Contemplative desire! desire to be

In contemplation, that may master thee!
Warwick, Artois, to horse, and let's away.
Count. What might I speak, to make my sovereign stay?
Edw. What needs a tongue to such a speaking eye,
That more persuades than winning oratory?
Count. Let not thy presence, like the April sun,
Flatter our earth, and suddenly be done.
More happy do not make our outward wall,
Than thou wilt grace our inward house withal.
Our house, my liege, is like a country swain,
Whose habit rude, and manners blunt and plain,
Presageth naught; yet inly beautified
With bounty's riches, and fair hidden pride:
For, where the golden ore doth buried lie,
The ground, undeck'd with nature's tapestry,
Seems barren, sere, unfertile, fruitless, dry;
And where the upper turf of earth doth boast
His pied perfumes, and party-color'd cost,
Delve there, and find this issue, and their pride,
To spring from ordure, and corruption's side.
But, to make up my all too long compare,—
These ragged walls no testimony are
What is within; but, like a cloak, doth hide,
From weather's waste, the under garnish'd pride.
More gracious than my terms can let thee be,
Intreat thyself to stay a while with me.
Edw. As wise as fair; what fond fit can be heard,
When wisdom keeps the gate as beauty's guard?—
Countess, albeit my business urgeth me,
It shall attend, while I attend on thee.—
Come on, my lords, here will I host to-night. [*Exeunt.*

ACT II.

SCENE I. *The same. Gardens of the Castle.*

Enter LODOWICK.

Lodowick. I might perceive his eye in her eye lost,
His ear to drink her sweet tongue's utterance;
And changing passion, like inconstant clouds,—
That, rack'd upon the carriage of the winds,
Increase, and die,—in his disturbèd cheeks.

Lo, when she blush'd, even then did he look pale;
As if her cheeks, by some enchanted power,
Attracted had the cherry blood from his:
Anon, with reverent fear when she grew pale,
His cheeks put on their scarlet ornaments;
But no more like her oriental red,
Than brick to coral, or live things to dead.
Why did he then thus counterfeit her looks?
If she did blush, 'twas tender modest shame,
Being in the sacred presence of a king;
If he did blush, 'twas red immodest shame,
To vail his eyes amiss, being a king:
If she look'd pale, 'twas silly woman's fear,
To bear herself in presence of a king;
If he look'd pale, it was with guilty fear,
To dote amiss, being a mighty king:
Then, Scottish wars, farewell; I fear, 'twill prove
A ling'ring English siege of peevish love.
Here comes his highness, walking all alone.

Enter King EDWARD.

Edw. She is grown more fairer far since I came hither:
Her voice more silver every word than other,
Her wit more fluent: what a strange discourse
Unfolded she, of David, and his Scots?
"Even thus," quoth she, "he spake,"—and then spoke broad,
With epithets and accents of the Scots;
But somewhat better than the Scot could speak:
"And thus," quoth she,—and answer'd then herself;
For who could speak like her? but she herself
Breathes from the wall an angel's note from heaven
Of sweet defiance to her barbarous foes.
When she would talk of peace, methinks, her tongue
Commanded war to prison; when of war,
It waken'd Cæsar from his Roman grave,
To hear war beautified by her discourse.
Wisdom is foolishness, but in her tongue;
Beauty a slander, but in her fair face:
There is no summer, but in her cheerful looks;
Nor frosty winter, but in her disdain.
I cannot blame the Scots, that did besiege her,

For she is all the treasure of our land;
But call them cowards, that they ran away,
Having so rich and fair a cause to stay.—
Art thou there, Lodowick? give me ink and paper.
Lod. I will, my sovereign.
Edw. And bid the lords hold on their play at chess,
For we will walk and meditate alone.
Lod. I will, my liege. [*Exit.*
Edw. This fellow is well read in poetry,
And hath a lusty and persuasive spirit:
I will acquaint him with my passion;
Which he shall shadow with a veil of lawn,
Through which the queen of beauty's queens shall see
Herself the ground of my infirmity.—

Re-enter LODOWICK.

Hast thou pen, ink, and paper ready, Lodowick?
Lod. Ready, my liege.
Edw. Then in the summer arbor sit by me,
Make it our council-house, or cabinet;
Since green our thoughts, green be the conventicle,
Where we will ease us by disburd'ning them.
Now, Lodowick, invocate some golden muse,
To bring thee hither an enchanted pen,
That may, for sighs, set down true sighs indeed;
Talking of grief, to make thee ready groan;
And, when thou writ'st of tears, encouch the word,
Before, and after, with such sweet laments,
That it may raise drops in a Tartar's eye,
And make a flint heart Scythian pitiful:
For so much moving hath a poet's pen;
Then, if thou be a poet, move thou so,
And be enrichèd by thy sovereign's love.
For, if the touch of sweet concordant strings
Could force attendance in the ears of hell,
How much more shall the strains of poet's wit
Beguile, and ravish, soft and humane minds?
Lod. To whom, my lord, shall I direct my style?
Edw. To one that shames the fair, and sots the wise;
Whose body, as an abstract, or a brief,
Contains each general virtue in the world:
Better than beautiful,— thou must begin;

Devise for fair a fairer word than fair;
And every ornament that thou wouldst praise,
Fly it a pitch above the soar of praise:
For flattery fear thou not to be convicted;
For, were thy admiration ten times more,
Ten times ten thousand more the worth exceeds,
Of that thou art to praise, thy praise's worth.
Begin, I will to contemplate the while:
Forget not to set down, how passionate,
How heart-sick, and how full of languishment,
Her beauty makes me.

Lod. Write I to a woman?

Edw. What beauty else could triumph over me;
Or who, but woman, do our love-lays greet?
What, think'st thou I did bid thee praise a horse?

Lod. Of what condition or estate she is,
'Twere requisite that I should know, my lord.

Edw. Of such a state, that hers is as a throne,
And my estate the footstool where she treads:
Then may'st thou judge what her condition is,
By the proportion of her mightiness.
Write on, while I peruse her in my thoughts.—
Her voice to music, or the nightingale:—
To music every summer-leaping swain
Compares his sun-burnt lover when she speaks:
And why should I speak of the nightingale?
The nightingale sings of adulterate wrong;
And that, compar'd, is too satirical:
For sin, though sin, would not be so esteem'd;
But, rather, virtue sin, sin virtue deem'd.
Her hair, far softer than the silkworm's twist,
Like to a flattering glass, doth make more fair
The yellow amber: like a flattering glass
Comes in too soon; for, writing of her eyes,
I'll say, that like a glass they catch the sun,
And thence the hot reflection doth rebound
Against my breast, and burns my heart within.
Ah, what a world of descant makes my soul
Upon this voluntary ground of love!—
Come, Lodowick, hast thou turn'd thy ink to gold?
If not, write but in letters capital
My mistress' name,

And it will gild thy paper: read, lord, read.
Fill thou the empty hollows of mine ears
With the sweet hearing of thy poetry.
Lod. I have not to a period brought her praise.
Edw. Her praise is as my love, both infinite,
Which apprehend such violent extremes,
That they disdain an ending period.
Her beauty hath no match, but my affection;
Hers more than most, mine most, and more than more:
Hers more to praise, than tell the sea by drops;
Nay, more, than drop the massy earth by sands,
And, sand by sand, print them in memory:
Then wherefore talk'st thou of a period,
To that which craves unended admiration?
Read, let us hear.
Lod. "More fair, and chaste, than is the queen of shades,"—
Edw. That line hath two faults, gross and palpable:
Compar'st thou her to the pale queen of night,
Who, being set in dark, seems therefore light?
What is she, when the sun lifts up his head,
But like a fading taper, dim and dead?
My love shall brave the eye of heaven at noon,
And, being unmask'd, outshine the golden sun.
Lod. What is the other fault, my sovereign lord?
Edw. Read o'er the line again.
Lod. "More fair, and chaste,"—
Edw. I did not bid thee talk of chastity,
To ransack so the treasure of her mind
For I had rather have her chas'd, than chaste.
Out with the moon-line, I will none of it,
And let me have her liken'd to the sun:
Say, she hath thrice more splendor than the sun,
That her perfection emulates the sun,
That she breeds sweets as plenteous as the sun,
That she doth thaw cold winter like the sun,
That she doth cheer fresh summer like the sun,
That she doth dazzle gazers like the sun:
And, in this application to the sun,
Bid her be free and general as the sun;
Who smiles upon the basest weed that grows,

As lovingly as on the fragrant rose.
Let's see what follows that same moon-light line.
Lod. "More fair, and chaste, than is the queen of shades:
More bold in constancy"—
Edw. In constancy! than who?
Lod. —"than Judith was."
Edw. O monstrous line! Put in the next a sword,
And I shall woo her to cut off my head.
Blot, blot, good Lodowick! Let us hear the next.
Lod. There's all that yet is done.
Edw. I thank thee then, thou hast done little ill;
But what is done, is passing passing ill.
No, let the captain talk of boist'rous war;
The prisoner, of immurèd dark constraint;
The sick man best sets down the pangs of death;
The man that starves, the sweetness of a feast;
The frozen soul, the benefit of fire;
And every grief, his happy opposite:
Love cannot sound well, but in lovers' tongues;
Give me the pen and paper, I will write.—

Enter COUNTESS.

But, soft, here comes the treasurer of my spirit.—
Lodowick, thou know'st not how to draw a battle;
These wings, these flankers, and these squadrons
Argue in thee defective discipline:
Thou shouldst have plac'd this here, this other here.
Count. Pardon my boldness, my thrice gracious lord;
Let my intrusion here be call'd my duty,
That comes to see my sovereign how he fares.
Edw. Go, draw the same, I tell thee in what form.
Lod. I go. [*Exit.*
Count. Sorry I am, to see my liege so sad:
What may thy subject do, to drive from thee
Thy gloomy consort, sullen melancholy?
Edw. Ah, lady, I am blunt, and cannot strew
The flowers of solace in a ground of shame;—
Since I came hither, countess, I am wrong'd.
Count. Now, God forbid, that any in my house
Should think my sovereign wrong! Thrice-gentle king,
Acquaint me with your cause of discontent.

Edw. How near then shall I be to remedy?
Count. As near, my liege, as all my woman's power
Can pawn itself to buy thy remedy.
Edw. If thou speak'st true, then have I my redress:
Engage thy power to redeem my joys,
And I am joyful, countess; else, I die.
Count. I will, my liege.
Edw. Swear, countess, that thou wilt.
Count. By Heaven, I will.
Edw. Then take thyself a little way aside;
And tell thyself, a king doth dote on thee:
Say, that within thy power it doth lie,
To make him happy; and that thou hast sworn,
To give me all the joy within thy power:
Do this; and tell me, when I shall be happy.
Count. All this is done, my thrice-dread sovereign:
That power of love, that I have power to give,
Thou hast with all devout obedience;
Employ me how thou wilt in proof thereof.
Edw. Thou hear'st me say, that I do dote on thee.
Count. If on my beauty, take it if thou canst;
Though little, I do prize it ten times less:
If on my virtue, take it if thou canst;
For virtue's store by giving doth augment:
Be it on what it will, that I can give,
And thou canst take away, inherit it.
Edw. It is thy beauty that I would enjoy.
Count. O, were it painted, I would wipe it off,
And dispossess myself, to give it thee.
But, sovereign, it is solder'd to my life;
Take one, and both; for, like an humble shadow,
It haunts the sunshine of my summer's life.
Edw. But thou may'st lend it me, to sport withal.
Count. As easy may my intellectual soul
Be lent away, and yet my body live,
As lend my body, palace to my soul,
Away from her, and yet retain my soul.
My body is her bower, her court, her abbey,
And she an angel, pure, divine, unspotted;
If I should lend her house, my lord, to thee,
I kill my poor soul, and my poor soul me.
Edw. Didst thou not swear, to give me what I would?

Count. I did, my liege; so, what you would, I could.
Edw. I wish no more of thee, than thou may'st give:
Nor beg I do not, but I rather buy,
That is, thy love; and, for that love of thine,
In rich exchange, I tender to thee mine.
Count. But that your lips were sacred, O my lord
You would profane the holy name of love:
That love, you offer me, you cannot give;
For Cæsar owes that tribute to his queen:
That love, you beg of me, I cannot give;
For Sarah owes that duty to her lord.
He, that doth clip, or counterfeit, your stamp,
Shall die, my lord: and will your sacred self
Commit high treason against the King of heaven,
To stamp his image in forbidden metal,
Forgetting your allegiance, and your oath?
In violating marriage' sacred law,
You break a greater honor than yourself:
To be a king, is of a younger house,
Than to be married; your progenitor,
Sole-reigning Adam on the universe,
By God was honor'd for a married man,
But not by him anointed for a king.
It is a penalty, to break your statutes,
Though not enacted by your highness' hand:
How much more, to infringe the holy act
Made by the mouth of God, seal'd with his hand?
I know, my sovereign — in my husband's love,
Who now doth loyal service in his wars —
Doth but to try the wife of Salisbury,
Whether she will hear a wanton's tale, or no;
Lest being therein guilty by my stay,
From that, not from my liege, I turn away. [*Exit*
Edw. Whether is her beauty by her words divine;
Or are her words sweet chaplains to her beauty?
Like as the wind doth beautify a sail,
And as a sail becomes the unseen wind,
So do her words her beauty, beauty words.
O, that I were a honey gathering bee,
To bear the comb of virtue from his flower;
And not a poison-sucking envious spider,
To turn the vice I take to deadly venom!

Religion is austere, and beauty gentle;
Too strict a guardian for so fair a ward.
O, that she were, as is the air, to me!
Why, so she is; for when I would embrace her,
This do I, and catch nothing but myself.
I must enjoy her; for I cannot beat,
With reason, and reproof, fond love away.

Enter WARWICK.

Here comes her father: I will work with him,
To bear my colors in this field of love.

War. How is it, that my sovereign is so sad?
May I with pardon know your highness' grief,
And that my old endeavor will remove it,
It shall not cumber long your majesty.

Edw. A kind and voluntary gift thou proffer'st,
That I was forward to have begg'd of thee.
But, O thou world, great nurse of flattery,
Why dost thou tip men's tongues with golden words,
And peise their deeds with weight of heavy lead,
That fair performance cannot follow promise?
O, that a man might hold the heart's close book;
And choke the lavish tongue, when it doth utter
The breath of falsehood not charácter'd there!

War. Far be it from the honor of my age,
That I should owe bright gold, and render lead!
Age is a cynic, not a flatterer:
I say again, that, if I knew your grief,
And that by me it may be lessenèd,
My proper harm should buy your highness' good.

Edw. These are the vulgar tenders of false men,
That never pay the duty of their words.
Thou wilt not stick to swear what thou hast said;
But, when thou know'st my grief's condition,
This rash-disgorgèd vomit of thy word
Thou wilt eat up again, and leave me helpless.

War. By Heaven, I will not; though your majesty
Did bid me run upon your sword, and die.

Edw. Say, that my grief is no way med'cinable,
But by the loss and bruising of thine honor?

War. If nothing but that loss may vantage you,
I would account that loss my vantage too.

Edw. Think'st, that thou canst unswear thy oath again?

War. I cannot; nor I would not, if I could.

Edw. But, if thou dost, what shall I say to thee?

War. What may be said to any perjur'd villain
That breaks the sacred warrant of an oath.

Edw. What wilt thou say to one that breaks an oath?

War. That he hath broke his faith with God and man,
And from them both stands excommunicate.

Edw. What office were it, to suggest a man
To break a lawful and religious vow?

War. An office for the devil, not for man.

Edw. That devil's office must thou do for me;
Or break thy oath, or cancel all the bonds
Of love, and duty, 'twixt thyself and me.
And therefore, Warwick, if thou art thyself,
The lord and master of thy word and oath,
Go to thy daughter; and in my behalf,
Command her, woo her, win her any ways,
To be my mistress, and my secret love.
I will not stand to hear thee make reply;
Thy oath break hers, or let thy sovereign die. [*Exit.*

War. O doting king! O detestable office!
Well may I tempt myself to wrong myself,
When he hath sworn me by the name of God,
To break a vow made by the name of God.
What if I swear by this right hand of mine,
To cut this right hand off? the better way
Were, to profane the idol, than confound it:
But neither will I do; I'll keep my oath,
And to my daughter make a recantation
Of all the virtue I have preach'd to her:
I'll say, she must forget her husband Salisbury,
If she remember, to embrace the king;
I'll say, an oath may easily be broken,
But not so easily pardon'd, being broken;
I'll say, it is true charity to love,
But not true love to be so charitable;
I'll say, his greatness may bear out the shame,
But not his kingdom can buy out the sin;

I'll say, it is my duty to persuade,
But not her honesty to give consent.

Enter COUNTESS.

See, where she comes: was never father, had,
Against his child, an embassage so bad.
Count. My lord and father, I have sought for you:
My mother and the peers impórtune you,
To keep in presence of his majesty,
And do your best to make his highness merry.
War. How shall I enter on this graceless errand?
I must not call her child; for where's the father
That will, in such a suit, seduce his child?
Then, Wife of Salisbury,— shall I so begin?
No, he's my friend; and where is found the friend,
That will do friendship such endamagement?—
Neither my daughter, nor my dear friend's wife,
I am not Warwick, as thou think'st I am,
But an attorney from the court of hell;
That thus have hous'd my spirit in his form,
To do a message to thee from the king.
The mighty King of England dotes on thee:
He, that hath power to take away thy life,
Hath power to take thine honor; then consent
To pawn thine honor, rather than thy life:
Honor is often lost, and got again;
But life, once gone, hath no recovery.
The sun, that withers hay, doth nourish grass;
The king, that would distain thee, will advance thee.
The poets write, that great Achilles' spear
Could heal the wound it made: the moral is,
What mighty men misdo, they can amend.
The lion doth become his bloody jaws,
And grace his foragement, by being mild
When vassal fear lies trembling at his feet.
The king will in his glory hide thy shame;
And those, that gaze on him to find out thee,
Will lose their eyesight, looking in the sun.
What can one drop of poison harm the sea,
Whose hugy vastures can digest the ill,
And make it lose his operation?
The king's great name will temper thy misdeeds,

And give the bitter potion of reproach
A sugar'd-sweet and most delicious taste:
Besides, it is no harm, to do the thing
Which, without shame, could not be left undone.
Thus have I, in his majesty's behalf,
Apparel'd sin in virtuous sentences,
And dwell upon thy answer in his suit.

Count. Unnatural besiege! Woe me unhappy,
To have escap'd the danger of my foes,
And to be ten times worse inwir'd by friends!
Hath he no means to stain my honest blood,
But to corrupt the author of my blood,
To be his scandalous and vile solicitor?
No marvel then, though the branches be infected,
When poison hath encompassèd the root:
No marvel, though the leprous infant die,
When the stern dam envenometh the dug.
Why then, give sin a passport to offend,
And youth the dangerous rein of liberty:
Blot out the strict forbidding of the law;
And cancel every canon, that prescribes
A shame for shame, or penance for offense.
No, let me die, if his too boist'rous will
Will have it so, before I will consent
To be an actor in his graceless lust.

War. Why, now thou speak'st as I would have thee speak:
And mark how I unsay my words again.
An honorable grave is more esteem'd,
Than the polluted closet of a king:
The greater man, the greater is the thing,
Be it good or bad, that he shall undertake:
An unreputed mote, flying in the sun,
Presents a greater substance than it is:
The freshest summer's day doth soonest taint
The loathèd carrion that it seems to kiss:
Deep are the blows made with a mighty ax:
That sin doth ten times aggravate itself,
That is committed in a holy place:
An evil deed, done by authority,
Is sin, and subornation: deck an ape
In tissue, and the beauty of the robe

Adds but the greater scorn unto the beast.
A spacious field of reasons could I urge,
Between his glory, daughter, and thy shame:
That poison shows worst in a golden cup;
Dark night seems darker by the lightning flash;
Lilies, that fester, smell far worse than weeds;
And every glory that inclines to sin,
The same is treble by the opposite.
So leave I, with my blessing in thy bosom;
Which then convert to a most heavy curse,
When thou convert'st from honor's golden name
To the black faction of bed-blotting shame! [*Exit.*

Count. I'll follow thee; and, when my mind turns so,
My body sink my soul in endless woe! [*Exit.*

SCENE II. *The Same. A room in the Castle.*

Enter DERBY *and* AUDLEY, *meeting.*

Der. Thrice-noble Audley, well encounter'd here:
How is it with our sovereign, and his peers?

Aud. 'Tis full a fortnight, since I saw his highness,
What time he sent me forth to muster men;
Which I accordingly have done, and bring them hither
In fair array before his majesty.
What news, my Lord of Derby, from the emperor?

Der. As good as we desire: the emperor
Hath yielded to his highness friendly aid;
And makes our king lieutenant-general,
In all his lands and large dominions:
Then via for the spacious bounds of France!

Aud. What, doth his highness leap to hear these news?

Der. I have not yet found time to open them;
The king is in his closet, malcontent,
For what, I know not, but he gave in charge,
'Till after dinner, none should interrupt him:
The Countess Salisbury, and her father Warwick,
Artois, and all, look underneath the brows.

Aud. Undoubtedly, then something is amiss.

[*Trumpet within.*

Der. The trumpets sound; the king is now abroad.

Enter EDWARD.

Aud. Here comes his highness.
Der. Befall my sovereign all my sovereign's wish!
Edw. Ah, that thou wert a witch, to make it so!
Der. The emperor greeteth you: [*Presenting letters.*
Edw. 'Would it were the countess!
Der. And hath accorded to your highness' suit.
Edw. Thou liest, she hath not; but I would, she had!
Aud. All love, and duty, to my lord the king!
Edw. Well, all but one is none:—what news with you?
Aud. I have, my liege, levied those horse and foot,
According to your charge, and brought them hither.
Edw. Then let those foot trudge hence upon those horse,
According to our discharge, and be gone.—
Derby, I'll look upon the countess' mind
Anon.
Der. The countess' mind, my liege?
Edw. I mean the emperor: leave me alone.
Aud. What's in his mind?
Der. Let's leave him to his humor.
[*Exeunt Derby and Audley.*
Edw. Thus from the heart's abundance speaks the tongue;
Countess for emperor: and, indeed, why not?
She is as imperator over me;
And I to her
Am as a kneeling vassal, that observes
The pleasure, or displeasure, of her eye.—

Enter LODOWICK.

What says the more than Cleopatra's match
To Cæsar now?
Lod. That yet, my liege, ere night
She will resolve your majesty. [*Drum within.*
Edw. What drum is this, that thunders forth this march,
To start the tender Cupid in my bosom?
Poor sheep-skin, how it brawls with him that beateth it!
Go, break the thund'ring parchment bottom out.

And I will teach it to conduct sweet lines
Unto the bosom of a heavenly nymph:
For I will use it as my writing-paper;
And so reduce him, from a scolding drum,
To be the herald, and dear counsel-bearer,
Betwixt a goddess and a mighty king.
Go, bid the drummer learn to touch the lute,
Or hang him in the braces of his drum;
For now we think it an uncivil thing,
To trouble heaven with such harsh resounds:
Away.— [*Exit Lodowick*
The quarrel, that I have, requires no arms,
But these of mine; and these shall meet my foe
In a deep march of penetrable groans:
My eyes shall be my arrows; and my sighs
Shall serve me as the ventage of the wind,
To whirl away my sweet'st artillery:
Ah but, alas, she wins the sun of me,
For that is she herself; and thence it comes,
That poets term the wanton warrior, blind;
But love hath eyes as judgment to his steps,
'Till too much lovèd glory dazzles them.—

Re-enter LODOWICK.

How now?

Lod. My liege, the drum, that struck the lusty march,
Stands with Prince Edward, your thrice-valiant son.

Enter PRINCE. LODOWICK *retires to the door.*

Edw. I see the boy. O, how his mother's face,
Molded in his, corrects my stray'd desire,
And rates my heart, and chides my thievish eye;
Who being rich enough in seeing her,
Yet seeks elsewhere: and basest theft is that,
Which cannot cloke itself on poverty.—
Now, boy, what news?

Prince. I have assembled, my dear lord and father,
The choicest buds of all our English blood,
For our affairs to France; and here we come.
To take direction from your majesty.

Edw. Still do I see in him delineate
His mother's visage; those his eyes are hers,

Who, looking wistly on me, make me blush;
For faults against themselves give evidence:
Lust is a fire; and men, like lanthorns, show
Light lust within themselves, even through themselves.
Away, loose silks of wavering vanity!
Shall the large limit of fair Britany
By me be overthrown? and shall I not
Master this little mansion of myself?
Give me an armor of eternal steel;
I go to conquer kings, and shall I then
Subdue myself, and be my enemy's friend?
It must not be.— Come, boy, forward, advance!
Let's with our colors beat the air of France.

Lod. My liege, the countess, with a smiling cheer,
Desires access unto your majesty.

[*Advancing from the door, and whispering him.*

Edw. Why, there it goes! that very smile of hers
Hath ransom'd captive France; and set the king,
The Dauphin, and the peers, at liberty.—
Go, leave me, Ned, and revel with thy friends.

[*Exit Prince.*

Thy mother is but black; and thou, like her,
Dost put into my mind how foul she is.—
Go, fetch the countess hither in thy hand,
And let her chase away those winter clouds;
For she gives beauty both to heaven and earth.

[*Exit Lodowick.*

The sin is more, to hack and hew poor men,
Than to embrace, in an unlawful bed,
The register of all varieties
Since leathern Adam 'till this youngest hour.

Re-enter LODOWICK, *with the* COUNTESS.

Go, Lodowick, put thy hand into my purse,
Play, spend, give, riot, waste; do what thou wilt,
So thou wilt hence a while, and leave me here.

[*Exit Lodowick.*

Now, my soul's playfellow! and art thou come,
To speak the more than heavenly word, yea,
To my subjection in thy beauteous love?

Count. My father on his blessing hath commanded —

Edw. That thou shalt yield to me.

Count. Ay, dear my liege, your due.
Edw. And that, my dearest love, can be no less
Than right for right, and tender love for love.
Count. Than wrong for wrong, and endless hate for hate.—
But,— sith I see your majesty so bent,
That my unwillingness, my husband's love,
Your high estate, nor no respect respected
Can be my help, but that your mightiness
Will overbear and awe these dear regards,—
I bind my discontent to my content,
And, what I would not, I'll compel I will;
Provided, that yourself remove those lets,
That stand between your highness' love and mine.
Edw. Name them, fair countess, and, by Heaven, I will.
Count. It is their lives, that stand between our love,
That I would have chok'd up, my sovereign.
Edw. Whose lives, my lady?
Count. My thrice-loving liege,
Your queen, and Salisbury my wedded husband;
Who living have that title in our love,
That we cannot bestow but by their death.
Edw. Thy opposition is beyond our law.
Count. And so is your desire: if the law
Can hinder you to execute the one,
Let it forbid you to attempt the other:
I cannot think you love me as you say,
Unless you do make good what you have sworn.
Edw. No more; thy husband and the queen shall die.
Fairer thou art by far than Hero was;
Beardless Leander not so strong as I:
He swum an easy current for his love;
But I will through a helly spout of blood,
To arrive at Sestos where my Hero lies.
Count. Nay, you'll do more; you'll make the river too,
With their heart-bloods that keep our love asunder,
Of which, my husband, and your wife, are twain.
Edw. Thy beauty makes them guilty of their death,
And gives in evidence, that they shall die;
Upon which verdict, I, their judge, condemn them.
Count. O perjur'd beauty! more corrupted judge!

When, to the great star-chamber o'er our heads,
The universal sessions calls to count
This packing evil, we both shall tremble for it.
Edw. What says my fair love? is she resolute?
Count. Resolv'd to be dissolv'd; and, therefore, this,—
Keep but thy word, great king, and I am thine.
Stand where thou dost, I'll part a little from thee,
And see how I will yield me to thy hands.
[*Turning suddenly upon him, and showing two daggers.*
Here by my side do hang my wedding knives:
Take thou the one, and with it kill thy queen,
And learn by me to find her where she lies;
And with this other I'll despatch my love,
Which now lies fast asleep within my heart:
When they are gone, then I'll consent to love.
Stir not, lascivious king, to hinder me;
My resolution is more nimbler far,
Than thy prevention can be in my rescue,
And, if thou stir, I strike: therefore stand still,
And hear the choice that I will put thee to:
Either swear to leave thy most unholy suit,
And never henceforth to solicit me;
Or else, by Heaven, [*kneeling*] this sharp-pointed knife
Shall stain thy earth with that which thou wouldst stain,
My poor chaste blood. Swear, Edward, swear,
Or I will strike, and die, before thee here.
Edw. Even by that power I swear, that gives me now
The power to be ashamèd of myself,
I never mean to part my lips again
In any word that tends to such a suit.
Arise, true English lady; whom our isle
May better boast of, than e'er Roman might
Of her, whose ransack'd treasury hath task'd
The vain endeavor of so many pens:
Arise; and be my fault thy honor's fame,
Which after-ages shall enrich thee with.
I am awakèd from this idle dream;—
Warwick, my son, Derby, Artois, and Audley,
Brave warriors all, where are you all this while?

Enter PRINCE *and lords.*

Warwick, I make thee warden of the north: —
You, Prince of Wales, and Audley, straight to sea;
Scour to Newhaven; some, there stay for me: —
Myself, Artois, and Derby, will through Flanders,
To greet our friends there, and to crave their aid:
This night will scarce suffice me, to discover
My folly's siege against a faithful lover;
For, ere the sun shall gild the eastern sky,
We'll wake him with our martial harmony. [*Exeunt.*

ACT III.

SCENE I. *Flanders. The French Camp.*

Enter King JOHN *of France; his two Sons,* CHARLES *Duke of Normandy, and* PHILIP; *Duke of* LORRAIN *and others.*

John. Here, 'till our navy, of a thousand sail,
Have made a breakfast to our foe by sea,
Let us encamp, to wait their happy speed.—
Lorrain, what readiness is Edward in?
How hast thou heard that he provided is
Of martial furniture for this exploit?

Lor. To lay aside unnecessary soothing,
And not to spend the time in circumstance,
'Tis bruited for a certainty, my lord,
That he's exceeding strongly fortified;
His subjects flock as willingly to war,
As if unto a triumph they were led.

Char. England was wont to harbor malcontents,
Blood-thirsty and seditious Catilines,
Spendthrifts, and such as gape for nothing else
But change and alteration of the state;
And is it possible, that they are now
So loyal in themselves?

Lor. All but the Scot; who solemnly protests,
As heretofore I have inform'd his grace,
Never to sheathe his sword, or take a truce.

John. Ah, that's the anchorage of some better hope!
But, on the other side, to think what friends
King Edward hath retain'd in Netherland,

Among those ever-bibbing epicures,
Those frothy Dutchmen, puff'd with double beer,
That drink and swill in every place they come,
Doth not a little aggravate mine ire:
Besides, we hear, the emperor conjoins,
And stalls him in his own authority:
But, all the mightier that their number is,
The greater glory reaps the victory.
Some friends have we, beside domestic power;
The stern Polonian, and the warlike Dane,
The King of Bohemia, and of Sicily,
Are all become confederates with us,
And, as I think, are marching hither apace.
[*Drum within.*
But, soft, I hear the music of their drums,
By which I guess that their approach is near.

Enter BOHEMIA, *and forces; and aid of Danes, Poles, and Muscovites.*

Boh. King John of France, as league, and neighborhood
Requires, when friends are any way distress'd,
I come to aid thee with my country's force.
Pole. And from great Moscow, fearful to the Turk,
And lofty Poland, nurse of hardy men,
I bring these servitors to fight for thee,
Who willingly will venture in thy cause.
John. Welcome, Bohemian king; and welcome, all:
This your great kindness I will not forget;
Beside your plentiful rewards in crowns,
That from our treasury ye shall receive:
There comes a hair-brain'd nation, deck'd in pride,
The spoil of whom will be a treble game.—
And now my hope is full, my joy complete:
At sea, we are as puissant as the force
Of Agamemnon in the haven of Troy;
By land, with Xerxes we compare of strength,
Whose soldiers drank up rivers in their thirst:
Then, Bayard-like, blind over-weening Ned,
To reach at our imperial diadem,
Is, either to be swallow'd of the waves,
Or hack'd a-pieces when thou com'st ashore.

Enter a Mariner.

Mar. Near to the coast I have descried, my lord,
As I was busy in my watchful charge,
The proud armado of King Edward's ships:
Which, at the first, far off when I did ken,
Seem'd as it were a grove of wither'd pines;
But, drawing near, their glorious bright aspect,
Their streaming ensigns wrought of color'd silk,
Like to a meadow full of sundry flowers,
Adorns the naked bosom of the earth:
Majestical the order of their course,
Figuring the hornèd circle of the moon:
On the top-gallant of the admiral,
And likewise all the handmaids of his train,
The arms of England and of France united
Are quarter'd equally by herald's art.
Thus, tightly carried with a merry gale,
They plow the ocean hitherward amain.

John. Dare he already crop the flower-de-luce?
I hope, the honey being gather'd thence,
He, with the spider, afterward approach'd,
Shall suck forth deadly venom from the leaves.—
But where's our navy? how are they prepar'd
To wing themselves against this flight of ravens?

Mar. They, having knowledge brought them by the scouts,
Did break from anchor straight; and, puff'd with rage,
No otherwise than were their sails with wind,
Made forth; as when the empty eagle flies,
To satisfy his hungry griping maw.

John. There's for thy news. Return unto thy bark;
And, if thou scape the bloody stroke of war,
And do survive the conflict, come again,
And let us hear the manner of the fight.—

[*Exit Mariner.*

Mean space, my lords, 'tis best we be dispers'd
To several places, lest they chance to land:
First, you, my lord, with your Bohemian troops,
Shall pitch your battles on the lower hand;
My eldest son, the Duke of Normandy,
Together with this aid of Muscovites,

Shall climb the higher ground another way;
Here in the middle coast, betwixt you both,
Philip, my youngest boy, and I will lodge.
So, lords, be gone, and look unto your charge;
You stand for France, an empire fair and large.—
[*Exeunt Charles, Lorrain, Bohemia, and Forces.*
Now tell me, Philip, what is thy conceit,
Touching the challenge that the English make?
Phi. I say, my lord, claim Edward what he can,
And bring he ne'er so plain a pedigree,
'Tis you are in possession of the crown,
And that's the surest point of all the law:
But, were it not; yet, ere he should prevail,
I'll make a conduit of my dearest blood,
Or chase those straggling upstarts home again.
John. Well said, young Philip! Call for bread and wine,
That we may cheer our stomachs with repast,
To look our foes more sternly in the face.
[*A table and provisions brought in; King and his Son sit down to it. Ordnance afar off.*
Now is begun the heavy day at sea.
Fight, Frenchmen, fight; be like the field of bears,
When they defend their younglings in their caves!
Steer, angry Nemesis, the happy helm;
That, with the sulphur battles of your rage,
The English fleet may be dispers'd, and sunk!
[*Ordnance again.*
Phi. O, father, how this echoing cannon-shot,
Like sweetest harmony, digests my cates!
John. Now, boy, thou hear'st what thund'ring terror 'tis,
To buckle for a kingdom's sovereignty:
The earth, with giddy trembling when it shakes,
Or when the exhalations of the air
Break in extremity of lightning flash,
Affrights not more, than kings, when they dispose
To show the rancor of their high-swoln hearts.
[*Retreat heard.*
Retreat is sounded: one side hath the worse:
O, if it be the French!— Sweet Fortune, turn;
And, in thy turning, change the froward winds,

That, with advantage of a favoring sky,
Our men may vanquish, and the other fly!

Enter Mariner.

My heart misgives: — say, mirror of pale death,
To whom belongs the honor of this day?
Relate, I pray thee, if thy breath will serve,
The sad discourse of this discomfiture.

Mar. I will, my lord.
My gracious sovereign, France hath ta'en the foil,
And boasting Edward triumphs with success.
These iron-hearted navies,
When last I was reporter to your grace,
Both full of angry spleen, of hope, and fear,
Hasting to meet each other in the face,
At last conjoin'd; and by their admiral
Our admiral encounter'd many shot:
By this, the other, that beheld these twain
Give earnest penny of a further wrack,
Like fiery dragons took their haughty flight;
And, likewise meeting, from their smoky wombs
Sent many grim ambassadors of death.
Then 'gan the day to turn to gloomy night;
And darkness did as well inclose the quick,
As those that were but newly reft of life:
No leisure serv'd for friends to bid farewell;
And, if it had, the hideous noise was such,
As each to other seemèd deaf, and dumb:
Purple the sea; whose channel fill'd as fast
With streaming gore, that from the maimèd fell,
As did her gushing moisture break into
The crannied cleftures of the through-shot planks:
Here flew a head, dissever'd from the trunk;
There mangled arms, and legs, were toss'd aloft;
As when a whirlwind takes the summer dust,
And scatters it in middle of the air:
Then might ye see the reeling vessels split,
And tottering sink into the ruthless flood,
Until their lofty tops were seen no more.
All shifts were tried, both for defense and hurt:
And now the effect of valor, and of fear,
Of resolution, and of cowardice,

We lively pictur'd; how the one for fame,
The other by compulsion laid about.
Much did the Nonpareille, that brave ship;
So did the black-snake of Boulogne, than which
A bonnier vessel never yet spread sail:
But all in vain; both sun, the wind and tide,
Revolted all unto our foemen's side,
That we perforce were fain to give them way,
And they are landed: thus my tale is done;
We have untimely lost, and they have won.
John. Then rests there nothing, but, with present speed,
To join our several forces all in one,
And bid them battle, ere they range too far.—
Come, gentle Philip, let us hence depart;
This soldier's words have pierc'd thy father's heart.

SCENE II. *Picardy. Fields near Cressi.*

Enter a Frenchman, meeting certain others, a Woman and two Children, laden with household stuff, as removing.

First F. Well met, my masters: how now? what's the news?
And wherefore are you laden thus with stuff?
What, is it quarter-day, that you remove,
And carry bag and baggage too?
Sec. F. Quarter-day? ay, and quartering day, I fear:
Have you not heard the news that flies abroad?
First F. What news?
Third F. How the French navy is destroy'd at sea,
And that the English army is arriv'd.
First F. What then?
Sec. F. What then, quoth you? why, is't not time to fly,
When enemy and destruction is so nigh?
First F. Content thee, man; they are far enough from hence;
And will be met, I warrant you, to their cost,
Before they break so far into the realm.
Sec. F. Ay, so the grasshopper doth spend the time
In mirthful jollity, 'till winter come;
And then too late he would redeem his time.

When frozen cold hath nipp'd his careless head.
He, that no sooner will provide a cloak,
Than when he sees it doth begin to rain,
May, peradventure, for his negligence,
Be throughly wash'd when he suspects it not.
We, that have charge, and such a train as this,
Must look in time to look for them and us,
Lest, when we would, we cannot be reliev'd.

First F. Belike, you then despair of all success,
And think your country will be subjugate.

Third F. We cannot tell; 'tis good, to fear the worst.

First F. Yet rather fight, than, like unnatural sons,
Forsake your loving parents in distress.

Sec. F. Tush, they, that have already taken arms,
Are many fearful millions, in respect
Of that small handful of our enemies:
But 'tis a rightful quarrel must prevail,
Edward is son unto our late king's sister,
Where John Valois is three degrees remov'd.

Wom. Besides, there goes a prophecy abroad,
Publish'd by one that was a friar once,
Whose oracles have many times prov'd true;
And now he says, "The time will shortly come,
When as a lion, rousèd in the west,
Shall carry hence the flower-de-luce of France:"
These, I can tell ye, and such-like surmises
Strike many Frenchmen cold unto the heart.

Enter another Frenchman, hastily.

Fourth F. Fly, countrymen, and citizens of France!
Sweet-flow'ring peace, the root of happy life,
Is quite abandon'd and expuls'd the land:
Instead of whom, ransack-constraining war
Sits raven-like upon your houses' tops;
Slaughter and mischief walk within your streets,
And unrestrain'd, make havoc as they pass:
The form whereof even now myself beheld,
Now, upon this fair mountain, whence I came.
For so far off as I direct mine eyes,
I might perceive five cities all on fire,
Corn-fields, and vineyards, burning like an oven;
And, as the reeking vapor in the wind

Turn'd but aside, I likewise might discern
The poor inhabitants, escap'd the flame,
Fall numberless upon the soldiers' pikes:
Three ways these dreadful ministers of wrath
Do tread the measures of their tragic march;
Upon the right hand comes the conquering king,
Upon the left his hot unbridled son,
And in the midst our nation's glittering host;
All which, though distant, yet conspire in one
To leave a desolation where they come.
Fly, therefore, citizens, if you be wise,
Seek out some habitation further off:
Here if you stay, your wives will be abus'd,
Your treasure shar'd before your weeping eyes;
Shelter yourselves, for now the storm doth rise;
Away, away! methinks, I hear their drums:—
Ah, wretched France, I greatly fear thy fall:
Thy glory shaketh like a tottering wall. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III. *The same.*

Drums. *Enter King* EDWARD, *marching;* DERBY, *&c., and Forces, and* GOBIN DE GREY.

Edw. Where is the Frenchman, by whose cunning guidance
We found the shallow of this river Somme,
And had direction how to pass the sea?

Gob. Here, my good lord.

Edw. How art thou call'd? thy name?

Gob. Gobin de Grey, if please your excellence.

Edw. Then, Gobin, for the service thou hast done,
We here enlarge and give thee liberty;
And, for a recompense, beside this good,
Thou shalt receive five hundred marks in gold.—
I know not how, we should have met our son;
Whom now in heart I wish I might behold.

Enter ARTOIS.

Art. Good news, my lord; the prince is hard at hand,
And with him comes Lord Audley, and the rest,
Whom since our landing we could never meet.

Drums. Enter PRINCE, AUDLEY, *and Forces.*

Edw. Welcome, fair prince! How hast thou sped, my son,
Since thy arrival on the coast of France?
Prince. Successfully, I thank the gracious heavens:
Some of their strongest cities we have won,
As Harfleur, Lo, Crotage, and Carentan;
And others wasted; leaving at our heels
A wide apparent field, and beaten path,
For solitariness to progress in:
Yet, those that would submit, we kindly pardon'd;
But who in scorn refus'd our proffer'd peace,
Endur'd the penalty of sharp revenge.
Edw. Ah, France, why shouldst thou be thus obstinate
Against the kind embracement of thy friends?
How gently had we thought to touch thy breast,
And set our foot upon thy tender mold,
But that, in froward and disdainful pride,
Thou, like a skittish and untamèd colt,
Dost start aside, and strike us with thy heels?—
But tell me, Ned, in all thy warlike course
Hast thou not seen the usurping King of France?
Prince. Yes, my good lord, and not two hours ago,
With full an hundred thousand fighting men,
Upon the one side o' the river's bank,
I on the other; with his multitudes
I fear'd he would have cropp'd our smaller power:
But, happily, perceiving your approach,
He hath withdrawn himself to Cressi plains;
Where, as it seemeth by his good array,
He means to bid us battle presently.
Edw. He shall be welcome, that's the thing we crave.

Drums. Enter King JOHN; CHARLES *and* PHILIP, *his Sons;* BOHEMIA, LORRAIN, *&c., and Forces.*

John. Edward, know, that John, the true King of France,—
Musing thou shouldst encroach upon his land,
And, in thy tyrannous proceeding, slay
His faithful subjects, and subvert his towns,—

Spits in thy face; and in this manner following
Upbraids thee with thine arrogant intrusion.
First, I condemn thee for a fugitive,
A thievish pirate, and a needy mate;
One, that hath either no abiding place,
Or else, inhabiting some barren soil,
Where neither herb nor fruitful grain is had,
Dost altogether live by pilfering:
Next,—insomuch thou hast infring'd thy faith,
Broke league and solemn covenant made with me,—
I hold thee for a false pernicious wretch:
And last of all,—although I scorn to cope
With one such an inferior to myself;
Yet, in respect thy thirst is all for gold,
Thy labor rather to be fear'd than lov'd,—
To satisfy thy lust in either part,
Here am I come; and with me I have brought
Exceeding store of treasure, pearl, and coin.
Leave therefore now to persecute the weak;
And, armèd ent'ring conflict with the arm'd,
Let it be seen, 'mongst other petty thefts,
How thou canst win this pillage manfully.

Edw. If gall, or wormwood, have a pleasant taste,
Then is thy salutation honey-sweet:
But as the one hath no such property,
So is the other most satirical.
Yet wot how I regard thy worthless taunts;—
If thou have utter'd them to soil my fame,
Or dim the reputation of my birth,
Know, that thy wolfish barking cannot hurt:
If slyly to insinuate with the world,
And with a strumpet's artificial line
To paint thy vicious and deformèd cause,
Be well assur'd, the counterfeit will fade,
And in the end thy foul defects be seen:
But if thou didst it to provoke me on,—
As who should say, I were but timorous,
Or, coldly negligent, did need a spur,—
Bethink thyself, how slack I was at sea;
How, since my landing, I have won no towns,
Enter'd no further but upon the coast,
And there have ever since securely slept,

But if I have been otherwise employ'd,
Imagine, Valois, whether I intend
To skirmish, not for pillage, but for the crown
Which thou dost wear; and that I vow to have,
Or one of us shall fall into his grave.
Prince. Look not for cross invectives at our hands,
Or railing execrations of despite:
Let creeping serpents, hid in hollow banks,
Sting with their tongues; we have remorseless swords,
And they shall plead for us, and our affairs.
Yet thus much, briefly, by my father's leave:
As all the immodest poison of thy throat
Is scandalous and most notorious lies,
And our pretended quarrel truly just,
So end the battle when we meet to-day;
May either of us prosper and prevail,
Or, luckless curst, receive eternal shame!
Edw. That needs no further question; and, I know,
His conscience witnesseth, it is my right.—
Therefore, Valois, say, wilt thou yet resign,
Before the sickle's thrust into the corn,
Or that enkindled fury turn to flame?
John. Edward, I know what right thou hast in France,
And ere I basely will resign my crown,
This champion field shall be a pool of blood,
And all our prospect as a slaughter-house.
Prince. Ay, that approves thee, tyrant, what thou art:
No father, king, or shepherd of thy realm;
But one, that tears her entrails with thy hands,
And, like a thirsty tiger, suck'st her blood.
Aud. You peers of France, why do you follow him
That is so prodigal to spend your lives?
Char. Whom should they follow, aged impotent,
But he that is their true-born sovereign?
Edw. Upbraid'st thou him, because within his face
Time hath engrav'd deep characters of age?
Know, these grave scholars of experience,
Like stiff-grown oaks, will stand immovable,
When whirlwinds quickly turn up younger trees.
Der. Was ever any of thy father's house
King, but thyself, before this present time?
Edward's great lineage, by the mother's side,

Five hundred years hath held the scepter up:—
Judge then, conspirators, by this descent,
Which is the true-born sovereign, this, or that.
Phi. Good father, range your battles, prate no more;
These English fain would spend the time in words,
That, night approaching, they might scape unfought.
John. Lords, and my loving subjects, now's the time,
That your intended force must bide the touch:
Therefore, my friends, consider this in brief,—
He, that you fight for, is your natural king;
He, against whom you fight, a foreigner:
He, that you fight for, rules in clemency,
And reins you with a mild and gentle bit;
He, against whom you fight, if he prevail,
Will straight enthrone himself in tyranny,
Make slaves of you, and, with a heavy hand,
Curtail and curb your sweetest liberty.
Then, to protect your country, and your king,
Let but the haughty courage of your hearts
Answer the number of your able hands,
And we shall quickly chase these fugitives.
For what's this Edward, but a belly-god,
A tender and lascivious wantonness,
That t'other day was almost dead for love?
And what, I pray you, is his goodly guard?
Such as, but scant them of their chines of beef,
And take away their downy feather-beds,
And, presently, they are as resty-stiff
As 'twere a many over-ridden jades.
Then, Frenchmen, scorn that such should be your lords,
And rather bind ye them in captive bands.
French. Vive le roi! God save King John of France!
John. Now on this plain of Cressi spread yourselves,—
And, Edward, when thou dar'st, begin the fight.
[*Exeunt King John, Charles, Philip, Lorrain, Bohemia, and Forces.*
Edw. We presently will meet thee, John of France:—
And, English lords, let us resolve the day
Either to clear us of that scandalous crime,
Or be entombèd in our innocence,—
And, Ned, because this battle is the first
That ever yet thou fought'st in pitchèd field,

As ancient custom is of martialists,
To dub thee with the type of chivalry,
In solemn manner we will give thee arms: —
Come, therefore, heralds, orderly bring forth
A strong attirement for the prince my son.—

Flourish. Enter four Heralds, bringing a coat-armor, a helmet, a lance, and a shield: first Herald delivers the armor to King EDWARD; *who puts it on his Son.*

Edward Plantagenet, in the name of God,
As with this armor I impall thy breast,
So be thy noble unrelenting heart
Wall'd in with flint of matchless fortitude,
That never base affections enter there;
Fight and be valiant, conquer where thou com'st! —
Now follow, lords, and do him honor too.

Der. [*Receiving the helmet from the second* **Herald.**
Edward Plantagenet, Prince of Wales,
As I do set this helmet on thy head,
Wherewith the chamber of thy brain is fenc'd,
So may thy temples, with Bellona's hand,
Be still adorn'd with laurel victory;
Fight and be valiant, conquer where thou com'st!

Aud. [*Receiving the lance from the third* **Herald.**
Edward Plantagenet, Prince of Wales,
Receive this lance, into thy manlike hand;
Use it in fashion of a brazen pen,
To draw forth bloody stratagems in France,
And print thy valiant deeds in honor's book,
Fight and be valiant, conquer where thou com'st!

Art. [*Receiving the shield from the fourth* **Herald.**
Edward Plantagenet, Prince of Wales,
Hold, take this target, wear it on thy arm;
And may the view thereof, like Perseus' shield,
Astonish and transform thy gazing foes
To senseless images of meager death;
Fight and be valiant, conquer where thou com'st!

Edw. Now wants there naught but knighthood; which, deferr'd,
We leave, till thou hast won it in the field.

Prince. My gracious father, and ye forward peers,

This honor, you have done me, animates
And cheers my green yet-scarce-appearing strength
With comfortable good-presaging signs;
No otherwise than did old Jacob's words,
When as he breath'd his blessings on his sons:
These hallow'd gifts of yours when I profane,
Or use them not to glory of my God,
To patronage the fatherless, and poor,
Or for the benefit of England's peace,
Be numb my joints! wax feeble both mine arms!
Wither my heart! that, like a sapless tree,
I may remain the map of infamy.

Edw. Then thus our steelèd battles shall be rang'd;—
The leading of the vaward, Ned, is thine;
To dignify whose lusty spirit the more,
We temper it with Audley's gravity;
That, courage and experience join'd in one,
Your manage may be second unto none:
For the main battles, I will guide myself;
And, Derby, in the rearward march behind,
That orderly dispos'd, and set in 'ray,
Let us to horse; and God grant us the day!

SCENE IV. *The Same.*

Alarums, as of a battle joined. Enter a many French men, flying; PRINCE, *and English, pursuing; and exeunt: then enter King* JOHN *and* LORRAIN.

John. O Lorrain, say, what mean our men to fly?
Our number is far greater than our foes.

Lor. The garrison of Genoeses, my lord,
That came from Paris, weary with their march,
Grudging to be so suddenly employ'd,
No sooner in the fore-front took their place,
But, straight retiring, so dismay'd the rest,
As likewise they betook themselves to flight;
In which, for haste to make a safe escape,
More in the clust'ring throng are press'd to death,
Than by the enemy, a thousand-fold.

John. O hapless fortune! Let us yet assay
If we can counsel some of them to stay. [*Exeunt*

SCENE V. *The Same.*

Drums. Enter King EDWARD *and* AUDLEY.

Edw. Lord Audley, whiles our son is in the chase,
Withdraw your powers unto this little hill,
And here a season let us breathe ourselves.
Aud. I will, my lord. [*Exit. Retreat.*
Edw. Just-dooming Heaven, whose secret providence
To our gross judgment is unscrutable,
How are we bound to praise thy wondrous works,
That hast this day giv'n way unto the right,
And made the wicked stumble at themselves?

Enter ARTOIS, *hastily.*

Art. Rescue, King Edward! rescue for thy son!
Edw. Rescue, Artois? what, is he prisoner?
Or, else, by violence fell beside his horse?
Art. Neither, my lord; but narrowly beset
With turning Frenchmen, whom he did pursue,
As 'tis impossible that he should scape,
Except your highness presently descend.
Edw. Tut, let him fight; we gave him arms to-day,
And he is laboring for a knighthood, man.

Enter DERBY, *hastily.*

Der. The prince, my lord, the prince! O succor him:
He's close encompass'd with a world of odds!
Edw. Then will he win a world of honor too.
If he by valor can redeem him thence:
If not, what remedy? we have more sons
Than one, to comfort our declining age.

Re-enter AUDLEY, *hastily.*

Aud. Renownèd Edward, give me leave, I pray,
To lead my soldiers, where I may relieve
Your grace's son, in danger to be slain.
The snares of French, like emmets on a bank,
Muster about him; whilst he, lion-like,
Entangled in the net of their assaults,
Franticly rends, and bites the woven toil:
But all in vain, he cannot free himself.
Edw. Audley, content; I will not have a man,

On pain of death, sent forth to succor him:
This is the day ordain'd by destiny
To season his courage with those grievous thoughts,
That, if he breathe out Nestor's years on earth,
Will make him savor still of this exploit.
Der. Ah, but he shall not live to see those days.
Edw. Why, then his epitaph is lasting praise.
Aud. Yet, good my lord, 'tis too much willfulness,
To let his blood be spilt, that may be sav'd.
Edw. Exclaim no more; for none of you can tell,
Whether a borrow'd aid will serve, or no;
Perhaps, he is already slain, or ta'en:
And dare a falcon when she's in her flight,
And ever after she'll be haggard-like;
Let Edward be deliver'd by our hands,
And still, in danger, he'll expect the like;
But if himself himself redeem from thence,
He will have vanquish'd, cheerful, death, and fear,
And ever after dread their force no more,
Than if they were but babes, or captive slaves.
Aud. O cruel father!— Farewell, Edward, then!
Der. Farewell, sweet prince, the hope of chivalry!
Art. O, would my life might ransom him from death!
Edw. But, soft; methinks, I hear [*Retreat sounded.*
The dismal charge of trumpets' loud retreat:
All are not slain, I hope, that went with him;
Some will return with tidings, good, or bad.

Flourish. Enter Prince EDWARD *in triumph, bearing in his hand his shivered lance; his sword, and battered armor, borne before him, and the body of the King of* BOHEMIA, *wrapped in the colors: Lords run and embrace him.*

Aud. O joyful sight! victorious Edward lives!
Der. Welcome, brave prince!
Edw. Welcome, Plantagenet! [*Embracing him.*
Prince. First having done my duty, as beseem'd,
[*Kneels, and kisses his father's hand.*
Lords, I regreet you all with hearty thanks.
And now, behold,—after my winter's toil,
My painful voyage on the boist'rous sea

Of war's devouring gulfs and steely rocks —
I bring my fraught unto the wished port,
My summer's hope, my travel's sweet reward:
And here, with humble duty, I present
This sacrifice, this first-fruit of my sword,
Cropp'd and cut down even at the gate of death,
The King of Bohemia, father, whom I slew;
Whose thousands had entrench'd me round about,
And lay as thick upon my batter'd crest,
As on an anvil, with their pond'rous glaives:
Yet marble courage still did underprop;
And when my weary arms, with often blows,—
Like the continual-lab'ring woodman's ax,
That is enjoin'd to fell a load of oaks,—
Began to falter, straight I would remember
My gifts you gave me, and my zealous vow,
And then new courage made me fresh again;
That, in despite, I carv'd my passage forth,
And put the multitude to speedy flight.
Lo, thus hath Edward's hand fill'd your request,
And done, I hope, the duty of a knight.

Edw. Ay, well thou hast deserv'd a knighthood, Ned!
And, therefore, with thy sword, yet reeking warm
[*Receiving it from the soldier who bore it, and laying it on the kneeling Prince.*
With blood of those that fought to be thy bane,
Arise, Prince Edward, trusty knight at arms:
This day thou hast confounded me with joy,
And prov'd thyself fit heir unto a king.

Prince. Here is a note, my gracious lord, of those
That in this conflict of our foes were slain:
Eleven princes of esteem; fourscore
Barons; a hundred and twenty knights;
And thirty thousand common soldiers;
And, of our men, a thousand.

Edw. Our God be prais'd! Now, John of France, I hope,
Thou know'st King Edward for no wantonness,
No love-sick cockney; nor his soldiers, jades.—
But which way is the fearful King escap'd?

Prince. Towards Poitiers, noble father, and his sons.

Edw. Ned, thou, and Audley, shall pursue them still;

Myself, and Derby, will to Calais straight,
And there begirt that haven-town with siege:
Now lies it on an upshot; therefore strike,
And wistly follow while the game's on foot.
What picture's this? [*Pointing to the colors.*
Prince. A pelican, my lord,
Wounding her bosom with her crooked beak,
That so her nest of young ones may be fed
With drops of blood that issue from her heart;
The motto, "*Sic et vos*, And so should you."
[*Flourish. Exeunt in triumph.*

ACT IV.

SCENE I. *Bretagne. Camp of the English.*

Forces under the Earl of SALISBURY; SALISBURY'S *Tent. Enter* SALISBURY; *to him, the Earl of* MONTFORT, *attended, a coronet in his hand.*

Montfort. My Lord of Salisbury, since by your aid
Mine enemy Sir Charles of Blois is slain,
And I again am quietly possess'd
In Bretagne's dukedom, know, that I resolve,
For this kind furtherance of your king, and you,
To swear allegiance to his majesty:
In sign whereof, receive this coronet,
Bear it unto him; and, withal, my oath,
Never to be but Edward's faithful friend.
Sal. I take it, Montfort: thus, I hope, ere long
The whole dominions of the realm of France
Will be surrender'd to his conquering hand.
[*Exeunt Montfort and Train.*
Now, if I knew but safely how to pass,
I would at Calais gladly meet his grace,
Whither, I am by letters certified,
That he intends to have his host remov'd.
It shall be so: this policy will serve:—
Ho, who's within? Bring Villiers to me.—

Enter VILLIERS.

Villiers, thou know'st, thou art my prisoner.

And that I might, for ransom, if I would,
Require of thee an hundred thousand francs,
Or else retain and keep thee captive still:
But so it is, that for a smaller charge
Thou may'st be quit, an if thou wilt thyself;
And this it is, procure me but a passport
Of Charles the Duke of Normandy, that I,
Without restraint, may have recourse to Calais
Through all the countries where he hath to do,
(Which thou may'st easily obtain, I think,
By reason I have often heard thee say,
He and thyself were students once together)
And then thou shalt be set at liberty.
How say'st thou? wilt thou undertake to do it?

Vil. I will, my lord; but I must speak with him.

Sal. Why, so thou shalt; take horse, and post from hence:
Only, before thou go'st, swear by thy faith,
That, if thou canst not compass my desire,
Thou wilt return my prisoner back again;
And that shall be sufficient warrant for thee.

Vil. To that condition I agree, my lord,
And will unfeignedly perform the same.

Sal. Farewell, Villiers.— [*Exit Villiers.*
This once I mean to try a Frenchman's faith.

SCENE II. *Picardy. The English camp before Calais.*

Enter King EDWARD, *and* DERBY, *with soldiers.*

Edw. Since they refuse our proffer'd league, my lord,
And will not ope their gates, and let us in,
We will intrench ourselves on every side,
That neither victuals, nor supply of men,
May come to succor this accursèd town;
Famine shall combat where our swords are stopp'd.

Der. The promis'd aid, that made them stand aloof,
Is now retir'd, and gone another way;
It will repent them of their stubborn will.

Enter some poor Frenchmen.

But what are these poor ragged slaves, my lord?

Edw. Ask what they are; it seems, they come from Calais.

Der. You wretched patterns of despair and woe,
What are ye? living men; or gliding ghosts,
Crept from your graves to walk upon the earth?
First F. No ghosts, my lord, but men that breathe a life
Far worse than is the quiet sleep of death:
We are distressèd poor inhabitants,
That long have been diseasèd, sick, and lame;
And now, because we are not fit to serve,
The captain of the town hath thrust us forth,
That so expense of victuals may be sav'd.
Edw. A charitable deed, and worthy praise.—
But how do you imagine then to speed?
We are your enemies; in such a case
We can no less but put you to the sword,
Since, when we proffer'd truce, it was refus'd.
First F. An if your grace no otherwise vouchsafe,
As welcome death is unto us as life.
Edw. Poor silly men, much wrong'd, and more distress'd!—
Go, Derby, go, and see they be reliev'd;
Command that victuals be appointed them,
And give to every one five crowns a-piece:—
[*Exeunt Derby and Frenchmen.*
The lion scorns to touch the yielding prey;
And Edward's sword must flesh itself in such
As willful stubbornness hath made perverse.—

Enter the Lord PERCY, *from England.*

Lord Percy! welcome: what's the news in England?
Per. The queen, my lord, commends her to your grace;
And from her highness, and the lord vicegerent,
I bring this happy tidings of success:
David of Scotland, lately up in arms,
(Thinking, belike, he soonest should prevail,
Your highness being absent from the realm)
Is, by the faithful service of your peers,
And painful travel of the queen herself,
That, big with child, was every day in arms,
Vanquish'd, subdu'd, and taken prisoner.
Edw. Thanks, Percy, for thy news, with all my heart!
What was he, took him prisoner in the field?

Per. A squire, my lord; John Copland is his name:
Who since, entreated by her majesty,
Denies to make surrender of his prize
To any but unto your grace alone;
Whereat the queen is grievously displeas'd.
Edw. Well, then we'll have a pursuivant despatch'd,
To summon Copland hither out of hand,
And with him he shall bring his prisoner king.
Per. The queen's, my lord, herself by this at sea;
And purposeth, as soon as wind will serve,
To land at Calais, and to visit you.
Edw. She shall be welcome; and, to wait her coming
I'll pitch my tent near to the sandy shore.

Enter a French Captain.

Cap. The burgesses of Calais, mighty king,
Have, by a council, willingly decreed
To yield the town, and castle, to your hands;
Upon condition, it will please your grace
To grant them benefit of life, and goods.
Edw. They will so! then, belike, they may command,
Dispose, elect, and govern as they list.
No, sirrah; tell them, since they did refuse
Our princely clemency at first proclaim'd,
They shall not have it now, although they would;
I will accept of naught but fire and sword,
Except, within these two days, six of them,
That are the wealthiest merchants in the town,
Come naked, all but for their linen shirts,
With each a halter hang'd about his neck,
And prostrate yield themselves, upon their knees,
To be afflicted, hang'd, or what I please;
And so you may inform their masterships.

[*Exeunt Edward and Percy.*

Cap. Why, this it is to trust a broken staff.
Had we not been persuaded, John our king
Would with his army have reliev'd the town,
We had not stood upon defiance so:
But now 'tis past that no man can recall;
And better some do go to wrack, than all. [*Exit.*

SCENE III. *Poiton. Fields near Poitiers. The French Camp; Tent of the Duke of* NORMANDY.

Enter CHARLES *and* VILLIERS.

Char. I wonder, Villiers, thou shouldst impórtune me
For one that is our deadly enemy.
Vil. Not for his sake, my gracious lord, so much
Am I become an earnest advocate,
As that thereby my ransom will be quit.
Char. Thy ransom, man! why, need'st thou talk of that?
Art thou not free? and are not all occasions
That happen for advantage on our foes,
To be accepted of, and stood upon?
Vil. No, good my lord, except the same be just;
For profit must with honor be comix'd,
Or else our actions are but scandalous:
But, letting pass these intricate objections,
Will't please your highness to subscribe, or no?
Char. Villiers, I will not, nor I cannot do it;
Salisbury shall not have his will so much,
To claim a passport how it please himself.
Vil. Why, then I know the extremity, my lord,
I must return to prison whence I came.
Char. Return! I hope, thou wilt not, Villiers:
What bird, that hath escap'd the fowler's gin,
Will not be ware how she's ensnar'd again?
Or, what is he, so senseless, and secure,
That, having hardly pass'd a dangerous gulf,
Will put himself in peril there again?
Vil. Ah, but it is mine oath, my gracious lord,
Which I in conscience may not violate,
Or else a kingdom should not draw me hence.
Char. Thine oath! why, that doth bind thee to abide:
Hast thou not sworn obedience to thy prince?
Vil. In all things that uprightly he commands:
But either to persuade, or threaten me,
Not to perform the covenant of my word,
Is lawless, and I need not to obey.
Char. Why, is it lawful for a man to kill,
And not, to break a promise with his foe?
Vil. To kill, my lord, when war is once proclaim'd,

So that our quarrel be for wrongs receiv'd,
No doubt, is lawfully permitted us:
But, in an oath, we must be well advis'd
How we do swear; and, when we once have sworn,
Not to infringe it, though we die therefor:
Therefore, my lord, as willing I return,
As if I were to fly to paradise. [*Going.*

Char. Stay, my Villiers; thy honorable mind
Deserves to be eternally admir'd.
Thy suit shall be no longer thus deferr'd;
Give me the paper, I'll subscribe to it:
[*Signs, and gives it back.*
And, wheretofore I lov'd thee as Villiers,
Hereafter I'll embrace thee as myself;
Stay, and be still in favor with thy lord.

Vil. I humbly thank your grace: I must despatch,
And send this passport first unto the earl,
And then I will attend your highness' pleasure. [*Exit.*

Char. Do so, Villiers; — and Charles, when he hath need,
Be such his soldiers, howsoe'er he speed!

Enter King JOHN.

John. Come, Charles, and arm thee; Edward is entrapp'd,
The Prince of Wales is fall'n into our hands,
And we have compass'd him, he cannot scape.

Char. But will your highness fight to-day?

John. What else, my son? he's scarce eight thousand strong,
And we are threescore thousand at the least.

Char. I have a prophecy, my gracious lord,
Wherein is written, what success is like
To happen us in this outrageous war;
It was deliver'd me at Cressi' field,
By one that is an aged hermit there. [*Reads.*

"When feather'd fowl shall make thine army tremble,
And flint stones rise, and break the battle 'ray,
Then think on him that doth not now dissemble;
For that shall be the hapless dreadful day:
Yet, in the end, thy foot thou shalt advance
As far in England, as thy foe in France."

John. By this it seems we shall be fortunate:
For as it is impossible, that stones
Should ever rise, and break the battle 'ray;
Or airy fowl make men in arms to quake;
So is it like, we shall not be subdu'd:
Or, say this might be true, yet, in the end,
Since he doth promise, we shall drive him hence,
And forage their country, as they have done ours,
By this revenge that loss will seem the less.
But all are frivolous fancies, toys, and dreams:
Once, we are sure we have ensnar'd the son,
Catch we the father after how we can. [*Exeunt*

SCENE IV. *The Same. The English camp.*

Enter Prince EDWARD, AUDLEY, *and others.*

Prince. Audley, the arms of death embrace us round,
And comfort have we none, save that to die,
We pay sour earnest for a sweeter life.
At Cressi' field our clouds of warlike smoke
Chok'd up those French moths, and dissever'd them:
But now their multitudes of millions hide,
Masking as 'twere, the beauteous burning sun;
Leaving no hope to us, but sullen dark,
And eyeless terror of all-ending night.
Aud. This sudden, mighty, and expedient head,
That they have made, fair prince, is wonderful.
Before us in the valley lies the king,
Vantag'd with all that heaven and earth can yield;
His party stronger battled than our whole:
His son, the braving Duke of Normandy,
Hath trimm'd the mountain on our right hand up
In shining plate, that now the aspiring hill
Shows like a silver quarry, or an orb;
Aloft the which, the banners, bannerets,
And new-replenish'd pendants, cuff the air,
And beat the winds, that, for their gaudiness,
Struggles to kiss them: on our left hand lies
Philip, the younger issue of the king,
Coating the other hill in such array,

That all his gilded upright pikes do seem
Straight trees of gold, the pendant streamers, leaves;
And their device of antique heraldry,
Quarter'd in colors seeming sundry fruits,
Makes it the orchard of the Hesperides:
Behind us too the hill doth bear his height,
(For, like a half-moon, op'ning but one way,
It rounds us in) there at our backs are lodg'd
The fatal cross-bows; and the battle there
Is govern'd by the rough Chatillion.
Then thus it stands,— the valley for our flight
The king binds in; the hills on either hand
Are proudly royalized by his sons;
And on the hill behind stands certain death,
In pay and service with Chatillion.

Prince. Death's name is much more mighty than his deeds;—
Thy parceling this power hath made it more.
As many sands as these my hands can hold,
Are but my handful of so many sands;
Then, all the world,— and call it but a power,—
Easily ta'en up, and quickly thrown away:
But, if I stand to count them sand by sand,
The number would confound my memory,
And make a thousand millions of a task,
Which, briefly, is no more, indeed, than one.
These quarters, squadrons, and these regiments,
Before, behind us, and on either hand,
Are but a power: when we name a man,
His hand, his foot, his head, have several strengths;
And being all but one self instant strength,
Why, all this many, Audley, is but one,
And we can call it all but one man's strength.
He, that hath far to go, tells it by miles;
If he should tell the steps, it kills his heart:
The drops are infinite, that make a flood;
And yet, thou know'st, we call it but a rain.
There is but one France, and one King of France,
That France hath no more kings; and that same king
Hath but the puissant legion of one king;
And we have one: then apprehend no odds;
For one to one is fair equality.—

Enter a Herald.

What tidings, messenger? be plain, and brief.
Her. The King of France, my sovereign lord and master,
Greets thus by me his foe the Prince of Wales:
If thou call forth an hundred men of name,
Of lords, knights, 'squires, and English gentlemen,
And with thyself and those kneel at his feet,
He straight will fold his bloody colors up,
And ransom shall redeem lives forfeited:
If not, this day shall drink more English blood
Than e'er was buried in our British earth.
What is the answer to his proffer'd mercy?
Prince. This heaven, that covers France, contains the mercy
That draws from me submissive orisons;
That such base breath should vanish from my lips,
To urge the plea of mercy to a man,
The Lord forbid! Return, and tell thy king,
My tongue is made of steel, and it shall beg
My mercy on his coward burgonet;
Tell him, my colors are as red as his,
My men as bold, our English arms as strong,
Return him my defiance in his face.
Her. I go. [*Exit.*

Enter another Herald.

Prince. What news with thee?
Her. The Duke of Normandy, my lord and master,
Pitying thy youth is so engirt with peril,
By me hath sent a nimble-jointed jennet,
As swift as ever yet thou didst bestride,
And therewithal he counsels thee to fly;
Else, death himself hath sworn, that thou shalt die.
Prince. Back with the beast unto the beast that sent him;
Tell him, I cannot sit a coward's horse:
Bid him to-day bestride the jade himself;
For I will stain my horse quite o'er with blood,
And double-gild my spurs, but I will catch him;
So tell the carping boy, and get thee gone.
[*Exit Herald.*

Enter another Herald.

Her. Edward of Wales, Philip, the second son
To the most mighty Christian King of France,
Seeing thy body's living date expir'd,
All full of charity and Christian love,
Commends this book, full fraught with prayers,
To thy fair hand, and, for thy hour of life,
Entreats thee that thou meditate therein,
And arm thy soul for her long journey towards.
Thus have I done his bidding, and return.

Prince. Herald of Philip, greet thy lord from me;
All good, that he can send, I can receive:
But think'st thou not, the unadvisèd boy
Hath wrong'd himself, in thus far tend'ring me?
Haply, he cannot pray without the book;
I think him no divine extemporal:
Then render back this commonplace of prayer,
To do himself good in adversity;
Besides, he knows not my sin's quality,
And therefore knows no prayers for my avail;
Ere night his prayer may be, to pray to God
To put it in my heart to hear his prayer;
So tell the courtly wanton, and be gone.

Her. I go. [*Exit.*

Prince. How confident their strength and number makes them!—
Now, Audley, sound those silver strings of thine,
And let those milk-white messengers of time
Show thy time's learning in this dangerous time;
Thyself art bruis'd and bit with many broils,
And stratagems forepast with iron pens
Are texted in thine honorable face;
Thou art a married man in this distress,
But danger woos me as a blushing maid:
Teach me an answer to this perilous time.

Aud. To die is all as common, as to live;
The one in choice, the other holds in chase:
For, from the instant we begin to live,
We do pursue and hunt the time to die:
First bud we, then we blow, and after seed;
Then, presently, we fall; and, as a shade

Follows the body, so we follow death.
If then we hunt for death, why do we fear it?
If we fear it, why do we follow it?
If we do fear, with fear we do but aid
The thing we fear to seize on us the sooner:
If we fear not, then no resolvèd proffer
Can overthrow the limit of our fate:
For, whether ripe, or rotten, drop we shall,
As we do draw the lottery of our doom.

Prince. Ah, good old man, a thousand thousand armors
These words of thine have buckled on my back:
Ah, what an idiot hast thou made of life,
To seek the thing it fears! and how disgrac'd
The imperial victory of murd'ring death!
Since all the lives, his conquering arrows strike,
Seek him, and he not them, to shame his glory.
I will not give a penny for a life,
Nor half a halfpenny to shun grim death;
Since for to live is but to seek to die,
And dying but beginning of new life:
Let come the hour when he that rules it will!
To live, or die, I hold indifferent. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V. *The Same. The French camp.*

Enter King JOHN *and* CHARLES.

John. A sudden darkness hath defac'd the sky,
The winds are crept into their caves for fear,
The leaves move not, the wood is hush'd and still,
The birds cease singing, and the wand'ring brooks
Murmur no wonted greeting to their shores;
Silence attends some wonder, and expecteth
That Heaven should pronounce some prophecy:
Whence, or from whom, proceeds this silence, Charles?

Char. Our men, with open mouths, and staring eyes,
Look on each other, as they did attend
Each other's words, and yet no creature speaks;
A tongue-tied fear hath made a midnight hour,
And speeches sleep through all the waking regions.

John. But now the pompous sun, in all his pride,
Look'd through his golden coach upon the world,

And, on a sudden, hath he hid himself;
That now the under earth is as a grave,
Dark, deadly, silent, and uncomfortable.
[*A clamor of ravens heard.*
Hark! what a deadly outcry do I hear!
Char. Here comes my brother Philip.
John. All dismay'd:—

Enter PHILIP.

What fearful words are those thy looks presage?
Phi. A flight, a flight!
John. Coward, what flight? thou liest, there needs no flight.
Phi. A flight!
John. Awake thy craven powers, and tell on
The very substance of that fear indeed,
Which is so ghastly printed in thy face:
What is the matter?
Phi. A flight of ugly ravens
Do croak and hover o'er our soldiers' heads,
And keep in triangles, and corner'd squares,
Right as our forces are embattled;
With their approach there came this sudden fog,
Which now hath hid the airy floor of heaven,
And made at noon a night unnatural
Upon the quaking and dismayèd world:
In brief, our soldiers have let fall their arms,
And stand like metamorphos'd images,
Bloodless and pale, one gazing on another.
John. Ay, now I call to mind the prophecy;
But I must give no entrance to a fear.—
Return, and hearten up those yielding souls;
Tell them, the ravens, seeing them in arms,—
So many fair against a famish'd few,—
Come but to dine upon their handiwork,
And prey upon the carrion that they kill:
For when we see a horse laid down to die,
Although he be not dead, the ravenous birds
Sit watching the departure of his life;
Even so these ravens, for the carcasses
Of those poor English, that are mark'd to die,
Hover about, and, if they cry to us,

'Tis but for meat that we must kill for them.
Away, and comfort up my soldiers,
And sound the trumpets; and at once despatch
This little business of a silly fraud. [*Exit Philip.*

Noise within. Enter a French Captain, with SALISBURY, *prisoner.*

Cap. Behold, my liege, this knight, and forty more,—
Of whom the better part are slain and fled,—
With all endeavor sought to break our ranks,
And make their way to the encompass'd prince;
Dispose of him as please your majesty.

John. Go, and the next bough, soldier, that thou seest,
Disgrace it with his body presently:
For I do hold a tree in France too good
To be the gallows of an English thief.

Sal. My Lord of Normandy, I have your pass
And warrant for my safety through this land.

Char. Villiers procur'd it for thee, did he not?

Sal. He did.

Char. And it is current, thou shalt freely pass.

John. Ay, freely to the gallows to be hang'd,
Without denial, or impediment:—
Away with him.

Char. I hope, your highness will not so disgrace me,
And dash the virtue of my seal at arms:
He hath my never-broken name to show,
Charácter'd with this princely hand of mine;
And rather let me leave to be a prince,
Than break the stable verdict of a prince:
I do beseech you, let him pass in quiet.

John. Thou and thy word lie both in my command;
What canst thou promise, that I cannot break?
Which of these twain is greater infamy,
To disobey thy father, or thyself?
Thy word, nor no man's, may exceed his power;
Nor that same man doth never break his word,
That keeps it to the utmost of his power:
The breach of faith dwells in the soul's consent;
Which if thyself without consent do break,
Thou art not chargèd with the breach of faith.—

Go, hang him; for thy license lies in me:
And my constraint stands the excuse for thee.
Char. What, am I not a soldier in my word?
Then, arms adieu, and let them fight that list:
Shall I not give my girdle from my waist,
But with a guardian I shall be controll'd,
To say, I may not give my things away?
Upon my soul, had Edward Prince of Wales
Engag'd his word, writ down his noble hand,
For all your knights to pass his father's land,
The royal king, to grace his warlike son,
Would not alone safe-conduct give to them,
But with all bounty feasted them and theirs.
John. Dwell'st thou on precedents? Then be it so.—
Say, Englishman, of what degree thou art?
Sal. An earl in England, though a prisoner here;
And those, that know me, call me Salisbury.
John. Then, Salisbury, say, whither thou art bound?
Sal. To Calais, where my liege, King Edward, is.
John. To Calais, Salisbury? Then to Calais pack;
And bid the king prepare a noble grave,
To put his princely son, black Edward, in.
And as thou travel'st westward from this place,
Some two leagues hence there is a lofty hill,
Whose top seems topless, for the embracing sky
Doth hide his high head in her azure bosom;
Unto whose tall top when thy foot attains,
Look back upon the humble vale below,
(Humble of late, but now made proud with arms)
And thence behold the wretched Prince of Wales,
Hoop'd with a band of iron round about.
After which sight to Calais spur amain,
And say, the prince was smother'd, and not slain:
And tell the king, this is not all his ill;
For I will greet him, ere he thinks I will.
Away, be gone; the smoke but of our shot
Will choke our foes, though bullets hit them not.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE VI. *The Same. A Part of the Field of Battle.*

Alarums, as of a battle joined, skirmishings.
Enter Prince EDWARD *and* ARTOIS.

Art. How fares your grace? are you not shot, my lord?

Prince. No, dear Artois; but chok'd with dust and smoke,
And stepp'd aside for breath and fresher air.

Art. Breathe then, and to't again: the amazèd French
Are quite distract with gazing on the crows;
And, were our quivers full of shafts again,
Your grace should see a glorious day of this:—
O, for more arrows, lord! that is our want.

Prince. Courage, Artois! a fig for feather'd shafts,
When feather'd fowls do bandy on our side!
What need we fight, and sweat, and keep a coil,
When railing crows out-scold our adversaries?
Up, up, Artois! the ground itself is arm'd:
Fire-containing flint; command our bows
To hurl away their pretty-color'd yew,
And to't with stones: away, Artois, away;
My soul doth prophesy we win the day. [*Exeunt.*

Alarums, and Parties skirmishing. Enter King JOHN.

John. Our multitudes are in themselves confounded
Dismayèd, and distraught; swift-starting fear
Hath buzz'd a cold dismay through all our army,
And every petty disadvantage prompts
The fear-possessèd abject soul to fly:
Myself, whose spirit is steel to their dull lead,
(What with recalling of the prophecy,
And that our native stones from English arms
Rebel against us) find myself attainted
With strong surprise of weak and yielding fear.

Enter CHARLES.

Char. Fly, father, fly! the French do kill the French;
Some that would stand, let drive at some that fly:
Our drums strike nothing but discouragement,
Our trumpets sound dishonor and retire;

The spirit of fear, that feareth naught but death,
Cowardly works confusion on itself.

Enter PHILIP.

Phi. Pluck out your eyes, and see not this day's shame!
An arm hath beat an army; one poor David
Hath with a stone foil'd twenty stout Goliahs:
Some twenty naked starvelings, with small flints,
Have driven back a puissant host of men,
Array'd and fenc'd in all accomplements.
John. Mordieu, they quoit at us, and kill us up;
No less than forty thousand wicked elders
Have forty lean slaves this day ston'd to death.
Char. O, that I were some other countryman!
This day hath set derision on the French;
And all the world will blurt and scorn at us.
John. What, is there no hope left?
Phi. No hope, but death, to bury up our shame.
John. Make up once more with me; the twentieth part
Of those that live, are men enough to quail
The feeble handful on the adverse part.
Char. Then charge again: if Heaven be not oppos'd,
We cannot lose the day.
John. On, on; away. [*Exeunt.*

Alarums, &c. *Enter* AUDLEY, *wounded, and two Esquires, his rescuers.*

First Esq. How fares my lord?
Aud. E'en as a man may do,
That dines at such a bloody feast as this.
Sec. Esq. I hope, my lord, that is no mortal scar.
Aud. No matter, if it be; the count is cast,
And, in the worst, ends but a mortal man.
Good friends, convey me to the princely Edward,
That, in the crimson bravery of my blood,
I may become him with saluting him;
I'll smile, and tell him, that this open scar
Doth end the harvest of his Audley's war. [*Exeunt.*

[*Other alarums; afterwards, a retreat.*

SCENE VII. *The Same. The English Camp.*

Flourish. Enter Prince EDWARD, *in triumph, leading prisoners, King* JOHN *and his son* CHARLES; *and officers, soldiers, &c., with ensigns spread.*

Prince. Now, John in France, and lately John of France,
Thy bloody ensigns are my captive colors;
And you, high-vaunting Charles of Normandy,
That once to-day sent me a horse to fly,
Are now the subjects of my clemency.
Fie, lords! is't not a shame, that English boys,
Whose early days are yet not worth a beard,
Should in the bosom of your kingdom thus,
One against twenty, beat you up together?
John. Thy fortune, not thy force, hath conquer'd us.
Prince. An argument, that Heaven aids the right.—

Enter ARTOIS, *with* PHILIP.

See, see, Artois doth bring along with him
The late good counsel-giver to my soul!—
Welcome, Artois;—and welcome, Philip, too:
Who now, of you, or I, have need to pray?
Now is the proverb verified in you,
Too bright a morning breeds a louring day.—

Enter AUDLEY, *led by the two Esquires.*

But, say, what grim discouragement comes here!
Alas, what thousand armèd men of France
Have writ that note of death in Audley's face?—
Speak, thou that woo'st death with thy careless smile,
And look'st so merrily upon thy grave
As if thou wert enamor'd on thine end,
What hungry sword hath so bereav'd thy face,
And lopp'd a true friend from my loving soul?
Aud. O prince, thy sweet bemoaning speech to me
Is as a mournful knell to one dead-sick.
Prince. Dear Audley, if my tongue ring out thy end
My arms shall be thy grave: what may I do,
To win thy life, or to revenge thy death?
If thou wilt drink the blood of captive kings,—
Or, that it were restorative, command

A health of king's blood, and I'll drink to thee:
If honor may dispense for thee with death,
The never-dying honor of this day
Share wholly, Audley, to thyself, and live.
Aud. Victorious prince,—that thou art so, behold
A Cæsar's fame in kings' captivity,—
If I could hold dim death but at a bay,
'Till I did see my liege thy royal father,
My soul should yield this castle of my flesh,
This mangled tribute, with all willingness,
To darkness, consummation, dust, and worms.
Prince. Cheerly, bold man! thy soul is all too proud,
To yield her city for one little breach;
She'ld be divorcèd from her earthly spouse
By the soft temper of a Frenchman's sword?
Lo, to repair thy life, I give to thee
Three thousand marks a year in English land.
Aud. I take thy gift, to pay the debts I owe:
These two poor 'squires redeem'd me from the French,
With lusty and dear hazard of their lives;
What thou hast given to me, I give to them;
And, as thou lov'st me, prince, lay thy consent
To this bequeath in my last testament.
Prince. Renownèd Audley, live, and have from me
This gift twice doubled, to these 'squires, and thee:
But, live, or die, what thou hast given away,
To these, and theirs, shall lasting freedom stay.—
Come, gentlemen, I'll see my friend bestow'd
Within an easy litter; then we'll march
Proudly toward Calais, with triumphant pace,
Unto my royal father, and there bring
The tribute of my wars, fair France's king. [*Exeunt.*

ACT V.

SCENE I. *Picardy. The English Camp before Calais.*

Enter King EDWARD, *with* PHILIPPA *his Queen and* DERBY; *Officers, Soldiers, &c.*

Edward. No more, Queen Philippa, pacify yourself;
Copland, except he can excuse his fault,
Shall find displeasure written in our looks.—

And now unto this proud resisting town:
Soldiers, assault; I will no longer stay,
To be deluded by their false delays;
Put all to sword, and make the spoil your own.

Trumpets sound to arms. Enter, from the town, six Citizens, in their shirts, and bare-footed, with halters about their necks.

Cit. Mercy, King Edward! mercy, gracious lord!
Edw. Contemptuous villains! call ye now for truce?
Mine ears are stopp'd against your bootless cries:—
Sound, drums; [*Alarum*] draw, threat'ning swords!
First Cit. Ah, noble prince,
Take pity on this town, and hear us, mighty king!
We claim the promise that your highness made;
The two days' respite is not yet expir'd,
And we are come, with willingness, to bear
What torturing death, or punishment, you please,
So that the trembling multitude be sav'd.
Edw. My promise? well, I do confess as much:
But I requir'd the chiefest citizens,
And men of most account, that should submit;
You, peradventure, are but servile grooms,
Or some felonious robbers on the sea,
Whom, apprehended, law would execute,
Albeit severity lay dead in us:
No, no, ye cannot over-reach us thus.
Sec. Cit. The sun, dread lord, that in the western fall
Beholds us now low brought through misery,
Did in the orient purple of the morn
Salute our coming forth, when we were known;
Or may our portion be with damnèd fiends.
Edw. If it be so, then let our covenant stand,
We take possession of the town in peace:
But, for yourselves, look you for no remorse;
But, as imperial justice hath decreed,
Your bodies shall be dragg'd about these walls,
And after feel the stroke of quartering steel:
This is your doom;—go, soldiers, see it done.
Queen. Ah, be more mild unto these yielding men!
It is a glorious thing, to 'stablish peace;

And kings approach the nearest unto God,
By giving life and safety unto men:
As thou intendest to be King of France,
So let her people live to call thee king;
For what the sword cuts down, or fire hath spoil'd,
Is held in reputation none of ours.
Edw. Although experience teach us this is true,
That peaceful quietness brings most delight
When most of all abuses are controll'd,
Yet, insomuch it shall be known, that we
As well can master our affections,
As conquer other by the dint of sword,
Philippa, prevail; we yield to thy request;
These men shall live to boast of clemency,—
And, tyranny, strike terror to thyself.
Cit. Long live your highness! happy be your reign!
Edw. Go, get you hence, return unto the town;
And if this kindness hath deserv'd your love,
Learn then to reverence Edward as your king.—
[*Exeunt Citizens.*
Now, might we hear of our affairs abroad,
We would, 'till gloomy winter were o'er-spent,
Dispose our men in garrison a while.
But who comes here?

Enter COPLAND *and King* DAVID.

Der. Copland, my lord, and David King of Scots.
Edw. Is this the proud presumptuous squire o' the north,
That would not yield his prisoner to my queen?
Cop. I am, my liege, a northern 'squire, indeed,
But neither proud nor insolent, I trust.
Edw. What mov'd thee then, to be so obstinate
To contradict our royal queen's desire?
Cop. No willful disobedience, mighty lord,
But my desert, and public law of arms:
I took the king myself in single fight;
And, like a soldier, would be loath to lose
The least pre-eminence that I had won:
And Copland, straight upon your highness' charge,
Is come to France, and, with a lowly mind,
Doth vail the bonnet of his victory.

Receive, dread lord, the custom of my fraught,
The wealthy tribute of my laboring hands;
Which should long since have been surrender'd up,
Had but your gracious self been there in place.
Queen. But, Copland, thou didst scorn the king's command,
Neglecting our commission in his name.
Cop. His name I reverence, but his person more,
His name shall keep me in allegiance still,
But to his person I will bend my knee.
Edw. I pray thee, Philippa, let displeasure pass;
This man doth please me, and I like his words:
For what is he, that will attempt high deeds,
And lose the glory that ensues the same?
All rivers have recourse unto the sea;
And Copland's faith, relation to his king.—
Kneel therefore down; now rise, King Edward's knight:
And, to maintain thy state, I freely give
Five hundred marks a year to thee and thine.—

Enter SALISBURY.

Welcome, Lord Salisbury: what news from Bretagne?
Sal. This, mighty king: the country we have won;
And John de Montfort, regent of that place,
Presents your highness with this coronet,
Protesting true allegiance to your grace.
Edw. We thank thee for thy service, valiant earl;
Challenge our favor, for we owe it thee.
Sal. But now, my lord, as this is joyful news,
So must my voice be tragical again,
And I must sing of doleful accidents.
Edw. What, have our men the overthrow at Poitiers?
Or is my son beset with too much odds?
Sal. He was, my lord: and as my worthless self,
With forty other serviceable knights,
Under safe-conduct of the Dauphin's seal
Did travel that way, finding him distress'd,
A troop of lances met us on the way,
Surpris'd, and brought us prisoners to the king;
Who, proud of this, and eager of revenge,
Commanded straight to cut off all our heads:
And surely we had died, but that the duke.

More full of honor than his angry sire,
Procur'd our quick deliverance from thence:
But, ere we went, "Salute your king," quoth he,
"Bid him provide a funeral for his son,
To-day our sword shall cut his thread of life;
And, sooner than he thinks, we'll be with him,
To quittance those displeasures he hath done:"
This said, we pass'd, not daring to reply;
Our hearts were dead, our looks diffus'd and wan.
Wand'ring, at last we climb'd unto a hill;
From whence, although our grief were much before,
Yet now to see the occasion with our eyes
Did thrice so much increase our heaviness:
For there, my lord, O, there we did descry
Down in a valley how both armies lay.
The French had cast their trenches like a ring;
And every barricado's open front
Was thick emboss'd with brazen ordnance:
Here stood a battle of ten thousand horse;
There twice as many pikes, in quadrantwise:
Here cross-bows, arm'd with deadly-wounding darts:
And in the midst, like to a slender point
Within the compass of the horizon,—
As't were a rising bubble in the sea,
A hazel-wand amidst a wood of pines,—
Or as a bear fast chain'd unto a stake,
Stood famous Edward, still expecting when
Those dogs of France would fasten on his flesh.
Anon, the death-procuring knell begins:
Off go the cannons, that, with trembling noise,
Did shake the very mountain where we stood;
Then sound the trumpets' clangors in the air,
The battles join: and, when we could no more
Discern the difference 'twixt the friend and foe,
(So intricate the dark confusion was)
Away we turn'd our wat'ry eyes, with sighs
As black as powder fuming into smoke.
And thus, I fear, unhappy have I told
The most untimely tale of Edward's fall.

Queen. Ah me! is this my welcome into France?
Is this the comfort, that I look'd to have,
When I should meet with my belovèd son?

Sweet Ned, I would, thy mother in the sea
Had been prevented of this mortal grief!
Edw. Content thee, Philippa; 'tis not tears, will serve
To call him back, if he be taken hence:
Comfort thyself, as I do, gentle queen,
With hope of sharp, unheard-of, dire revenge.—
He bids me to provide his funeral;
And so I will: but all the peers in France
Shall mourners be, and weep out bloody tears,
Until their empty veins be dry and sere:
The pillars of his hearse shall be their bones;
The mold that covers him their cities' ashes;
His knell, the groaning cries of dying men;
And, in the stead of tapers on his tomb,
An hundred fifty towers shall burning blaze,
While we bewail our valiant son's decease.

Flourish of trumpets within. Enter a Herald.

Her. Rejoice, my lord; ascend the imperial throne!
The mighty and redoubted Prince of Wales,
Great servitor to bloody Mars in arms,
The Frenchman's terror, and his country's fame,
Triumphant rideth like a Roman peer:
And, lowly at his stirrup, comes afoot
King John of France, together with his son,
In captive bonds; whose diadem he brings,
To crown thee with, and to proclaim thee king.
Edw. Away with mourning, Philippa, wipe thine eyes;—
Sound, trumpets, welcome in Plantagenet!

A loud flourish. Enter PRINCE, AUDLEY, ARTOIS, *with King* JOHN, *and* PHILIP.

As things, long lost, when they are found again,
So doth my son rejoice his father's heart.
For whom, even now, my soul was much perplex'd!
[*Running to the Prince, and embracing him.*
Queen. Be this a token to express my joy.
[*Kissing him.*
For inward passions will not let me speak.
Prince. My gracious father, here receive the gift,
[*Presenting him with King John's crown.*

This wreath of conquest, and reward of war,
Got with as mickle peril of our lives,
As e'er was thing of price before this day;
Install your highness in your proper right:
And, herewithal, I render to your hands
These prisoners, chief occasion of our strife
Edw. So, John of France, I see, you keep your word.
You promis'd to be sooner with ourself
Than we did think for, and 'tis so indeed:
But, had you done at first as now you do,
How many civil towns had stood untouch'd,
That now are turn'd to ragged heaps of stones?
How many people's lives might you have sav'd,
That are untimely sunk into their graves?
John. Edward, recount not things irrevocable;
Tell me what ransom thou requir'st to have?
Edw. Thy ransom, John, hereafter shall be known:
But first to England thou must cross the seas,
To see what entertainment it affords;
Howe'er it falls, it cannot be so bad
As ours hath been since we arriv'd in France.
John. Accursèd man! of this I was foretold,
But did misconster what the prophet told.
Prince. Now, father, this petition Edward makes,—
To Thee, [*kneels*] whose grace hath been his strongest shield,
That, as Thy pleasure chose me for the man
To be the instrument to show Thy power,
So Thou wilt grant, that many princes more,
Bred and brought up within that little isle,
May still be famous for like victories!—
And, for my part, the bloody scars I bear,
The weary nights that I have watch'd in field,
The dangerous conflicts I have often had,
The fearful menaces were proffer'd me,
The heat, and cold, and what else might displease,
I wish were now redoubled twenty-fold;
So that hereafter ages, when they read
The painful traffic of my tender youth,
Might thereby be inflamed with such resolve,
As not the territories of France alone,
But likewise Spain, Turkey, and what countries else

That justly would provoke fair England's ire,
Might, at their presence, tremble and retire!

Edw. Here, English lords, we do proclaim a rest,
And interceasing of our painful arms:
Sheathe up your swords, refresh your weary limbs,
Peruse your spoils; and, after we have breath'd
A day or two within this haven town,
God willing, then for England we'll be shipp'd;
Where, in a happy hour, I trust, we shall
Arrive, three kings, two princes, and a queen.

[*Flourish. Exeunt omnes*

A GLOSSARY

OF

UNUSUAL WORDS AND WORDS USED IN UNUSUAL SENSES IN THE WORKS OF

SHAKESPEARE.

A

abate, to cast down in spirit; to blunt; to take away.
Abcee-book, an A-B-C-book.
abhor, not a mere word of passion, but a technical term in the canon law.
abide, to be accountable for.
able, to qualify or uphold.
abode, to forebode.
abridgment a dramatic performance, the players, who represent an *abridgment*.
abrook, to brook.
absent, *time*, absence.
absolute, determined, positive.
abuse, to impose upon.
aby, the same as to *abide*.
accept, acceptation.
accite, to summon; to impel.
accomplish'd *with*, attained to.
accordingly, proportionably.
acknown, acquainted with.
aconitum, aconite.
acture, action.
adamant the magnet.
addiction, inclination.
addition, title, mark of distinction; exaggeration.
address, to prepare.
admiral, the chief ship of a fleet.
admittance, fashion.
advertise, to be conversant with.
advertisement admonition.
advertising attentive.
advice, consideration.
advised, deliberate; cautious
affect, to love.
affect *the letter*, practice alliteration.
affection, imagination; sympathy; affectation.
affects affections.
affeer'd (a law-term) confirmed.
affin'd joined by affinity.
affront to encounter.
affy, to betroth; to confide.
agaz'd aghast
aggravate *his style*, add to his titles.
aglet-baby, a small image or head cut on the tag of a point or lace.
aglets tags to laces; pendants or ornaments in head-dress.
agnize, to acknowledge
a-good, heartily.
a-hold *lay her*, make a ship hold to the wind, and keep clear of land.
aim, conjecture. To *give Aim!* to *encourage*, to *give aim*; to *direct*.
alder-liefest, dearest of all. "*Alder* is a corrupted, or at least modified form of the English genitive plural *alter* or *aller*. *Liefest* is the superlative of *lief*, which means "dear."
ale, alehouse.
aleven eleven.
a-life excessively
all *smart* dejected.
All-hallown *summer*, late summer.
allicholy, blunder of Mrs. Quickly for *melancholy*.
alligant blunder of Mrs. Quickly for *elegant*.
allow to approve; to license; *the wind*, 'stand to the leeward of me.
allowance approbation.
all-thing, every way.

Amaimon, the name of a demon.
ames-ace, the lowest throw upon the dice.
amiss, misfortune; fault.
amort, See *all amort.*
anatomy, a skeleton.
anchor, an anchorite.
ancient, a standard bearer; a standard.
angel, bird of the air; a gold coin, highest value ten shillings.
anight, by night.
anon, coming
answer, retaliation.
anthropophaginian, a cannibal.
antres, caverns.
appaid, satisfied.
apparent, heir-apparent.
appeach, to impeach.
appeal, according to its most ancient signification, implies a reference by name to a charge or accusation, and an offer, or challenge, to support such charge by the ordeal of single combat.
apperil, peril,
apple-John, a sort of apple, considered to be in perfection when shriveled and withered.
apprehension, sarcasm.
approbation, proof; novitiate.
approof, approbation; proof.
approve, to prove; to confirm; to recommend to approbation.
apricock, an apricot.
aqua vitæ, a term for ardent spirits in general.
Aquilon, the North-wind.
Arabian *bird*, the phœnix.
arch, a chief.
argal, a vulgar corruption of the Latin word *ergo*.
Argier, the old name for Algiers.
argo, a vulgar corruption of the Latin word *ergo*.
argument, conversation; subject.
arm, take in one's arms.
aroint, "Begone!"
arras-counterpoints, counterpanes of arras.
arrose, to sprinkle.
art *in*, in theory.
article *of great*, of large comprehension.
articulate, to enter into articles; to exhibit in articles.
artificial, artful.
aspersion, a sprinkling.
"as's" *of great charge*. Here a quibble is intended between *as* the conditional particle, and *ass* the beast of burden.
assemblance, external aspect.
assinico, a silly, a stupid fellow.
assistance, assessors.
assum'd, reached; attained.
assurance *to pass*, to make a conveyance or deed. Deeds are by law-writers called "The common *assurances* of the realm," because thereby each man's property is *assured* to him.
assured, affianced.
atomies, atoms.
atomy (a corruption of *anatomy*), a skeleton.
atone, to reconcile; to unite.
attach, to arrest.
attaint, stain.
attask'd, blamed.
attent, attentive.
aunt, a good old dame; a cant term for a loose woman.
avised, for *advised*.
away *with*, to bear with.
awful *banks*, the proper limits of reverence.
awful *men*, men who reverence the laws and usages of society.
awkward, distorted.
awless, standing in awe of nothing; not reverenced.
ay *me*, the Italian *aimè*.

B

baccare, a cant exclamation signifying "Go back."
baffle, to use contemptuously.
Bajazet's *mute*, the allusion in this passage (where the original reads "mule") has not yet been explained.
baldrick, a belt.
balk'd, piled up in balks or ridges.
ballast, the contracted form of ballasted.
ballow, a cudgel.
balm, the oil of consecration.
Banbury *cheese*, a cream cheese, which was proverbially thin.
band, a bond.
ban-dogs, properly *band-dogs*, so called because on account of their fierceness they required to be *bound* or chained, and used more particularly for baiting bears.
bank'd *their towns*, means most probably "sailed past their towns on the banks of the river."
banquet, what we now call a *dessert*. "A *running banquet*, literally speaking, is a *hasty refreshment*, as set in opposition to a regular and *protracted meal*."

Barbason, the name of a demon: the same as "Marbas, alias *Barbas*."
barbed, equipped with military trappings.
barbermonger, a fop who deals much with barbers.
bare, *mere* and *naked*.
barful, full of impediments.
barm, yeast.
barn, a child.
barnacles, multivalve shell-fish; anciently supposed to turn into a Solan goose; sometimes supposed to grow on trees, and thence to drop into the sea, and become geese.
Barrabas, invariably made short in the second syllable by the poetical writers of Shakespeare's days.
base, *prison-base*, or *prison-bars*, —a rustic game.
base *court*, *basse-cour*, Fr.
bases, a kind of embroidered mantle, which hung down from the middle to about the knees, or lower, worn by knights on horseback.
basilisk, an imaginary creature (called also *cockatrice*), supposed to kill by its very look; a huge piece of ordnance.
basta, enough.
bastard, a sweetish wine (approaching to the muscadel wine in flavor, and perhaps made from a *bastard* species of muscadine grape).
bat, a cudgel.
bate, strife; to flutter, to flap the wings, a term in falconry; to except; to blunt; *breeding*, apt to cause strife.
batten, to grow fat.
bauble, the licensed Fool's or Jester's official scepter.
Bavian—*The*, The Baboon.
bavin *wits*, flashing wits, *Bavin* is a fagot of brushwood, but the word is used sometimes adjectively.
bawbling, contemptible.
bawcock, a burlesque term of endearment, said to be derived from the French *beau coq*.
bay, a principal compartment or division in the architectural arrangement of a building.
bay, *curtal*; see *curtal*—*Bay*.
beadsman, one who prays for the welfare of another,—a prayerman.
beak, a strong pointed body at the head of the ancient galleys; the forecastle or the bolsprit.
bear, to win; *a brain*, have a perfect remembrance; *hard*, to have an unfavorable opinion of; *in hand*, to amuse with false pretenses.
beat *on*, to be busy on.
beautified, beautiful.
beaver *of a helmet*, is frequently used by writers, improperly enough to express the helmet itself. It is in reality the lower part of it, adapted to the purpose of giving the wearer (by raising it up) an opportunity of taking breath when oppressed with heat, or, without putting off the helmet, of taking his repast.
becks, bows.
become, to adapt or render fit.
becoming, the power of setting-off.
Bedlam, see *Tom o' Bedlam*.
beg *a person for a fool*, to apply to be his guardian under a writ *de idiota inquirendo*.
beguil'd, covered.
behave, to govern.
beldam, as a term of contempt,—a hag; a grandmother.
be-lee'd, got the wind of.
be-mete, to be measured.
bemoiled, bemired.
benefit, a term of law; beneficiary.
benison, blessing.
bent, the utmost degree of any passion or mental quality. The expression is derived from archery; the bow has its bent when it is drawn as far as it can be.
Bergomask *dance*, a dance after the manner of the peasants of Bergomasco, a county in Italy belonging to the Venetians.
Bermoothes, Bermudas.
beshrew, to curse, a mild form of imprecation.
besonian, properly means "a needy fellow, a beggar;" also used in the sense of "a raw or needy soldier;" eventually it became a term of reproach—"a knave, a scoundrel."
besort, to suit, train.
best, bravest.
bested—*It pres*, in a worse plight.
bestow, to carry, to lodge.
bestraught, distraught.

beteem, to give in streaming abundance; to suffer.
bettering, magnifying.
bevel, crooked.
bewray, to discover.
bias, swelled.
bid, endured.
bide *upon't—To*, "My abiding opinion is."
biggen, a cap for the head.
bilbo, a sword (so called from *Bilboa*, in Spain, which was famous for its manufacture of sword-blades).
bilboes, a bar of iron with fetters annexed to it, by which mutinous or disorderly sailors were anciently linked together; (derived from *Bilboa*).
bill, a sort of pike or halbert, or rather a kind of battle-ax affixed to a long staff, formerly carried by the English infantry, and afterwards the usual weapon of watchmen.
bin been.
bird-bolt, a short thick arrow with a blunted extremity, for killing birds without piercing them.
birthdom, birthright.
bisson, blind.
bitter *sweeting*, an apple which has a compound taste of sweet and bitter.
Black-Monday, Easter-Monday.
blank, the white in the center of the butts.
blanks, a mode of extortion, by which blank papers were given to the agents of the crown, which they were to fill up as they pleased, to authorize the demands they chose to make.
blast *in proof*, burst in the trial.
bleared *thine eyne*, imposed upon you
blenches, starts from rectitude.
blind-worm, a slow-worm.
blister'd *breeches*, breeches puffed, swelled out like blisters.
block, the hat itself; the shape or fashion of a hat.
blood, disposition, temperament, *to be in*, to be in good condition.
blood-boltered, besmeared with blood.
bloody, in or of the blood.
blow, to swell.
blubber'd, weeping; to blubber did not formerly convey the somewhat ludicrous idea which it does at present.
blue-bottle *rogue*, an allusion to the dress of the beadle, which in Shakespeare's days was blue.
blue-caps, a name of ridicule given to the Scots, from their blue bonnets.
blue *coats*, the common dress of serving-men in Shakespeare's time and long before.
blunt, dull, insensible.
blurted *at*, held in contempt.
blush *like a black dog*, to have a brazen face.
board, to accost.
bob, a taunt; to cheat.
boggler, a vicious woman.
bold, confident.
bolds, emboldens.
bolins, bowlines.
bollen, swollen.
bolt, an arrow.
bolted, sifted.
bolters, sieves.
bolting-hutch, the wooden receptacle into which the meal is bolted.
bombard, a large leathern vessel for distributing liquor.
bombast, material for stuffing out dresses.
bona-roba, a courtesan.
bond—*I know it for my*, know it to be my bounden duty.
bonneted, generally explained "took off their bonnets"; but the passage is very awkward and obscure.
book, one's studies, learning.
boot, booty; to enrich; profit; *it is no boot* (it is of no avail); *Grace to boot* (over and above, in addition); a make weight.
boots—*Give me not the*, a proverbial expression signifying don't make a laughing-stock of me; perhaps an allusion to the diabolical torture of the boot.
bore, capacity.
bosky, woody.
bosom, wish.
boss'd, embossed, studied.
botcher, a mender of old clothes
bottle *of hay*, truss of hay.
bottled, bunch-backed; "that bottled spider," means that humped or hunched venomous creature.
bottom, a valley; a ball of thread: *it on me*, wind it on me.
bots, worms that breed in the entrails of horses; *bots on't* (a cosmic execration).
bourn, a brook; a boundary
bow a yoke.

bowling see *bolins*.
boy-queller, boy killer.
brabble, a squabble.
brabbler, the name of a hound; a wrangler.
brace, state of defense; armor for the arm.
brach, from the French *brac* or *braque*, or the German, *bract*, a scenting dog.
braid, perhaps crafty or deceitful; to reproach.
brain, to understand.
brainish *apprehension*, brain-sick mood, or conceit.
brain-pan, the skull.
brakes *of vice*, engines of torture.
brave, to make fine; to bluster; a boast, a defiance.
bravery, finery; bravado.
brawl, in its signification of a dance is from the French *branle*, indicating a shaking or swinging motion.
brazen *tombs*, allusion "to the ornamenting the tombs of eminent persons with figures and inscriptions on *plates of brass*."
breach *of the sea*, breaking of the sea.
break, *up*, to break open, to carve—used metaphorically of opening a letter; *Break open this capon*. (Open this note).
break, *with*, to open a subject to.
breast, a voice.
breath, an exercise.
breathe, to take exercise.
breathing *time*, time for exercise.
breech'd, covered.
breeching *scholar*, a scholar liable to be flogged.
breed-bate, a causer of strife.
breese, the gad-fly.
brief, a license of marriage; a letter; rife; a short writing.
bring *out*, to put out.
broach, to spit.
brock, a badger.
broken *music*, what we now term "a string band."
broker, a go-between.
brook—*flying at the*, hawking at water-fowl.
bruit, a loud report.
bubukles, a botch.
bucking, to *buck* clothes means properly, to wash them in lye, and beat them while wet, with a sort of flattened pole on a table or block.
bucks quantities of linen *bucked* at once.
buckler, to defend.
bucklers—*I give thee the*, yield thee the victory.
bug, a bug-bear.
building, fixture.
bulk, a kind of stall, board or ledge outside a house, on which articles were set for sale; breast.
bullen said to have been an ancient provincial name for a candle.
bully-rook, a bectoring, cheating sharper.
bung, a sharper.
burden *of a song*, in the old acceptation of the word, was the base, foot, or under-song. It was sung throughout, and not merely at the end of the verse. *Burden* is derived from *bourdoun*, a drone base (French *bourdon*).
burgonet or *burgonet*, a close-fitting helmet, so called because invented by the Burgundians.
buss, to kiss.
buttery-bar, the place in palaces and in great houses whence provisions were dispensed.
buxom, lively.
buzzard, a beetle.
'by, an abbreviation of *aby* (which see).
by'r *lakin*, by our little Lady.

C.

caddis-garter, worsted riband or galloon.
cade *of herrings*, a *barrel* of herrings.
cadent, falling.
cage, was formerly a term for a *prison*.
Cain-colored, sandy-red.
Caliban, metathesis from *Cannibal*.
caliver, a hand-gun.
calkins, the parts of a horse-shoe which are turned up and pointed to prevent the horse from slipping.
callet, or *callat*, a jade.
calling, name.
calm, quales.
can, to be skilled in.
canary, a quick and lively dance; to dance (properly, to dance a canary) (a blunder of Mrs. Quickly for *quandary*).
candied, congealed.
canker, a caterpillar; the dog-rose.
Cannibals, Pistol's blunder for *Hannibals*.

canstick, a candlestick.
cantle, a corner.
cantons, cantos.
canvass, to toss, as in a blanket.
capable, qualified as heir; comprehensive; susceptible.
capitulate *against us*, combine.
captain, (as an adjective) chief.
captious, capable of receiving.
carack, a large ship of burden.
caraways, comfits or confections made with caraway-seeds.
carbonado, a piece of meat cut cross-wise for broiling.
carcanet, a necklace.
cardecu, properly *quart d'écu*, the fourth part of the gold [French] crown.
carduus *benedictus*, or blessed thistle; an herb supposed to have singular healing property.
carlot, a rustic.
carpet *knights*, knights dubbed at court by mere favor,—not on the field of battle for their military exploits.
carpet-*mongers*, effeminate persons.
carpets, table-covers of ornamental tapestry.
carry *coals*, to put up with insults.
carry *out a side*, to carry out a game of cards with success.
carve, used to describe some particular form of action—some sign of intelligence and favor.
case, a pair; skin.
cassocks, loose outward military coats.
cast, to dismiss; used with a quibble between its two senses, "to throw" and "to vomit; to empty.
Castiliano *volto*, "put on your Castilian countenance, that is, your grave solemn looks."
castle, a close helmet, which covered the whole head.
cat-o'-mountain, a wild-cat.
Cataian, properly a native of Cataia or Cathay, *i. e.* China, is supposed to have become a cant term for a thief or sharper.
catlings, lute strings.
cautel, craft.
cautelous, insidious; cautious.
caviare *to the general*, *Caviare* is the roe of a kind of sturgeon, and of other fish, pickled, salted, and dried, which came, and still comes from Russia: Hamlet means that the play in question was of too high a relish for the palates of th multitude.
cease, to die.
censure, to pass opinion on; opinion.
ceremonies, omens or signs; honorary ornaments.
'cerns, concerns.
certes, certainly.
cess—*Out of all*, Out of all measure.
cestron, a cistern.
chalic'd, having cups.
chamberers, men of intrigue.
chambers, small pieces of ordnance.
channel, a kennel.
chape, the metal part at the end of a scabbard, sometimes used for the hook or loop at the top of a scabbard.
chapmen, buyers; sellers.
character, handwriting; to inscribe.
charactery, what is written.
characts, characters.
chare, or *char*, a job or task-work.
char'd.—*All's*, All is dispatched.
charge-house, a common school.
Charles' *wain*, The constellation *Ursa Major*;—according to some, a corruption of *Chorles* or *Churl's* [*i. e.* rustic's] *wain*; according to others, the constellation was so named in honor of Charlemagne.
charneco, a wine called after Charneca, a town in Portugal.
chase, an object of chase; *By this kind of chase*, "By this way of following the argument." A *chace* at tennis is that spot where a ball falls, beyond which the adversary must strike his ball to gain a point or chace.
chaudron, part of the entrails of an animal.
cheater—*A tame*, a poor spiritless or harmless rascal; an escheator.
check, a term in falconry, applied to a hawk when she forsakes her proper game, and follows some other of inferior kind that crosses her in her flight.
cheer, countenance.
cherry-pit, a game.
cheveril, kid-leather.
chewet, a noisy chattering bird, a *pie*.
chide, to sound.
chiding, noise, cry of hounds.
child, in O. E., denoted a youth, especially one of high birth, be-

fore he was advanced to the honor of knighthood; in romances and ballads it frequently is equivalent to "knight."

childing *autumn*, fruitful autumn.

chill, I will.

chopine, an enormously high clog, which was worn by the ladies of Spain.

chopping, changing.

christendoms, Christian names.

christom *child*, a child just christened.

chuck, a chicken.

chuff, a coarse unmannered clown.

cide, to decide.

cinque-pace, a dance, the steps of which were regulated by the number five.

circuit, a diadem.

circumstances, detail; conduct.

cital, a recital.

cite, to incite.

citizen, townbred, delicate.

cittern-head, grotesque carved heads with which citterns were usually ornamented.

civil, decent, solemn.

civil *orange*, a *Seville* orange.

clack-dish, or *clap-dish*, a wooden dish, or box, carried by beggars; it had a movable cover, which they *clacked* to attract notice.

claw, to flatter.

cleanly, cleverly.

clear, pure; a *clear-story* is a term in Gothic architecture for an upper story or row of windows in a church, hall, &c.; seems to have been used in a variety of ways for any method of admitting light into the upper parts of a building.

clepe, to call.

cliff, a key in music.

cling, shrink or shrivel.

clinquant, glittering.

clip, to embrace.

close, secret.

closure, an end.

clout, the nail or pin of the target.

cloy, to claw.

clubs, was originally the popular cry to call forth the London apprentices.

clutch, to contract.

coach-fellow, a horse that draws in the same carriage with another, —an associate.

coast, to advance.

cock, a corruption of, or euphemism for *God*; *cock and pie—By*, By God and the prayer book: *to set cock on hoop*; a phrase denoting the excess of mirth and jollity, also applied to insolence of language or bearing.

cockatrice an imaginary creature (called also *basilisk*), supposed to kill by its very look.

cockerel, a young cock.

cockle, a weed; the cockle-shell worn usually in the front of the hat was the badge of a pilgrim.

cock-light, twilight.

cockney, there is hardly a doubt that it originates in an Utopian region of indolence and luxury, formerly denominated the country of *cocaigne*; appears in the *Promptorium* to imply simply a child spoiled by too much indulgence; Chaucer uses the word as a term of contempt; and it occasionally signifies a little cock, *coquinator*.

cock shut *time*, an expression signifying "twilight."

coffin, the raised crust of a pie.

cog, to cheat; to load a die.

coign, a corner stone.

coil, turmoil.

coistrel, a paltry groom, one only fit to carry arms, but not to use them.

collect, to gather by observation.

collection, a conclusion, a deduction.

collied, blackened.

collop, used metaphorically by a father to his child, as being a portion of his flesh.

Colme-kill, the *cell* or *chapel* of St. Columba.

Colme's-inch, the Isle of Columba.

coloquintida, the bitter cucumber.

colors, deceits; *fear no colors*, fear no enemy.

colt, gay youngster, to fool.

combinate *husband*; contracted husband.

combined, bound.

come *off*, to pay.

comfortable, ready to give comfort.

comforting, encouraging.

commend, to offer.

commission, authority.

commit, applied particularly to unlawful acts of love.

commodity, profit.
commonty, Sly's blunder for *comedy*.
compact, composed ; leagued.
companion, a term of contempt, equivalent to "fellow."
company, a companion.
comparative—equal, or rival in any thing : fruitful in similes.
compassed *cape,* a round cape ; —*crest,* an arched crest;—*window,* a bow-window.
compassionate, lamenting.
competitor, a partner ; a confederate.
complement, according to its original meaning, the trappings or ornamental appendages of a character.
complices, accomplices.
comply, to compliment.
compose, to agree.
composition, an agreement ; consistency.
composture, a compost.
composure, a combination.
compromis'd, mutually agreed.
comptible, sensitive.
con, *to con thanks* exactly answers the French *scavoir gré ;* to *con* is to *know*.
conceal, a blunder of Simple for *reveal*.
conceit, imagination ; a fanciful gewgaw ; to conceive.
concent, accord.
concernancy, tendency.
conclusion, an experiment ; sedate determination.
concolinel, perhaps the (corrupted) title or beginning or burden of some Italian song.
concupy, concupiscence.
condition, temper, quality ; a profession.
condolement, expression of grief,
conduct, a conductor.
confidence, a blunder of Mrs. Quickly and of the Nurse for *conference*.
confiners, borders.
confound, to consume ; to destroy ; to annoy or perplex.
congest, to heap together.
congreeted, saluted reciprocally.
conjecture, suspicion.
conjurations, earnest entreaty.
conscience, consciousness.
consent, a conspiracy.
consider, to requite.
consign, to seal.
consist, to stand on.
consolate, to console.
consort, a company ; a band of musicians ; a concert ; a fellowship.
conspectuities, sights.
constancy, consistency.
constantly, certainly, firmly.
contain, to retain.
contemptible, contemptuous.
continent, that which contains any thing ; is contained in any thing.
continuance, continuity.
continuate, uninterrupted.
contract, promise of future marriage.
contrive, to pass away, to spend.
contriving, managing, plotting.
control, compulsion ; to confute.
convent, to summon, to cite ; to assemble, to serve.
conversation, behavior.
convertite, a convert.
convey, to manage secretly.
conveyance, dexterity ; juggling artifice.
conveyers, jugglers
convince, to conquer ; to convict.
convive, to feast together.
cony-catch, to deceive.
cooling-card, a card so decisive as to cool the courage of the adversary. *Met.* Something to damp or overwhelm the hopes of an expectant.
copatain *hat,* a hat rising to a *cop,* top, or head, a hat with a high crown.
cope, the canopy of heaven ; to reward ; to encounter ; embrace.
copesmate, a companion.
copy, a theme ; lease.
coragio, an exclamation of encouragement.
coranto, a very lively and rapid dance.
corky, dry, withered.
corrigible, having the power to correct ; subject to correction.
corrival, a competitor.
cosiers, cobblers.
costard, a head ; a large kind of apple.
coted, overtook.
cot-quean, a man who busies himself too much in female affairs.
counsel, secrecy.
countenance, hypocrisy, treatment, patronage ; to entertain.
counter, a piece of false coin used to cast accounts with. To ***

counter is to mistake the course of the game, or to turn and pursue the backward trail.
counterfeit, a portrait; synonymous with *slip*, a piece of false money; *counterfeit presentment*, mimic representation.
court *holy-water*, flattery.
courtship, elegance of behavior.
covent, a convent.
cover, to prepare the table.
covetousness, intense desire of excelling.
cowl-staff, a staff used for carrying a large tub or basket, with two handles.
coy, to caress.
crab, a wild apple.
crack, an arch, lively boy; to brag.
crack-hemp, a gallows-bird.
crafts, craftsmen.
crank, to wind.
crants, a crown; a garland.
crare, a small vessel of war, and of burden.
cravens, makes cowardly.
create, compounded.
credent, credible; enforcing credit.
crescive, increasing.
cressets, a beacon light.
crisp, curled.
crop, to bring forth.
cross, a piece of money, so called because a cross was stamped on it.
crow-keeper, a boy employed to scare the crows from the cornfields.
crown-imperial, a lily.
crowner, a coroner.
crownet, the diminutive of *crown*.
cruel *garters*, a quibble on *cruel* and *crewel*, *i. e.* worsted; see *caddis-garter*.
crusadoes, gold coins.
cry *aim*; see *aim*, &c.
cry, a pack; a company; *cry on*, to exclaim.
cubiculo, a chamber.
cuckoo-buds, lesser celandine, or pile-wort.
cullion, a despicable fellow.
cunning, knowledge, skill.
curiosity, an over-nice scrupulousness in manners, dress, &c.
'currents, occurrences.
cursorary, cursory.
curst, shrewish, fierce, perverse.
curtal *dog*, a common dog—*curtal Bay*, a docked bay horse—*curtle ax*, a cutlass.
custard-coffin, the raised crust of a custard.
customer, an accustomed visitor; a cant term for a loose woman.
cut, a common horse.
cuttle, swaggeres, bulls.
cyprus, *cipres* or *cyprus*, a fine transparent stuff, similar to crape.

D

daff, to doff.
Dan, lord, master—corruption of *Dominus*.
danger, debt.
Danskers, Danes.
dare, a defiance.
darkling, in darkness.
darnel, a weed.
darraign, to arrange an army, or set it in order of battle.
daub, to disguise.
day-bed, a sofa.
day-woman, a dairy-woman.
deal, a part.
dear, equivalent generally to very, and expresses strong feeling of a friendly or inimical nature.
dearth, value.
death's-man, an executioner.
debate, contention.
deck, a pack of cards.
deck'd, sprinkled.
decline, to incline; to run through from first to last.
decrees, resolutions.
deem, an opinion.
deep-fet, deep-fetched.
default—*In the*, At a need.
defeat, to disguise.
defeature, disfigurement.
defensible, furnishing the means of defense.
defiance, a refusal.
defunctive, funeral.
defy, to refuse, to reject, to renounce.
delations, accusations.
delighted, delighting or delightful.
deliverly, nimbly.
demerits, [illegible] with merits.
demise, to transfer, to convey.
demuring, looking demurely.
den: [illegible]
denay, a denial.
denier, a very trifling sum.
deny, to refuse.
depart, to separate; *depart with*, to part with.
depose, to examine on oath.
deprave, to traduce.

deprive, to disinherit.
dern, lonely, dreary.
derogate, degraded.
deserved, deserving.
desperate, confident.
detect, to display.
determinate, ended, out of date. The term is used in legal conveyance.
determine, to end.
detest, a blunder for *protest*.
Dictynna, title for Diana.
difference, an heraldic term: distinction.
differing, unsteady.
diffuse, to disorder.
digression, a deviation from virtue.
diminutives, very small pieces of money.
disable, to impair; to disparage.
disclose, to hatch; when the young just peeps through the shell.
discontenting, discontented.
discourse, reason.
disdained, disdainful.
disease, trouble.
disedg'd—*Be,* Having the edge of appetite taken off.
dishabited, dislodged.
dishonesty, inchastity.
dislike, to displease.
dislimns, obliterates what was before limned.
dismes, tenths.
dismount, draw.
disnatur'd, devoid of natural affection.
dispark'd, a legal term, and signifies to divest a park.
dispatch'd, suddenly bereaved.
disponge, to discharge.
dispose, disposition.
disposer—*My,* my merry, free-spoken damsel.
disputable, disputatious.
dispute, to reason upon.
dissemble, to disguise.
dissembling, the reverse of to *resemble*.
dissembly, Dogberry's blunder for *assembly*.
distain, to sully by contrast.
distemper, predominance of passion; intoxication.
distemperature, perturbation.
distractions, detachments.
distrain, to seize.
dividable, distant from each other.
division, variations in music.
do *me right,* do me justice, a challenge to drink a bumper; *do withal—I could not,* I could not help it.
dog-apes, dog-faced baboons.
dogs *of war,* Famine, Sword, and Fire.
dole, grief; an allotment, distribution.
dolour, *dollar,*
dotant, a dotard.
double, deceitful.
doubt, fear; to fear.
doucets, the testes of a deer; also *dowsets*.
dout, to do out; to extinguish.
dowle, particle of down in a feather.
down-gyved, hanging down like the loose tincture which confines the fetters round the ankles.
draff, the refuse of any sort of food; brewers' grains.
dreadfully, with dread.
dress, to prepare.
drollery, a puppet-show; a picture or sketch of some scene of low humor.
drugs, drudges.
drumble, to be slow.
dudgeon, haft or handle.
due, to endue.
duke, a leader, a general.
dull, soothing.
dump, the term for a melancholy strain in music; also a kind of dance.
dup, to open.
durance, a kind of stuff, sometimes called *everlasting;* a *robe of durance* was a cant term, implying imprisonment.

E.

eager, sour, sharp, keen.
eaning *time,* time of bringing forth young.
eanlings, young lambs just dropped.
ear, to till.
earing, a plowing.
easy, inconsiderable.
eche, to eke out.
ecstasy, alienation of mind.
Edward *shovel-boards,* the broad shillings of Edward VI., used for playing at the game of shovel-board.
effects, intended deeds.
effuse, an effusion.
eftest, quickest.

egal, equal.
egma, Costard's blunder for *enigma*.
eisel, vinegar.
eke, also.
eld, old age
element, initiation.
element, the sky.
elf, to entangle; to mat together.
emballing, the carrying the ball at a coronation.
embarquements, embargoes.
embossed, a hunting term, properly applied to a deer when foaming at the mouth from fatigue; swollen.
embowel, to eviscerate.
embrasures, embraces.
embrewed, drenched in blood.
emmew, mew up, (a term in falconry).
empale, to encircle.
emperial, the Clown's blunder for *emperor*.
empery, sovereign command; a kingdom.
emulation, malicious rivalry or contention.
enactures, actions, effects.
encounter, unwarrantable familiarity.
endear'd, bound.
enemy, the Devil.
enfeoff'd, granted out as a feoff or estate; gave up.
enforce *with*, to press with a charge.
engine, the rack.
engines, genius, wits.
engross, to fatten; to gather together.
engrossments, accumulations
enkindle, to incite.
ensconce, to protect or cover as with a sconce.
enseamed, greasy, filthy.
ensear, or *ensere*, to dry up; to make sterile.
entame, to tame.
entertain, to receive into service.
entertainment the state of being in military pay.
entitled, ennobled.
entreat, to treat; to entertain.
envious, malicious.
enwheel, to encompass.
Ephesian, a cant term, which seems to have been equivalent to toper, jolly companion.
equal, impartial.
Ercles, Hercules.
erring, wandering
erst, formerly.
eryngoes, formerly supposed to be strong provocatives.
escape, an act of lewdness.
escapen, escape.
escoted, paid.
esperance, hope
espials, spies.
estate, high rank.
esteem, reckoning or estimate.
estimation [illegible]
estridge, an ostrich.
eterne, eternal.
even Christian, fellow Christian.
even-pleach'd, evenly interwined.
ever-among, ever at intervals.
examin'd, doubted.
excrement, hair, beard.
executors, executioners.
exempt separated, parted
exercise, a sermon.
exhale, to draw out.
exhaust, to draw forth.
exhibition, an allowance, a pension.
exigent, an extremity, an end.
exion, the Hostess's blunder for *action*.
exorciser, a person who can raise spirits (not one who can lay them).
expect, expectation
expedience, expectation, haste; an expedition.
expedient, expeditious.
expense, expenditure.
expire, to conclude.
expuls'd, expelled
exsufflicate swollen.
extend, to extend the praise of a person; to seize (a law term).
extent, a seizure.
extern, external.
extirp, to extirpate.
extraught, extracted.
extremity, the utmost of calamity.
eyases, young hawks just taken from the nest.
eyas-musket, a young male sparrow hawk.
eye, presence.
eyne, eyes.

F.

face, to meet with a different color; to play the hypocrite.
face-royal, a quibbling allusion to the face stamped on the coin called a royal.
facinerous, wicked.
fact, a deed, an evil doing.

factionary one of a faction, an adherent.
factious, active; urgent.
fadge, to suit, to agree.
fadings, a dance.
fair-betrothed, honorably affianced.
fairing, making fair.
faith'd, possessed of credibility, credited.
faitors, vagabonds.
fall, to let fall.
fallow, light brown, with a yellow or reddish tinge.
false, to falsify.
familiar, a demon attendant on a witch or conjuror.
fancy, love.
fang, to gripe.
fangled, gaudy, trifling.
fantastical, imaginary.
fantasticoes, fantastic, coxcombical persons.
fap, drunk.
far, extensively.
farce, to stuff.
fardel, a burden.
far-fet, far-fetched.
fartuous, Mrs. Quickly's blunder for virtuous.
fashions—*The*, The farcy, a disease in horses.
fatigate, made weary.
fault, misfortune.
favour, countenance, appearance.
fay—*By my*, By my faith.
fear, to fear for; to terrify; reason for fear.
fearful, timid.
feat, dexterous, neat.
feated, formed.
feature, form, person in general.
fedary, and *federary*, colleague, confederate.
feeder, a servant.
fee-farm, a grant of lands in fee, that is, forever, reserving a certain rent.
fee-simple, to us and our heirs forever.
fell, skin.
fell *of hair*, skin covered with hair.
fellow, a companion, an equal.
fellowly, sympathetic.
fennel, an emblem of flattery.
fere, a companion, a mate.
fescue, a small wire, by which those who teach to read point out the letters.
festinate, quick.
fet, fetched
fetch *of warrant*—*A*, a warranted device.
fettle, to prepare: to put in order.
few—*In*, In few words.
fico, fig.
fierce, precipitate, excessive.
fights, the waist-cloths that hang round about the ship in a fight, to hinder the men from being seen by the enemy.
figures, pictures created by imagination.
file, to polish; to defile; to keep equal pace; a number, a list.
fill-horse, shaft-horse.
fills, shafts of a cart or wagon.
find *forth*, to find out.
fine, a conclusion; to end; embellish; full of finesse.
firago, a corruption for virago.
fire-drake, a meteor; a sort of fire-work; a person with a red nose.
fire-new, bran-new.
firk, seems to mean "beat."
first, noblest.
fishmonger, a cant term for a wencher.
fit, a grimace; a part or division of a song.
fitchew, a polecat.
fitly, exactly.
fives, inflammation of the parotid glands in horses.
fixure, fixture.
flap-dragon, some small, combustible body, fired at one end, and put afloat in a glass of liquor.
flap-jacks, pancakes.
flaunts, fineries.
flaw, a sudden and violent blast of wind; a stormy tumult; a sudden commotion of mind; small blades of ice.
fleet, to float.
fleeting, inconstant.
fleshment, pride, encouraged by a successful attempt.
flew'd, having large hanging *flews* or chaps.
flirt-gills, wenches of light behavior.
flote, flood.
fluxive, flowing with tears.
foin, to push, to thrust, in fencing.
foison, plenty, store.
folly, depravity, wantonness.
fond, to dote; foolish; silly.
fool—*Poor*, a sort of term of endearment.
foot, to seize with the foot; to kick; to tread; to set foot on.
foot-cloth, a housing of cloth,

hanging down on both sides of a horse.

for, because of.

for, *why*, because.

forbid, under a curse.

force, *Of*, of necessity; to regard; to stuff; to strengthen; perforce.

fordo, to undo.

fore-end, the early part.

foregoers, progenitors.

forehand, previous.

forehand-shaft, an arrow particularly formed for shooting straight forward.

forfeit, to transgress.

forfend, to forbid; to avert

forgetive, inventive.

fork, a barbed arrow; a forked tongue.

forked, horned.

formal, retaining the proper and essential characteristic.

forslow, to delay.

forspent, exhausted,

forespoke, gainsaid.

forthcoming, in custody.

forthright, a straight path.

forty, a great many.

forwearied, worn out.

fosset, faucet.

foul, ugly.

found—*Well*, of known excellence.

foxship, cunning.

fracted, broken.

fractions, abrupt remarks.

frame, order.

frampal, *frampold*, peevish, vexatious.

Francisco—*My*, My *Frenchman*.

frank, a sty.

franklin, a freeholder.

Frateretto, a fiend

free, liberal; guiltless.

frets, the stops of instruments of the lute or guitar kind

friend, a lover.

frippery, a shop for the sale of second-hand apparel.

from, away from.

front, a beginning.

frontier, an outwork in fortification.

frontlet, cloth worn formerly by ladies at night to give smoothness to their foreheads. *Mel.* Angry, scowling look.

fruitfully, fully, abundantly.

frush, to bruise; to break to pieces.

full, complete.

fullam: see *gourd and fullam*.

fulfil, to fill completely.

fulsome, lustful.

fumiter or *fumitory*, a weed [illegible] in corn-fields

furnaces, throws out as from a furnace.

furnishings, supplies.

fust, to grow mouldy.

fustilarian, a low term of abuse.

G.

gaberdine, a coarse [illegible] garment.

gad—*Done Upon the*, Done suddenly, while the iron is hot.

gain-giving, misgiving.

gait, proceeding.

gallant-springing, blooming, in the spring of life.

galliard a quick and lively dance.

galliasses, a vessel of the same construction as a galley.

gallimaufry, a strange medley.

gallow, to scare.

Galloway *nags*, common hackneys.

gallowglasses, heavy-armed foot-soldiers of Ireland and of the Western Isles.

gallows, a rogue (one deserving the gallows).

gamester, a frolicksome, amorous person; a wag; a prostitute.

gaping, shouting.

garboils, tumults.

garden, Costard's blunder for *guerdon*.

garish, splendid, gaudy.

gaskins, loose hose or breeches.

gasted, frightened.

gastness, ghastliness.

gaud, a bauble.

gaudy-night a night of festivity.

gear, [illegible], matter in hand, stuff.

geck, a subject of ridicule; a fool, a bubble.

geminy, a pair.

general—*The*, The people.

generation, children.

generosity, high birth.

gennets, horses, Spanish horses.

gentle, of liberal rank.

gentry, courtesy.

germane [illegible] related, akin.

germens, germs, seeds.

gest, time.

gests, exploits.

gib an old male cat.

gig, a kind of top.

giglet (or *gillet*), wanton, gadder.

gilded, a cant expression for "drunk."

gilt, money; display of gold.
gimmal-bit, a sort of double bit, in which the parts were united as in a gimmal-ring.
gimmers, a gimcrack, a quaint contrivance (akin to, if not a corruption of, *gimmal*).
gin, to begin.
ging, a gang.
gird, a sarcasm; to gibe.
Gis, a corruption of *Jesus*.
gleek, a joke; a scoff; to jeer.
glib, to geld.
glory, vaunting.
gloze, to expound; to comment; to flatter.
glozes, interpretations.
glut *him*, swallow him.
God *ild you*, a corruption of *God yield* (requite) you.
godded *me*, deified me.
god-den, good e'en.
God's *sonties*—*By God's saints*, or *By God's sanctity*, or *By God's santé* (*i.e.* health.)
good, good friend; good fellow; rich; *deed*, in very deed; *good cheap; à bon marché; leave*, ready assent; *masters*, patrons.
good-jer, a corruption of *goujeer*.
gorbellied, paunchy.
gore-blood clotted blood.
gorge, throat, stomach.
goujeer or *goujeers*, the venereal disease.
gouts, drops.
government, forbearance, self-control.
grace, physical virtue; to favor; to bless.
gracious, attractive.
grained, furrowed, rough.
gramercy, great thanks.
grange, the chief farm-house of a wealthy proprietor.
grant, argument.
grate, to offend.
gratulate, to be rejoiced at.
grave, to make an impression on.
gray, blue, azure.
Graymalkin, a familiar spirit in the shape of a cat.
greasily, grossly.
greaves, armor for the legs.
green, sickly, inexperienced.
grief, pain.
gripe, a griffin.
grise, a step.
gross palpable.
ground, a musical term.
groundlings—*The*, The spectators who stood on the ground in the theatre.
grow, to accrue.
guard, to face; to ornament.
guerdon, a reward.
guinea-hen, a cant term for a prostitute.
gules, the heraldic term for "red."
gulf, swallow.
gull, a trick.
gun-stones, bullets.
gust, to taste; to perceive.

H.

H—an ache or pain.
habit, a herald's coat, behavior.
hack, to do mischief; to become cheap or vulgar.
haggard, a wild, untrained hawk; wanton, libertine.
haggish, deformed, or deforming.
hair, grain, character.
halcyon, the bird otherwise called the *king-fisher*.
half-caps, slight salutations.
half-pence, minute pieces.
halidom, holiness, faith.
Hallowmas, the mass or feast-day of *All-Hallows* or *All-Saints*.
handsaw, a corruption of *hernshaw* (*i.e.* heron).
hand-fast—*In*, In custody; a contract, a betrothal.
handy-dandy, a very old game among children.
hangers, the fringed loops appended to the girdle, in which the dagger or small sword usually hung.
hangman, rascally.
Hannibal, Elbow's blunder for *Cannibal*.
happily, haply.
happiness, good fortune.
happy, accomplished.
hard, unpleasant.
hardiment, bravery.
harlot, base.
harness, armor.
harried, ill-treated.
hateful, malignant.
haunt—*Out of*, Out of company.
have, to conceive; to understand.
having, possessions, fortune.
hay, the Italian *hai*, "you have it."—an exclamation in fencing.
health, safety generally.
heat, to run a heat or course, as in a race.
heavy, cloudy, dark.
hebenon, "henbane" or "ebony."

hefts, heavings.
helpless, affording no help.
hence, henceforward.
henchman, a page.
hent, a hold, an opportunity to be seized.
hermits, beadsmen, persons bound to pray for you.
hest, a command.
high-day *wit*, holiday terms.
high-stomach'd, haughty.
hight, named.
hilding, a low, degenerate wretch.
hipped, lamed or hurt in the hips.
hit, to agree.
hoar, to become mouldy; to make white; to infect with leprosy.
Hobbididance, a slight variation of *Hoberdidance*, a fiend.
hobby-horse, a loose woman; a silly fellow.
holding, consistency; the burden of a song.
holy, pure, just.
holy-ales, rural festivals.
home, to the utmost.
honest, chaste.
honesty, liberality, decency.
honey-seed, the Hostess's blunder for *homicide*.
honey-suckle, *villain*, the Hostess's blunder for *homicidal villain*.
hoodman-blind, the game which we now call *blind-man's-buff*.
Hopdance, perhaps a variation of *Hobbididance*.
hope, to expect.
host, to lodge.
hot-house, a bagnio, (which was often a brothel).
housewife, or *huswife*, (a term of reproach), a wanton.
how, for what price may be had?
hoxes, ham-strings.
hugger-mugger—*In*, Secretly.
hulk, a ship, generally a heavy or large ship.
hull, to float; to swim.
humorous, humid, perverse, capricious.
hurricano, a water-spout.
hurtled, clashed.
husband, a husbandman.
husbandry, economical government.

I.

I, the old spelling of the affirmative adverb *ay*.
idle, trifling, vain, weak, infertile, unfruitful.
i'fecks, most probably a corruption of *in faith*.
ignorant, unpractised.
ill-inhabited, ill-lodged.
illustrate, illustrious.
imaginary *forces*, powers of fancy.
immanity, barbarity.
immediacy, immediate representation.
immoment, of no moment.
immures, fortifications.
imp, a shoot, an offspring.
impale, to encircle.
impartment, a communication.
impasted, formed into a paste.
impawn, to pawn; to pledge.
impeach, an impeachment.
impeachment, an obstruction, a reproach.
impeticos *thy gratility*, "impocket thy gratuity."
impleach'd, interwoven.
importance, importunity; the import.
importless, unimportant.
impose, an injunction; to enjoin; to command.
impossible, inconceivable.
impresa, a device in picture with motto or word.
imputation, attributed excellence, reputation.
incapable, unable to comprehend.
incardinate, Sir Andrew's blunder for *incarnate*.
incarnadine, to stain red or carnation color.
incense, to instruct; to kindle.
inclips, embraces, encircles.
include, restrain, conclude.
incontinent, immediately.
incony, pretty.
incorps'd, incorporated.
incorrect, uncontaminated.
incredulous, incredible.
indent, to bargain; to contract; to compound; a bonding inwards.
indifferency, impartiality, ordinary size.
indigest, a thing indigested; an unformed mass; shapeless.
indign, disgraceful.
indirection, dishonest practice.
indirectly, unfairly, wrongfully.
indistinguishable, of an undiscriminate shape; unformed.
indite, used in jest for *invite*.
induction, a beginning.
indu'd, endowed.
indurance, confinement.
infamonize, to make infamous.

infect, infected.
infer, to introduce.
informal, deranged, insane.
ingener, an ingenious person; an artist.
ingenious, ingenuous, intelligent, acute.
inhabitable, uninhabitable.
inherit, to obtain possession of.
inhibit, to prohibit.
injointed, jointed, unjointed.
inkhorn *mate*, a bookish man.
inkle, a kind of inferior tape.
inland *bred*, brought up among civilized persons.
inly, inward.
innocent, an idiot, a simpleton.
insculp'd, carved in relief.
insinuate, to soothe.
insisture, fixedness, stability.
instance, motive, symptom, information, proof.
insuppressive, insuppressible.
intend, to pretend; to set forth; to make to appear.
intendment, intention.
intention, eagerness of attention or of desire.
intentively, attentively.
intrenchant, which cannot be cut.
intrinse, intricate.
intrinsicate, intricate.
invectively, abusively.
invis'd, invisible, unseen.
inward, intimate, a familiar friend.
irregulous, disorderly, lawless.
I wis, I ween.

J.

jack, the small bowl aimed at in the game of bowling; "to kiss the jack" is a state of great advantage; Will-o'-the-wisp; an automaton that in public clocks struck the bell on the outside; a common term of contempt and reproach.
jack-an-apes, an ape.
jacks, the keys of the virginals or virginal.
jade, to ride; to drive harassed; to over-master.
jadery, the properties of a vicious horse; jadish tricks.
jane *judgments*.
jape, a jest.
jar *o' the clock*, tick of the clock.
jauncing, jaunting, hard-riding.
jaw, to devour.
jay, a loose woman.
jesses, the short straps of leather, but sometimes of silk, which went round the legs of a hawk.
jet, to strut.
jet *upon*, to encroach upon.
jig, frequently synonymous with *ballad*.
jigging *fools*, silly poets.
John-a-dreams, a nick-name for a dreamy, stupid fellow.
judicious, judicial.
jump, a hazard; to agree; to risk; exactly, coincident with.
junkets, sweetmeats.
justicer, a justice.
jutty, or *jetty*, that part of a building which shoots forward beyond the rest.

K.

kam, crooked; *clean kam*, quite crooked, quite wrong.
kecksies, dry hollow stalks of hemlock or similar plants.
keech, a lump of fat.
keel, to cool.
keep, care; to live; to restrain; *guard*, or *fasten*
ken, to know; to descry; a view.
kerchief, a coif.
kern, a light-armed foot-soldier of Ireland and of the Western Isles.
kibe, a chap in the heel, an ulcerated chilblain.
kicky-wicky, a wife or mistress.
kind, nature; possessed of natural affection.
kindle, to incite; to bring forth, unnatural.
kindly, naturally, aptly.
king'd, ruled.
kirtle, sometimes the jacket merely, and sometimes the train or upper-petticoat attached to it.
kissing-comfits, sugar-plums perfumed, to sweeten the breath.
knapped, snapped, rapped.
knave, a lad, a servant.

L.

labras, lips.
lace, to embellish.
laced *mutton—A*, Common cant expression for a courtesan.
lackeying, floating backwards and forwards like a page or lackey.
lady-smocks, a common meadow-plant.
lag, late; the last or lowest part or class.

laming, outgoing, surpassing.
languish, the state of pining, suffering.
lantern, a spacious round or octagon Turret full of windows.
lapp'd, wrapped up.
lapsed, found off my guard.
larded, garnished, strewed with.
large, free, licentious.
latch, to Lay hold of; to catch; to lick over; to anoint.
late, new.
lated belated, benighted.
latten, a sort of mixed metal, resembling brass in its nature and color.
laugh-and-lie-down, a game at cards.
laund, a lawn.
lavolt, or *lavolta*, a dance for two persons.
lay, a wager; to waylay.
lay *for*, to lay out for; to strive to win.
leaguer, Flemish word for a camp.
leash, a tierce.
leasing, lying.
leather-coats, the apples generally known as golden russetings.
leave, licentiousness.
leave, to part with; to leave off.
leer, complexion, color.
leese, to lose.
leet, a manor court, or private jurisdiction for petty offences
leg, a bow.
legerity, lightness, nimbleness.
'leges, alleges.
leman, a mistress, a sweetheart, a paramour, a lover.
length, delay, stay.
lenten, spare.
l'envoy, a farewell or moral at the end of a poem, and sometimes of a prose piece.
let, a hindrance; to hinder; to detain; to forbear.
letter, recommendation.
libbard, a leopard.
liberal, libertine, free to excess.
lie, to reside, to sojourn.
liefest, dearest.
lieger, or *leiger*, a resident ambassador at a foreign court.
lien, lain.
lien—*In*, In consideration of, in return for.
lifter, a thief.
light, lighted, fallen.
light *of ear*, credulous of evil, ready to believe malicious reports.
lightly, commonly, usually.
like to please; to liken.
likelihood, similitude.
limbeck, an alembic.
limb-meal, limb by limb.
Limbo, hell, a cant term for a prison; confinement.
limit, to appoint.
line *of life*, one of the lines in the palm of the hand, according to the language of palmistry
line, to strengthen; to fortify.
line-grove, a grove of linden or lime-trees.
ling, a plant.
link, a torch.
lip, to kiss.
Lipsbury *pinfold*, Lipsbury pound.
liquor, to rub with oil or grease in order to keep out the water.
list, desire, a limit.
lither, flexible or yielding.
little—*In*, In miniature
livelihood, liveliness, animation.
liver, anciently supposed to be the inspirer of amorous passion and the seat of love.
living, fortune, possessions.
loach, a fish.
lob, lubber; *drunken lob's heads*, hang down, droop their heads.
lockram, a sort of cheap linen.
lodge, to beat down; to lay flat.
loff, laugh.
loggats, the diminutive of *logs*.
long, to belong.
longing, *longed*, wished or desired.
longly, longingly.
loof'd, brought close to the wind (a sea term).
look, to look for, to look out.
loon or *loun*, a term of reproach,—a stupid rascal, a hussy fellow.
loop'd, full of small apertures, like the *loops* in old castles and towers.
loose—*At his*, A metaphor derived from archery, whose being the technical term for the discharging of an arrow.
lop, a cutting, lopped wood.
lordings, little lord; sirs, masters; an ancient form of address.
Lord's *tokens—The*, A quotation; *tokens* or *God's tokens* was the term for those spots on the body, which denoted the infection of the plague
losel, a worthless fellow.
loss, exposure, desertion.
lots, the term for the total number

of tickets in a *lottery*, which took its name from thence.
lottery, an allotment.
louted, mocked, contemned.
love-day, a day of reconciliation.
love-in-idleness, *pansy* or *heart's-ease*.
lover, a male friend.
lown, see *loon*.
Lubber's-head, the Hostess's blunder for, or a vulgar corruption of, *Libbard's* (*i. e.* Leopard's) *head*.
luce, a pike-fish.
Lud's-town, "Trinovantum, called *Caer Lud*. and by corruption of the word *Caer London*, and in process of time *London*, was rebuilt by Lud. Cassibelan's elder brother."
lugged, pulled, seized, by the ears.
lunes, fits of lunacy.
lurch, probably, to lie in ambush.
lurch'd, won.
lush, luxuriant.
lust, inclination.
lustic, lusty.
luxurious, lascivious.
lym, a lime-hound, a sporting-dog.

M.

mace, a scepter, a club of metal.
maculate, stained, impure.
magnifico, a title given to the grandees of Venice.
magot-pies, magpies.
Mahu, the prince of darkness; the fiend of stealing.
mail'd, wrapped up.
main, the mainland.
mained, lamed.
make, to fasten; to bar; to do.
make *dainty*, to hold out, or refuse, affecting to be delicate or dainty.
makeless, mateless.
malmsey-nose, red-nosed.
malt-horse, a dull heavy horse; a term of reproach.
malt-worms, tipplers of ale.
mammering, hesitating.
mammet, puppet, breasts.
mammocked, mangled, torn in pieces.
man, to make tractable.
manage, management, administration, conduct; a course, a running in the lists; the training of a horse how to obey the hand and voice.
mandrake, the English name of *mandragoras*, a powerful soporific.
mankind, masculine, termagant; applied even to beasts in the sense of ferocious.
manner,—*Taken with the*, Taken in the fact (a law-term).
man-queller, a man-slayer.
many, a multitude.
marches, the borders of a country, or rather a space on each side the borders of two contiguous countries
march-pane, a sort of sweet biscuit, which constantly formed part of the desserts of Shakespeare's time.
margent, margin.
marish, a marsh.
marmoset, a kind of monkey.
marry *trap*, apparently a kind of proverbial exclamation, as much as to say, "By Mary," you are caught.
mart, to traffic.
match, compact.
mate, to confound; to bewilder; to equal.
material, stocked with notions.
mauger, in spite of.
maund, a basket.
mazard, the head.
meacock *wretch*—*A*, A spiritless, dastardly wretch.
meal'd, mingled, compounded.
mean, in music was the intermediate part between the tenor and treble.
measles, leapers—scurvy fellows.
measure, moderation, a dance.
medicine, a physician.
meed, merit, desert; particular excellence.
meet *with*, to counteract.
meiny, household attendants, retinue.
mell, meddle.
memorize, to make memorable.
memory, a memorial.
mercatante, a merchant.
merchant, a familiar and contemptuous term, equivalent to "chap-fellow;" a merchantman, a ship of trade.
mere, absolute, entire.
mered, mooted.
merit, a reward, a guerdon.
mess, a party of four.
messes—*Lower*, persons of inferior rank.
metaphysical, supernatural
mete, to measure with the eye—*yard*, a measuring yard.

metheglin, a beverage.
micher, a truant.
miching *mallecho*, a secret and wicked contrivance; a concealed wickedness.
mickle, much.
mimic, an actor.
mind, to intend, to be disposed, to remind; nobleness of soul.
mineral, a mine.
minikin, small, delicate, pretty.
minim, was anciently, as the term imports, the shortest note in music.
mirable, admirable.
miser, a miserable creature, a wretch.
misprise, to undervalue; to mistake.
misproud, viciously, unjustifiably proud.
miss, misbehavior; loss, want; to do without.
missive, a messenger.
mistaken, different from.
mistempered, ill-tempered.
misthink, to think ill of.
mistress, the small ball in the game of bowls, at which the players aim.
mo, more.
mobled, muffled or covered up about the head.
model, an image, a representation.
modern, trite, ordinary, common.
modesty, moderation.
Modo, another name for the prince of darkness; the fiend of murder.
moldwarp, a mole.
mome, a blockhead.
Monarcho, the nick-name of an Italian who attracted a great deal of attention, and is very frequently mentioned by English writers of the time.
monster, to make monstrous.
montant, the abbreviation of *montanto*, a fencing term.
Montanto—*Signior*, a name given in jest by Beatrice to Benedick, and implying that he was a great fencer.
mood, anger.
moon-calf, a false conception, or a fœtus imperfectly formed, in consequence, as was supposed, of the influence of the moon; a monster.
moonish, variable, inconstant.
mop, a grimace.
moral, a latent meaning.
moralize, expound, interpret.
more *and less*, great and small; greater.
Morisco, a morris-dancer.
morris-pike, a Moorish pike.
mort, death.
mortal, deadly, murderous.
mortal, exceeding, very.
mortified, dead to the world, ascetic.
mose *in the chine*, a disorder in horses.
most, greatest.
mot, a word, a sentence.
motion, a puppet-show; a puppet.
motley, the particolored dress worn by domestic fools or jesters; a domestic fool or jester,—*minded*, foolish.
mould—*Men of*, 'Men of earth, poor mortal men.'
mountant, mounting, rising on high.
mouse, to tear in pieces, to devour; formerly a common term of endearment.
mow, to make mouths; a wry mouth, a distorted face.
moy, a measure of corn.
mu h, an musical expression of contempt and denial.
mum *budget*, a cant term implying silence and secrecy.
mummy, a preparation, for magical purposes, made from dead bodies.
murdering-piece, a small piece of artillery; it took its name from the loopholes and embrasures in towers and fortifications, which were so called; the portholes in the forecastle of a ship.
murk, darkness, gloom.
muse, to wonder at.
muset, (written also *muse* and *muset*), the opening in a fence or thicket, through which a hare, or other beast of sport is accustomed to pass.
music, musical, melliflorous.
mutine, to mutiny.
mutton, a cant term for a courtezan.
mystery, an art, a calling.

N.

napkin, a handkerchief.
natural, an idiot.
naughty, wicked, worthless.
nave, the navel.
nayward, tendency to denial.

nay-word, a watchword, a laughing-stock.
near, admitted to one's confidence.
neb, a beak, a bill, a nose.
needly, needfully, necessarily.
neeld, a needle.
neeze to sneeze.
neif, a fist.
nether-socks, lower stocks, stockings.
next, nearest.
nice, scrupulous, squeamish, silly.
Nicholas' *clerks—Saint*, a cant term for highwaymen and robbers.
nick, to cut in nicks or notches; reckoning.
niece, a grand-daughter.
niggard, to stint, to supply sparingly.
night-rule, night-revel.
nighted, dark as night.
nill, will not.
nine-men's-morris, a game.
no: In our author's time the negative, in common speech, was used to design, ironically, the excess of a thing.
nobless, nobleness.
nod to *give the nod* was a term in the game at cards called *Noddy*.
noddy, a simpleton, a fool.
noise, music; a company or concert.
nonce—*For the*, for the occasion.
nook-shotten *isle*, an isle that shoots out into capes, promontories, and necks of land.
northern *man*, a clown.
not, not only.
nott-pated, having the hair cut short round and round.
nousle, to nurse.
novum, a game at dice, played by five or six persons.
nowl, the head.
nuncle, a contraction of *mine uncle* and the usual address of pears, of the domestic fool to his superiors.
nut-hook, a cant term for a catch-pole.
nuzzling, nestling.

O.

O, anything circular; marks of the small-pox.
oathable, capable of having an oath administered.
ob, the abbreviation of *obolum*,—a halfpenny.
Obdicut, a variation of the name of the fiend called *Hoberdicut* and *Haberdicut*.
obligation, a bond.
obsequious, absorbed in funeral grief; funereal.
observance, observation.
observants, obsequious attendants.
observe, to show respectful attention.
obstacle, a rustic corruption of *obstinate*.
occulted, secret.
occupation, mechanics.
occurrents, occurrences, incidents.
odd-even, the interval between twelve at night and one in the morning.
oddly, unequally.
'ods *pittikins!* from *God's pity*, diminutively used by the addition of *kin*. In this manner we have *'od's bodikins*
œilliads, amorous glances.
o'erlooked, bewitched.
o'er-parted, having too considerable a part or character assigned to him.
o'er-posting, getting quickly over.
o'er-raught, overtook, overreached, cheated.
o'er-sized, smeared, daubed over.
o'er-wrested, over-wound, overstrained.
of, on.
officious, ready with their service.
old, plentiful, great.
old,=*wold*, a plain open country, downs.
omen, a portentous event.
on, of.
once, once for all; at one time or other.
operant, operative, active.
opinion, credit, reputation, self-opinion, conceit.
opposite, an adversary; hostile.
opposition, a combat.
oppress, to suppress.
orb, the circle in a field, known by the name of fairy-ring.
orchard, generally synonymous with *garden*.
ordinance, rank.
ordinant, ordaining, swaying.
ordinary, a public dining-table where each person pays his share.
orgulous, proud, haughty.
ort, a scrap, a leaving; the word is seldom found in the singular.
osprey, fishing-hawk.

ostent, a show, a display.
othergates, in another manner.
ouches, jewels.
ought, owed.
ouphs, elves, goblins.
ousel, the blackbird.
out-breasted, out sung.
outlook, to face down.
overhold, to keep up, to overestimate.
over-pass'd, passed away.
overscutched, over-whipped.
overture, an opening, a discovery, a disclosure.
owe, to own, to possess.
oxlips, a handsome plant like the cowslip, but larger.
oyes, (*oyez*, hear ye), the usual introduction to a proclamation or advertisement of the public crier.

P.

pack, to practise unlawful confederacy or collusion.
paction, a compact, a contract, an alliance.
paddock, a toad; a familiar spirit, in the shape of a toad.
pagan, a cant term, implying irregularity either in birth or manners.
paid, beaten, punished, dispatched,
pain, a punishment.
painted *cloth*, used as hangings for rooms, was cloth or canvas, painted in oil, representing various subjects, with devices and mottoes or proverbial sayings interspersed: it has been erroneously explained to mean tapestry.
pajock, peacock.
palabras, equivalent to the Spanish *pocas palabras*, *i. e*, "few words."
pale, paleness; to enclose as with a pale; to encompass.
palled, decayed, impaired.
palliament, a robe.
palter, to shuffle, to equivocate.
pang, to give violent pain to.
pantaloon, *Il Pantalone* means properly one of the regular characters in the old Italian comedy.
pantler, the servant who took care of the pantry or of the bread.
paper, securities.
papers, sets down in writing.
parcel, a part.
parcel-gilt, what is now called by artists *partly-gilt*,
Parish-garden, a vulgarism for *Paris-garden*, the famous bear garden in Southwark.
parish-top, a large top was formerly kept in every village to be whipped in frosty weather, that the peasants might be kept warm by exercise, and out of mischief, while they could not work.
paritor, an *apparitor*, or *paritor*, is an officer of the Bishop's Court, who carries out citations,
parle, to parley.
parlous, a corruption of *perilous*—alarming, amazing, shrewd.
parmaceti, a corrupt form of *spermaceti*.
part, partly; a party; to depart.
partake, to extend participation of; to take part.
partaker, a partner, a confederate.
parted, endowed.
partialize, to make partial.
partisan, a kind of pike or halberd.
partlet, a woman's ruff or band.
party, a part.
pash, to strike a thing with such force as to crush it to pieces; the head, rather a ludicrous term.
pass, to surpass; to pass lie'd; to die; to pass sentence; to care for; to assure; to convey.
passable, sufficient to procure a pass or admission.
passado, a pass or motion forwards (a fencing term).
passage, a passing away; the moving to and fro, the crossing of passengers.
passes, artful devices, courses.
passion, to express sorrow or emotion; a prayer, expression.
passionate sorrowful; to express passionately.
pastry, a room where pastry is made.
patch, properly a domestic fool, and used also as a term of contempt
patched *fool*, a fool in a particoloured dress.
patchery, roguery.
pathetical, affected and fantastically serious
patines, a *patine* is [properly] the small flat dish or plate [for holding the bread] used with the chalice, in the administration of the eucharist.
patronage, to patronise, to support, to defend.
pattern, an instance, an example,

pauca, (a cant expression), the abbreviation of *pauca verba*.
paucas *pallabris*; see *palabras*.
pavin, a dance.
pax, a small plate of metal, which, during a certain part of the mass, was tendered to the laity to be kissed.
pay, to beat; to punish; to dispatch; to requite; to hit.
payment, a punishment.
peach, to impeach.
peak, to become emaciated, to mope, to be spiritless.
peascod, the husk that contains the peas; a peascod-branch, and *cods* signify pods.
peat, a pet, a fondling.
pedant, a schoolmaster.
peel'd, tonsured.
peevish, silly, foolish, trifling.
peise, to weigh down; to poise.
pelleted, formed into small balls; consisting of small balls.
pelt, to rage clamorously.
pelting, paltry, contemptible.
penetrative, penetrating.
penner, a case for holding pens.
pensioners, gentlemen of the band of Pensioners, who wore a splendid uniform.
perdu, a soldier sent on a forlorn hope.
perdurable, lasting.
perdurably, lastingly.
perdy, verily (*par dieu*).
peregrinate, of a foreign or outlandish cast.
perfect, to instruct fully.
perfect, certain, well-informed.
perforce, by violence; of necessity.
periapts, amulets; charms worn as preservatives against diseases or mischief.
period, an end; to put an end to.
perish, to cause to perish, to destroy.
perishen, perish.
perjure, to corrupt; perjurer.
perpend, to weigh, to consider attentively.
perplex'd, distracted.
person, a parson.
pertly, alertly, quickly.
pervert, to turn away or aside.
pestering, crowding.
petar, or *petard*, an engine, charged with powder, used to blow up gates, &c.
Pheezar, a made word from *pheeze*.
pheeze, to beat, to chastise, to humble.
Philip, a name for the common sparrow, perhaps from its note, *phip, phip*.
phisnomy, physiognomy.
phraseless, beyond the power of language to describe justly.
pick, to pitch.
picked, scrupulously nice, foppish, fastidious.
pickers *and stealers—By these*, By these hands.
picking, insignificant.
pick-thanks, fawning parasites.
pied, party-colored.
piedness, diversity of color.
pight, pitched, fixed, settled.
pig-nuts, earth-nuts.
pilcher, a scabbard, a sheath.
pill, to pillage.
Pillicock: this word was frequently used as a term of endearment.
pin, the wooden nail of the target.
pin-buttock, a sharp pointed buttock.
pink *eyne*, small, winking, half-shut eyes.
pitch *and pay*, Pay on delivery.
pitying, remitting his ransom.
place, a term in falconry, meaning the greatest elevation which a bird of prey attains in its flight.
place, precedence.
placket, the slit or opening in a petticoat, and a stomacher.
plague, a punishment.
plain, to complain; to make plain.
plain-song, the uniform modulation or simplicity of the *chant* was anciently distinguished, in opposition to *prick-song* or variegated music sung by note.
planched, planked.
plantage, plants, vegetation.
plantain, the herb so called, not the tree.
plantation, colonizing.
plants, the soles of the feet, feet.
plash, a pool.
plates, pieces of silver money.
platforms, plans, schemes.
plausibly, by acclamation.
plausive, pleasing, taking, specious.
play-feres, play-fellows.
pleached, interwoven, intertwined.
pleasance, pleasure, delight.
please-man, an officious parasite.
plighted, complicated, involved.
plume *up*, to prank up, to gratify.

plummet, a plumb-line, for sounding the depth of the water.
plumpy, plump, fat.
plurisy, a plethora, a superabundance.
poach, *poche*, or *potch*, to thrust.
pocas *palabras*: see *palabras*.
point, a tagged lace, common in ancient dress.
point—*To*, exactly.
point-devise, finically-exact, minutely exact.
poise, weight, importance.
poking-sticks, instruments for setting the plaits of ruffs.
Polack, a Pole.
pole, the standard.
polled, shorn, cleared.
pomander, either a composition of various perfumes, wrought into the shape of a ball, or a case, for containing such a mixture of perfumes.
pome-water, a species of apple.
Poor-John, hake salted and dried.
popinjay, a parrot.
popularity, plebeian intercourse.
porpentine, a porcupine.
port, state.
portage, an outlet,—port-holes.
portance, bearing, behavior.
possess, to inform precisely.
possession, insanity.
posters, swift travelers.
posy, a motto.
potato, formerly regarded as a strong provocative.
potting, drinking.
pottle, a measure of two quarts; frequently meaning a drinking vessel.
pouncet-box, a box for holding perfumes, with a perforated lid.
powder, to salt.
practice, contrivance, treachery, conspiracy; practical.
practisants, confederates in stratagem.
practise, to use arts or stratagems, to plot.
'praise, to appraise.
prank, to deck out.
pray *in aid*, a law-term used for a petition made in a court of justice for the calling in of help from another that hath an interest in the cause in question.
precedence, what has preceded.
precedent, the original draught of a writing; a prognostic.
preceptial, consisting of precepts.
precepts, warrants.
precipitance, the act of throwing one's self down a precipice.
prefer, advance.
pregnancy, readiness of wit.
pregnant, plain, evident, dexterous; ready and knowing.
premised, present.
prenominate, to foretell, to fore-name.
preposterous, the Crown's Leader for *prosperous*.
prescript, an order, a direction; prescriptive.
presence, the presence-chamber in a palace; person.
press, an impress, a commission to force persons into military service.
pressed, forced into military service.
press-money, the money which was paid to soldiers when they were retained in the king's service.
pressures, impressions.
prest, ready.
Prester *John*, a fabulous Christian king of India, or of Abyssinia, or of some *terra incognita*. His title of *Prester John* originated, according to that veracious traveller, Sir John Mandeville, in the following circumstance: the said king, having gone with a Christian knight into a church in Egypt, was so pleased with the service, that he determined no longer to be called king or emperor but *priest*, "and that he wolde have the name of the first preest that wonte out of the chirche: and his name was John."
pretence, an intention, a design.
pretend, to intend, to design, to hold out, to portend.
pretty, petty.
prevail, to avail.
prevent, to anticipate.
preyful, pursuing prey or game.
prick, a point on a dial; *noon tide prick* (point of noon), the point in the course of the hours; a prickle; a skewer; to nominate by a puncture or mark; *song*, a harmony written or pricked down, in opposition to plain-song.
pricket, a book of the second year.
prig, a thief, a pick-pocket.
prime, first, principal.
prime, eager; the spring.
primero, a game at cards.
primy, early, belonging to the spring.

principality, an angel of a high order.
principals, the strongest rafters in the roof of a building.
princox, a pert youth.
print—*In*, With great exactness.
private, confidential intelligence.
prize, a privilege.
probal, probable.
probation, proof, act of proving.
process, a summons, a citation.
proclamation, a report, a character.
prodigious, portentous, unnatural.
proditor, a betrayer, a traitor.
proin, to prune.
prolixious, prolix, causing delay.
prolong'd, deferred.
prone, prompt, forward, headstrong, significant.
proof hardened; firm temper, impenetrability.
proper, one's own.
proper, well-looking.
property, to appropriate; to endow with properties or qualities.
propose, conversation; to discourse; to converse; to image to oneself.
propriety, proper state or condition.
propugnation, defence.
prorogue, to prolong.
provand, provender, food.
provoked, urges on, impels.
provoking, stimulating.
Puck fiend *or* devil.
pudency, modesty.
pugging, prigging, thieving.
puke-stocking, dark-colored, (perhaps equivalent to *puce*).
pulsidge, the Hostess's corruption of *pulse*.
pun, to pound, to beat.
punto, a thrust, a stroke, (a fencing term).
punto *reverso*, a back-handed thrust or stroke (a fencing-term).
purchase, gain, advantage; a cant term for stolen goods.
purples, the early purple orchis.
pursuivants, heralds.
push, an exclamation, equivalent to *pish*.
put *on*, to instigate.
puttock, a kite.
puzzel, a foul drab.
pyramis, a pyramid.

Q.

quail, to overpower, to slacken.
quails, a cant term for prostitutes.
quaint, ingenious, clever, artful, neat, elegant.
quak'd *gladly*, thrown into grateful trepidation.
qualify, to soften, to weaken.
quality, (used technically to signify) the profession of an actor; a profession, an occupation.
quarter, an allotted post or station.
quat, a pimple.
queasiness, sickness of a nauseated stomach, distaste, disgust.
queasy, nauseated, disgusted, delicate, unsettled.
quell, to kill; murder, assassination.
quench, to grow cool.
quern, a hand-mill for grinding corn, made from two corresponding stones.
quest, a search, an inquiry, an inquest, an impannelled jury, an inquisition.
questant, an aspirant, a candidate.
question, conversation, a point, a topic; to converse.
questionable, easy and willing to be conversed with.
questrists, persons who go in *quest* or search of another.
quick, living, alive, inventive, quick-witted, pregnant.
quiddits, and *quiddities*, legal quibblings, equivocations.
quietus, an Exchequer term, which denotes that an accomptant is *quit*.
quillets, sly turns in argument, nice and frivolous distinctions; chicanery.
quilt, a flock-bed.
quintain, originally was nothing more than the trunk of a tree or post set up for the practice of the tyros in chivalry.
quip, a sharp retort, a taunt.
quire, a company; to sing in concert.
quit, to acquit, to requite, to retaliate, to avenge, to set free.
quittance, an acquittance, a discharge, a requital; to requite.
quiver, nimble, active.
quote, to note, to mark,—formerly pronounced, and often written, *cote*.

R.

R called *the dog's letter* from its resemblance in sound to the snarling of a dog.
rabato, a kind of ruff or band; it comes from *rabattre*, to *put back*, because it was at first nothing but the collar of the shirt or shift turned back towards the shoulders,
rabbit-sucker, a sucking rabbit.
rabble, a band of inferior spirits.
rable, rabble.
race, inborn quality, disposition, nature; a root.
rack, a mass of vapory clouds; to move like vapor; to exaggerate.
rag, a term of contempt,—a rag-amuffin.
ragged, broken, unequal,—rough, beggarly, base, ignominious.
raging-wood, raging-mad,
rak, to cover.
rampallian, a term of low abuse
rank, a row; grown to great height, gross.
rankness, exuberance.
rapture, a violent seizure, a fit.
rarely, nicely, happily.
rascal, a deer lean and out of season.
rash, sudden, violent.
raught, reached, snatched away.
ravel *out*, to unfold, to disclose.
ravin, to devour eagerly; ravening.
ravin'd, ravenous.
rawly, hastily, suddenly.
rayed, befouled.
read, (or *rede*), counsel, advice
rearly, early.
reason, to converse, to talk.
rebate, to make obtuse to dull.
rebused, Quasi *abused*.
receipt, a receptacle
receiving, ready apprehension
recheat, a hunting-term for certain notes sounded on the horn, employed to recall the dogs from a wrong scent
reck, to care.
recognizance, a badge, a token,
recomforted, comforted.
record, to sing.
recorder, a sort of flute or flageolet
re-deliver, to report,
reduce, to bring back.
reechy, smoky, greasy, filthy,
refelled, refuted.
refuge, to shelter, to palliate.
refuse, to renounce, to disown.
regard, consideration, a view.
regiment, government, sway.
regreet, to salute; a salutation.
reguerdon—*in*, in recompense.
rejourn, to adjourn.
relent, to repent.
relume, to light again
remain, to dwell.
remediate, able to give remedy, restorative.
remember, to remind, to mention.
remembered—*To be*, To have one's memory recalled, to remember.
remembrance, memory.
remonstrance, a demonstration, a discovery.
remorse, compassion, tenderness of heart.
remotion, a removal.
removed, remote, sequestered.
removes, journeys or post-stages.
render, an account, a confession; to describe, to state.
renege, to deny, to renounce.
renying, forswearing.
repair, to renovate.
repast, to feed.
repasture, provision.
repeal, to recall, a recall.
repine, a repining.
replenished, consummate, complete.
replication, a reply, reverberation.
reprehend, Dull's blunder for *reprehend*.
reprobance, reprobation.
reproof, to disprove; a confutation.
repugn, to resist.
reputing, presuming, hunting.
requicken', revived.
requit, required.
rere-mice, bats.
reserve, to guard, to preserve carefully.
resolutes, desperate persons.
resolution, conviction, assurance.
resolve, to satisfy, to inform, to remove perplexity or uncertainty, to convince, to solve, to discover.
respect, regard, to [illegible].
respect *of the best*, of the highest respectability.
respective, respectful, [illegible].
respective, regardful, considerate, respectable.
respectively, respectfully.
rest—*To set up one's*, to be perfectly determined on a thing.
re-stem, to stem or stare the *stem* back again, against tide or current.

restful, quiet, peaceful.
resty, torpid. idle.
retire, a retreat.
retiring, returning.
return, to make known to.
reverbs, reverberates.
reverse, a fencing term.
revolts, revolters, rebels.
re-word, to re-echo.
rheumatic, splenetic, peevish.
rib, to enclose.
ribaudred, lewd.
rich'd, enriched.
rid, to destroy.
riggish, wanton.
rightly, directly.
rigol, a circle.
rim, entrails.
ring-time, time for marriage.
Ringwood, a common name for a dog.
riping, ripeness, maturity.
rivage, a bank, a shore.
rivality, participation, equality, of rank.
rivals, partners, associates.
rive, to fire.
rivo, a Bacchanalian exclamation.
road, a roadstead, a haven, a journey, an inroad; the cant term for a prostitute.
rogues, wandering beggars, vagrants.
roisting, bullying, defying.
romage, tumultnous hurry; another way of writing *rummage*.
rondure, a round, a belt.
ronyon, a mangy, scabby creature.
rood—*The*, The cross, the crucifix.
rook'd squatted down, lodged, roosted.
roopery, roguery.
rother, a horned beast.
round, a diadem: plain-spoken, unceremonious; to whisper.
roundel, a dance.
rouse a large draught, a bumper, a carouse.
rout, a tumult, a multitude, a rabble.
royal, a gold coin.
roynish, mangy, scabby, paltry.
rubious, red, ruddy.
ruddock, the redbreast.
rudesby, a rude fellow, a blusterer.
ruffle, to be turbulent, to swagger.
ruinate, to brlng to ruin.
rule, behavior.
rumor a loud murmur.

S.

Saba, the Queen of Sheba.
sacred, belonging to an empress.
sad, serious.
sadness, seriousnets.
Sagittary, the sign of the fictitious creature so called, *i. e.* an animal compounded of man and horse, and armed with a bow and quiver.
sain, said.
sallet, or *salade*, a close-fitting headpiece.
salt, a salt-cellar.
Saltiers, *Satyrs*.
Samingo, a corruption or abbreviation of *San Domingo*.
sanctuarize, to shelter.
sand-blind, very dim-sighted, purblind.
sanded, of a sandy color.
sans, without (*Fr.*).
satire, satirist.
sauce, (in vulgar language), to serve out; to treat insolently, to abuse.
savage, silvan, uncultivated.
savagery, wild growth.
sawn, sown.
say, an assay, a sample, a taste.
say, a kind of serge, made entirely of wool.
say'd, assayed.
scald, properly "scabby," but used as a word of contempt, implying poverty, disease, and filth.
scall, used by Sir Hugh Evans for *scald*.
scamble, to scramble.
scantling, a certain proportion, a portion.
scape, a sally, an act of lewdness, a freak.
scathe, hurt, damage; to hurt, to injure.
scattered, divided, unsettled, disunited.
sconce, a round fortification, a head; to ensconce, to hide.
scornful, scorned.
scotch, to make incisions, to score or cut slightly.
scotches, cuts.
scrimers, fencers.
scrip, a slip of writing.
scrippage, the contents of a scrip.
scroyles, scabby fellows.
sculls, shoals.
'scuse, an excuse.
scut, a tail.
seam, grease, lard.

search, to probe.
season, to confirm, to establish.
seconds, a provincial term for the second kind of flour, which is collected after the smaller bran is sifted.
sect, sex; a cutting.
secure, careless, over-confident.
securely, carelessly, over-confidently.
seedness, seed time.
seel, to close up the eyes, to blind; properly a term of falconry.
seeming, fair appearance, specious, seemly, becomingly.
segregation, a separation, a dispersion.
seiz'd, possess'd (a law-term).
sold, seldom.
seldom-when, rarely, not often.
seld-shown, *flamens*, priests who seldom exhibit themselves to public view.
self-admission, self-allowance, self-approbation.
self-bounty, inherent generosity.
semblable, a resemblance, a likeness, like, similar.
semblably, in like manner.
semblative, resembling.
seniory, seniority.
sennet, a particular set of notes on the trumpet or cornet.
Senoys, the Siennese.
sense, sensation, sensual passion.
septentrion—*The*, The north.
sequent, a follower.
sequester, a sequestration, a separation.
sergeant, a bailiff, a sheriff's officer.
serpigo, a sort of tetter or dry eruption on the skin.
servant, a lover.
servanted, subjected.
sessa, be quiet.
set, to value; *a match*, make an appointment (in the cant language of thieves, plan a robbery); *of wit well play'd*, a term from tennis.
Setebos, a great devil.
setter, one who watches, and points out to his comrades, the persons to be plundered.
several, fields that were enclosed were called *severals* in opposition to *commons*.
sewer, an officer, who placed the dishes on the table, took them off, &c.
Shafalus, *Procrus*, blunders for *Cephalus*, *Procris*.
shales, shells, the outer coats of land.
shard-borne, *beetle*—*The*, The beetle borne along the air by its *shards* or scaly wings [properly wing-cases].
shards, fragments of broken pottery, of pots; wings.
shark'd *up*, picked up without distinction.
shealed, shaled, shelled.
shearman, one who shears woollen cloth.
sheav'd *hat*, a straw hat.
sheen, shining, bright.
sheep-biter, a cant term for a thief.
sheep-biting, thievish.
sheer *ale*, pure, unmixed ale.
shent, the past and past part, of *shend*, to chide, to rate, to scold; treated roughly, ruined, undone.
shine, brightness, lustre.
ship tire—*The*, A sort of head-dress.
shive, slice.
shock, to meet force with force.
shog, to jog.
shoon, shoes.
shore, to set on shore.
short, to come short of.
shot, shooter.
shotten *herring*, a herring that has cast its spawn.
shoughs, a shaggy kind of dogs.
shoulder-shotten, sprained, dislocated in the shoulder.
shove-groat *shilling*, a shilling used at the game of shove-groat, which appears to have differed little, if at all, from that of *shove-board*.
shrew, to bedrew.
shrieve, a sheriff.
shrill-gorg'd, shrill throated, a rich voiced.
shrow, a shrew.
shrowd, shelter, protection.
sib, akin, related to.
siege, a seat; place, rank.
sightless, unsightly, invisible.
sign, to show, to mark.
significant, affectedly used in the sense of "letter."
signs, ensigns.
silly, harmless, inoffensive, plain.
silly-cheat, picking pockets.
simplicity, folly.
simular, a simulator, counterfeited.

single, weak, feeble, simple, void of guile

singularities, curiosities, rarities.

sink-a-pace, a corruption of *cinque-pace*.

sir, a gentleman, a gallant, a courtier.

sirrah, a familiar address; an address to a woman.

sir-reverence, a corruption of *save-reverence*, an old formula of apology for introducing any too free or indelicate expression.

sister, to resemble closely, to be near to.

sith, since.

sithence, since,

sizes, allowances,

skains-mates, companion scapegraces.

skill, reason.

skills *not—it*, It matters not, it makes no difference.

skipper, a youngster.

skirr, to move rapidly, to scour.

slab, slabby, glutinous.

slack, to be remiss in, to neglect,

slanderous, the object of slander.

sleave and *sleave-silk*, soft floss silk, used for weaving.

sleeve, worn as a favor.

sleeve-hand, a cuff, a wrist-band, altered to *sleeve-band*.

sleeveless, useless, unprofitable.

sleided *silk*, untwisted silk.

sleight, an artifice.

slight, a contraction of *by his* (God's) *light*.

slighted, pitched.

slip, a piece of false money, synonymous with *counterfeit*.

slip, the noose by which greyhounds were held before they were allowed to start for the game; to loose the hounds from the *slip*.

sliver, to cleave, to slice off, to tear off; a slip, a portion cut or broken off.

slobbery, sloppy.

slop, large loose trousers or breeches.

slow'd, made slow, retarded.

slubber, to obscure, to soil, to do carelessly or imperfectly.

smatch, a smack, a taste, a tincture.

smilets, the diminutive of *smiles*.

smooth, to caress, to flatter.

smug, neat, spruce, trim.

Smulkin, a fiend.

smutch'd, blackened with soot.

snatches, shuffling, quibbling answers.

sneap, to check, to nip; a check, a rebuke, a snubbing.

snick-up, an exclamation of contempt.

snipe, a silly fellow.

snuff—*To take in*, to be angry, to take offence; an object of contempt.

snuffs, angers, offence-takings,

soilure, stain, defilement.

solace, to render mirthful, to take pleasure, to amuse.

solely, alone

solicit, to move.

soliciting, incitement.

solidares, coin.

solve, solution.

sometime, formerly.

sometimes, formerly.

soon *at*, about.

sooth, truth, sweetness, softness, true.

soothe, to flatter.

sore (or *soare*), a buck of the fourth year.

sorel, a buck of the third year.

sort, a company, a crew; to class, to choose, to suit, to accord, to adapt, to frame, to associate, to bring to a good issue, to fall out; rank, quality.

sortance, suitableness, agreement.

sorts, different degrees.

sot, a fool.

soul-fearing, soul-terrifying.

souse, to rush down on and strike with violence.

sowl, to lug, to seize.

Sowter—*i. e.* Cobbler,—the name of a hound.

span-counter, a pastime.

speciously, a blunder of Mrs. Quickly for *specially*.

speculation, vision, faculty of sight.

speculative, visual.

speed, hap, fortune.

sperr, to shut, to bar, to make fast.

'spials, espials, spies.

spill, to destroy.

spilth, a spilling, an effusion.

spital, an hospital.

spleen, humor, caprice, inconstancy, haste in excess, violent mirth.

spleeny, ill-tempered, peevish,

splinter, to splint.

spotted, stained, polluted.

sprag, or *sprack*, ready, quick, alert.

spring, a beginning, a young shoot of a tree.
spurs, the lateral shoots of the roots of trees.
squandered, dispersed, scattered.
square, equitable, suitable; to quarrel.
squarer, a quarreler.
squares, squadrons.
squash, an unripe peascod,
squiny, to look asquint.
squire, a square, a rule.
stablish, to establish.
stablishment, an establishment, a settled inheritance, a kingdom.
stage, to exhibit publicly, to represent on the stage.
stain, tincture, disgrace.
stale, a decoy, a bait, a pretence, a mask, a cant term for a prostitute, a laughing stock; to make cheap or common.
stalk, to creep stealthily and stoopingly.
stall, to dwell, to keep close, to install, to invest.
stanch, not to be broken, united.
stanchless, not to be stanched, insatiate.
stand *upon*, or *on*, to concern, to interest, to be of consequence to; to pride one's self on, to insist on.
standard, a standard-bearer, an ensign.
standing, continuance, direction.
staniel, an inferior, but beautiful species of falcon.
stark stiff.
starting-hole, an evasion.
start-up, an upstart.
starve, to deprive of power.
state a raised chair, a chair of state, a person of high rank,
station, an attitude, the act of standing, the state of repose.
statist, a statesman.
statue, synonymous with "picture."
statute, its legal signification, that of a security or obligation for money.
statutes, particular modes of recognizance or acknowledgment for securing debts.
staves, the wood of the lances,—lances.
stead, to assist, to benefit.
stell'd fixed.
stelled, starry.
stem, the prow or foreport of a ship.
sternage, steerage,
stickler, one who stood by to part the combatants when victory could be determined without bloodshed.
stiff, hard, unpleasant.
stigmatic one on whom nature has set a mark of deformity.
stigmatical, marked with deformity.
sting, sexual passion.
stint, to cease, to stop, to cause to stop.
stitchery, needlework.
stithied, formed on the *stith* or anvil.
stithy a forge.
stoccado, a thrust in fencing.
staccata, a thrust in fencing.
stock an abbreviation of stoccado.
stock, a stocking; to put in the stocks.
stock-fish, dried cod.
stomach, stubborn resolution, courage, anger, pride; to stomach, to bear an angry remembrance of.
stomaching, resentment.
stone-bow, a cross-bow for shooting stones.
stool-ball, a game.
stoop or *stoup*, sometimes used to signify a cup, sometimes a much larger vessel; a term in falconry—to rush down violently from a height in the air upon the prey.
store, use.
story, to relate.
stout, unbending, obstinate, stubborn.
stoutness, obstinacy, stubbornness.
stover, fodder and provision of all sorts for cattle.
Strachy—*The Lady of the*, The judge's or lawyer's widow.
straight-pight, straight-pitch, upright.
strain, a tone, a tendency, an inborn disposition.
strain, a stock, a lineage, difficulty, doubt.
strait strict, rigorous, [illegible].
strange [illegible] for eign, a stranger.
strangely with a distant [illegible] [illegible].
strangeness [illegible].
stranger'd, estranged, abhorred.
strappado, a military punishment.
stratagem a dreadful event, a calamity.

stray, a dereliction, straglers; to mislead.
stricture, strictness.
strike, (a naval term), to lower the sails: to tap.
strikers, borrowers, thieves.
strong, determined.
strossers, tight close drawers.
stuck, more properly *stock*, an abbreviation of *stoccado*.
stuff, luggage, movables.
style—*Aggravate his*: see *aggravate*.
subscribe, to yield, to give way.
subscription, submission, obedience.
substractors, detractors.
subtilties, confections; when a dish was so contrived as to appear unlike what it really was, called a *subtilty*.
subtle, smooth.
succeeding, a consequence.
success, a succession, the issue the sequel, the consequence of a thing.
successively, by order of succession.
sudden, hasty, violent.
suggest, to tempt, to incite, to seduce.
suggestion, temptation, seduction,
suit, to clothe; suit-service, service due to a superior lord.
suited, arranged.
sullens, moroseness.
sumless, not to be computed, inestimable.
summoners, officers that summon offenders before a proper tribunal.
sumpter, a horse to carry necessaries on a journey.
sun-burned, uncomely, homely, ill-favored.
superfluous, possessed of more than enough.
superserviceable, over-officious.
supplyant, suppletory, auxiliary.
supplyment, a continuance of supply.
supposal, a notion, a belief.
suppose, a supposition.
sur-addition, a surname, an additional name.
surance an assurance.
surcease, to cease; a cessation.
surfeiter, a glutton, a reveler,
sur-reined, over-worked.
suspect, suspicion.
suspiration, the act of drawing the breath from the bottom of the breast.
suspire, to breathe.
swabber, a sweeper of the deck of a vessel.
swart, or *swarth*, black, dusky.
swashers, swaggerers, braggadocios.
swashing, swaggering, blustering, dashing.
sway, to incline.
sweet-and twenty, twenty times sweet. a term of endearment.
sweeting, a kind of sweet apple, and used as a term of endearment.
swift ready.
swinge-bucklers, riotous blades, roisterers.
swinged, whipped.
Swithold, the contraction of *Saint Withold*.
swoopstake, by wholesale, undistinguishingly.
sworder, a swordsman, a cutthroat, a gladiator.
sworn-out, forsworn, renounced.
swounds, swoons.
sympathy, an affection incident at once to two subjects.

T.

table, in the language of palmistry or chiromancy, the whole collection of lines on the skin within the hand; a panel surface on which a picture is painted, a memorandum book.
tabled, set down in writing.
tables, backgammon (and other games played with the same board and dice).
tabourines, small drums.
tag, the common people, the rabble.
tainture, defilement.
take, to bewitch, to affect with malignant influence, to strike, to take refuge in;—*in*, to conquer, to subdue;—*on*, to be angry, to rage, to simulate, to pretend;—*order*, to adopt measures, to make necessary dispositions;—*out*, to copy;—*peace with*, to forgive, to pardon:—*the head*, to act without restraint, to take undue liberties;—*thought*, to turn melancholy;—*up*, to settle, to make up, to obtain goods on credit, to take commodities upon trust, to levy.

taking, withery, malignant influence.
talent, talon.
tall, able, bold, stout.
tang, a twang, to twang, to ring out.
tanlings, persons subject to the tanning influence of the sun.
tardy, to delay, to hinder.
tarre, to provoke, to incite, to set on.
tarriance, a stay, a tarrying.
task, to keep busy, to occupy, to challenge, to tax.
tassel-gentle, properly *tiercel-gentle*, the male of the goshawk.
taste, a trial, to try, to prove; *to some*, in another way of saying in some measure or degree.
tawdry-lace, a rustic necklace.
taxation, censure, satire, invective.
taxing, censure, satire, invective.
teen, grief, trouble, vexation.
temper, temperament, constitution; to mould, to work, to fashion, to compound, to work together to a proper consistence.
temperance, temperature.
tender, to regard, to take care of, regard, kind concern, care.
tenner, tenour.
tent, a roll of lint for searching or cleansing a wound or sore, a probe; to probe.
tercel, male hawk.
Termagant, a Saracen deity.
terminations, words, terms.
termless, beyond the power of *terms* or words to describe justly.
test *oath*, open proofs, external evidence.
tested, pure.
tester, a coin, the value of sixpence.
testril, a sixpence.
tetchy, touchy, peevish, fretful.
tetter, to infect with tetter, scab, scurf.
thane, a title of honour, used among the ancient Scots.
tharborough, a corruption of *thirdborough*.
theoric, a theory.
thick, rapidly.
thick-plenched, thickly interwoven.
thirdborough, the office is the same with that of constable.
thought, melancholy.
thread *and thrum*, the substance of the warp, the small tuft beyond.
thrasonical, boastful.
three-man *beetle*, an implement used for driving piles.
three-piled, finest.
threne, a funeral song, a dirge.
thrice-repured, thrice purified.
throughly, thoroughly.
thrum, *see thread and thrum*.
thrummed *hat*, a hat composed of weaver's thrum, or of very coarse woollen cloth.
thwart, perverse.
Tib, a lass, common woman.
tice, to entice.
tick-tack, properly a game at tables, a sort of backgammon.
tickle, tottering, unsteady.
tickle-brain, a name given to a species of strong liquor.
tidy, in good condition, pretty.
tight, adroit, alert.
tike, a dog, a cur.
tilly-vally, an interjection of contempt.
tilth, land tilled, prepared for sowing, tillage.
timeless, untimely.
timely, early.
tinct, the rule the grand secret of the alchemists.
tire, to pull, to tear, to feed voraciously, to attire, an attire, a dress, a head-dress.
tire valiant, some sort of fanciful headdress.
tiring-house, dressing-room of a theatre.
tithing, a division of a place, a district.
to, a prefix very common in our earliest writers; compounded with, in addition to, the termination of pleasure to their thoughts.
toasts-and-butter, term of contempt.
tod, twenty-eight pounds of wool.
toge, a gown, a robe.
toged, gowned, robed.
tomboys, wanton strumpets.
tongue, to chide, to talk, to prate.
top, to rise above, to surpass, to excel.
topless, supreme.
tortive, twisted.
touch, a touchstone, true metal, consecration, a particular, a trait, spice or particle, hint, exact performance of an engagement, to deal by the touchstone.

touse, to pull, to pluck, to tear, to draw.
toward and *towards*, in a state of preparation, forthcoming, at hand.
tower, particularly applied to certain hawks, &c., which tower aloft, and thence swoop upon their prey.
toy, a trifle, a fancy, a freak of imagination.
toys, rumors, idle reports.
trace, to follow.
trade, resort, traffic, general course.
traded, practised, versed, experienced.
traducement, calumny.
trains, artifices, stratagems.
trammel, tie up, or, net up.
translate, to transform, to change.
transport, to remove from this world to the next.
trash, a strap, a rope dragging loose on the ground.
trash, to cut away the superfluities; a hunting term for checking or stopping the dogs, when too forward.
travel, stroll.
traverse, (a term in fencing) to use a posture of opposition, or to oppose a movement; (a military term) to march.
tray-trip, a game at cards, played with dice as well as with cards.
treachers, traitors.
treaties, entreaties, supplications.
trench, to cut, to carve,
trencher-knight, one who holds a trencher, a parasite.
trick, a peculiarity, a course, a manner, knack, a toy, a puppet; —*up*, deck out, adorn with.
tricking, decoration, dress.
tricksy, clever, adroit, dextrous, quaint, affected.
trifle, a phantom; to make of no importance.
trigon, triangle.
trill'd, trickled.
trip *and go*, the name of a favorite morris-dance; a proverbial expression for "I dare not tarry."
triple, third, one of three.
tristful, sad, sorrowful,
triumph, a general term for public exhibitions of various kinds.
Trojan, a cant term, sometimes of reproach, sometimes of commendation.
troll, to sing with volubility.
troll-my-dames, the game of *Troll-madam* was borrowed from the French (*Trou-madame*): an old English name for it was *Pigeon-holes*.
tropically, figuratively.
trot, an old woman.
trow, to think, to conceive, to believe.
true, honest.
trundle-tail, a curly-tailed dog.
trunk *sleeve*, a large, wide sleeve.
try, a trial, a test.
tuck, a rapier.
tucket, a certain set of notes on the trumpet, a flourish.
tuition, protection.
tun-dish, a wooden funnel.
Turk—*Turn*, a figurative expression for a change of condition or opinion.
turn, to return.
twiggen, made of, or cased in, twigs or wicker-work.
twinn'd, like as twins.
twire, to peep out, to gleam or appear at intervals.
Tybalt, a cat was called *Tybert or Tybalt*.
type, a distinguishing mark.

U.

unaccommodated, unfurnished with the conveniences of life.
unaccustom'd, unseemly, indecent.
unadvised, not knowing.
unavoided, unavoidable, inevitable,
unbarbed, unshorn, untrimmed.
unbated, unblunted, without a button on the point.
unbolt, to open, to explain.
unbolted unsifted, gross, utter.
unbreath'd, unexercised, unpractised.
uncape, throw off the dogs.
uncharge, acquit.
uncharged *ports*, unassaulted gates.
unchary, incautious.
unchilded, deprived of children.
unclew, to unwind, to undo.
uncoined real, true, unrefined, unadorned.
uncomprehensive, incomprehensible, mysterious.
unconfirmed, unpractised in the ways of the world.
uncouth (meaning properly "unknown"), unusual, strange.
uncurse, to free from execration,
undeaf, to free from deafness.

undeeded, not signalized by action.
under-bear, to guard, to face, to trim, to undergo.
undergo, to undertake, to be subject to, to sustain, to support, to endure with firmness.
under-skinker, an under-drawer: *Skink* is *drink*, to *skink* is to *draw drink*, and a *skinker* is one that *serves drink at table*.
undertake, to engage with, to attack, to take charge of, to venture, to hazard, to assume.
undertaker, one who undertakes or takes up the quarrel or business of another; attacker, assailant.
under-wrought, underworked, undermined.
undeserving *praise*, praise undeserved.
unear'd, unplowed, untilled.
uneath, scarcely, hardly.
uneffectual, shining without heat.
unequal, unjust.
unexperient, inexperienced.
unexpressive, inexpressible, ineffable.
unfair, to deprive of fairness, of beauty.
unfather'd *heirs*, equivocal births.
unfurnish, to deprive, to divest.
unhair, to strip off hair.
unhair'd *sauciness*, unbearded sauciness.
unhappied made unhappy.
unhappily, mischievously.
unhappiness, mischief.
unhappy, mischievous, roguish, waggish.
unhearts discourages.
unhoused, free from domestic cares, unmarried.
unimproved, unreproved, uncensured, unimpeached.
union, a pearl of the finest kind.
unjust, dishonest.
unkind, unnatural, childless.
unliv'd, bereft of life.
unlustrous devoid of lustre.
unmaster'd unrestrained, licentious.
unmeritable devoid of merit.
unowed unowned.
unpink'd, not pierced with eyelet-holes.
unpitied, unmerciful.
unplausive, not applauding, not approving.
unpolicied, without policy.
unpossessing having no possessions, incapable of possessing or inheriting.
unpregnant unready, inapt, unable.
unprizable, inestimable, priceless, of small account.
unprofited profitless.
unproper, not peculiar to an individual, common.
unproportioned irregular, disorderly.
unprovide divest of resolution.
unqualified unmanned, deprived of his faculties.
unquestionable *spirit—An*, A spirit averse from conversation.
unready undressed.
unrecalling unrecallable.
unrecuring incurable.
unrespected, unnoticed, inconsiderate, unthinking, unvalued.
unrough, unbearded.
unseasoned, unseasonable.
unseal'd, unratified.
unseam'd ripped, cut open.
unseminar'd deprived of virility.
unshapes confounds.
unshunned inevitable.
unsifted, unwinnowed,—untried, inexperienced.
unsinewed, nerveless, weak.
unsisting, never at rest.
unsmirched undefiled.
unsorted, not suitable.
unstanched, insatiate.
unstate, to deprive of state, to degrade.
untaught, rude, unmannerly.
untented *woundings*, wounds not yet treated.
untimeable not in good time.
untraded *oath*, a singular oath, not in common use.
untruth disloyalty.
unvalu'd invaluable.
unwrapper'd unwoon, not debilitated.
unwitted deprived of understanding.
unyoke, to have done working.
up, shut up, in confinement.
up-cast (a term at the game of bowls), a throw, a cast.
uproar, to throw into confusion.
up-swarm'd raised in swarms.
up-trimmed —Note. Newly dressed or decorated.
upright upwards.
upward the top.
urchin, a hedgehog, a particular sort of fairy.

urchin-shows fairy shows.
urchin-snouted, with a snout like that of a hedgehog.
usance, interest of money.
use, usance, interest of money, present possession, profit, benefit, custom, common occurrence; to continue, to make a practice of.
utis, *Utis*, or rather *Utas*, quasi *huitas*; from *huit*, French. The eighth day, or the space of eight days, after any festival. It was a law term, and occurs in some of our statutes.
utter, to sell.

V.

vade, to fade.
vail, to lower, to let fall; a sinking, a setting.
'vailful, availful.
vails, perquisites.
vain, light of tongue, not veracious.
valenced, fringed.
validity, worth, value.
vanity, a magical show or illusion.
vantage, an opportunity.
vantbrace, a vambrace—avant bras, or armor for the fore arm.
varlet, a servant to a knight or warrior, (also simply) a servant.
varletry, a rabble.
vary, variation, caprice.
vast, a waste.
vastidity, vastness, immensity.
vastly, like a waste.
vasty, vast.
vaunt, the van,—the beginning.
vaunt-couriers, forerunners, precursors.
vaward, the forepart, properly, of an army.
vegetives, vegetables, plants.
velure, velvet.
velvet-guards, the higher rank of female citizens.
vengeance, mischief, harm.
venomous wights, those who practice nocturnal sorcery.
ventages, small holes or apertures.
venue or *veney*, (a fencing term) a thrust, a coming on, an onset; a turn or bout; a hit.
verbal, verbose, full of talk, plain-spoken.
via, away! an interjection of exultation or encouragement.
vie, to hazard, to put down a certain sum upon a hand of cards.
viewless invisible.
vigitant, a blunder of Dogberry for "vigilant."
vinewedst, most mouldy.
viol-de-gamboys, a base-viol or viol da gamba.
violenteth, acts with violence, rages.
virgin-knot, virgin-zone.
virtue, essence, valor.
virtuous, salutiferous, beneficial.
visiting and *visitating*, inspecting, surveying.
vizaments (in Sir Hugh's dialect, *advisements*), considerations.
voice, to nominate, to vote, to rumor, to report, to proclaim.
void, to quit.
'voided, avoided.
Volquessen, the ancient name for the country now called *the Vexin*,
voluntary, a volunteer.
voyage, a course, an attempt, an enterprise.
vulgar, common.
vulgarly, publicly, openly.
vulgars, the common people.

W.

waft, to beckon, to turn, to direct.
waftage, a passage by water.
wafture the act of waving, a motion,
wag, to go, to pack off, to stir.
wage, to be opposed as equal stakes in a wager; to prosecute, to continue to encounter.
waist, that part of a ship which is contained between the quarter-deck and forecastle.
wake, to hold a late revel.
walk, a district in a forest.
wanion, vengeance, plague.
wann'd, turned pale.
wanting, not possessing, not skilled in.
wanton, a childish, feeble, effeminate person.
wappen'd, over-worn.
ward, to defend, to protect; custody, confinement.
warden-pies, pies made of *wardens*, large baking pears.
warder, a sort of truncheon.
warn, to summon.
wash'd *a tile*, labored in vain.
wassail, festivity, intemperance, drinking bout (from the Saxon *wæs hæl*, "be in health,"—the form of health-drinking).

wat, a familiar name for a hare.
water-galls, secondary rainbows.
watery *star—The*, The moon.
way, way of thinking, religious opinion.
weals-men, commonwealth men, legislators.
wealth, weal, benefit, advantage.
wear, fashion.
weather—*To keep the*, A nautical phrase, which means to keep to windward, and thus have the advantage.
weather-fends, defends from the weather, shelters.
wee, very small, diminutive, shrunk up.
weed, a garment, a dress.
week, a period of time indefinitely.
ween, to think, to suppose, to imagine.
weet, to know.
welkin, the sky.
welkin *eye*, a sky-colored, a sky-blue eye.
well, at rest, happy.
well-a-near, equivalent to *well-a-day*.
well-liking, good-conditioned, plump.
well *seen*, well-skilled, proficient.
wesand, the throat.
Wheeson-week, the Hostess's blunder for *Whitsun-week*.
whelk'd, twisted, convolved.
whelks, pustules.
when? an expression of impatience.
whenas, when.
wher, whether.
where, whereas.
whereas, where.
whether, whichever, which of the two.
whifflers, those who preceded armies or processions as fifers or pipers.
while, until.
whileas, while.
whiles, until.
whist, still, hushed.
white-livered, dastardly, cowardly.
whitely, whitish.
whiting-time, bleaching-time.
whitsters, bleachers of linen.
whittle, a small clasp-knife.
whoobub, a hubbub.
whooping—*Out of all*, Out of all measure.
wide, wide of the mark.
widow, to endow with a widow's right.
widowhood, estate settled on a widow.
wight, a person, man or female.
wild, rash, precipitate.
wilderness, wildness, wild growth.
wildly, disorderly.
wimpled, hooded, veiled, hoodwinked.
wind, to scent.
wipe, brand.
wise *gentleman*, equivalent to *gentleman wise*.
wish, to recommend.
wist, knew.
wistly, wistfully, eagerly.
wit, mental power, wisdom, sense, contrivance, stratagem; to know.
with, equivalent to *by*.
wit-snapper, one who affects repartee.
witty, knowing, suggestive of sound judgment.
woe, woeful, sorry.
woman'd, accompanied, haunted by a woman.
woman-tir'd, hen-pecked.
wonder'd, able to effect wonders, marvellously gifted.
wood, mad.
woodcock, a cant term for a simpleton.
woodman, a forester, a huntsman, one who hunts female game.
woolward—*To go*, to wear woollen, instead of linen, next the skin—a penance.
woo't, for *wilt*.
word, a watch-word, a motto.
workings, acts, tokens of thought.
world—*To go to the*, To be married.
world—*A woman of the*, A married woman.
worm, a serpent.
worship, to honor, to dignify; honor, dignity.
worth, substance, wealth.
worts, all kinds of pot-herbs.
wot, to know.
wo't, will.
would, equivalent to *would have*.
wound, enwrapped, concealed.
wrack, wreck, destruction, ruin.
wreak, revenge.
wreaks, fits of rage or violence.
wrest, a tuning-key for drawing up the strings of musical instruments.
wretch, a term of endearment.
wring, to writhe with anguish.

write, to write or style one's self.
writhled, wrinkled.
wroth, *Wroath* is used in some of of the old books for misfortune, and is often spelt like *ruth*.
wrought, agitated.
wrying, swerving, going astray.

Y.

yare, ready, nimble, handy.
yarely, readily, actively.
yaw, to move on unsteadily, to swagger, to vacillate.
y-clad, clad.
ycleped, called, named.
ycliped, another form of the preceding.
Yead, an abbreviation of *Edward*,
yearn, to grieve, to vex.
Yedward, a familiar corruption of *Edward*.
yellowness, jealousy.
yellows—*The*, jaundice.
yeoman, a sergeant's or bailiff's follower.
yerk, to jerk, to fling out, to kick, to strike with a quick smart blow.
yest, the spume on troubled water, foam.
yesty, spumy, frothy.
yield, to requite,
young, early.
younker, a novice, a greenhorn, a young gallant.

Z.

zany, a buffoon, a merry-andrew, a mimic.
zed, properly used as a term of contempt, because it is the last letter in the English alphabet.
zodiacs, years.

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